OCTOBER, 1919 VOL. L, NO. 2

THE BOOKMAN

BOOKS I HAVE LOVED AND LOST

Second Paper

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

"FOUND something good?" she repeated, involuntarily raising the lamp above her head, which shone bright gold in its beams—a lovely contrast indeed to the cobwebbed heaps of mouldering volumes in which I stood knee-deep. But my eyes, strange to say, had found mettle more attractive in some crabbed writing on the yellowed title-page of the volume I was holding, as one in a dream.

"Listen", I said, and read aloud, *"For Mistress Ann King—I. W."*

But the dream is to the dreamer, and my sweet friend knew nothing of, and would probably have cared less for, Izaak Walton. So she did not, as I had half expected she might, drop the lamp with delight; and it was necessary for me to explain the cause of my excitement. The volume I was holding had once lain under the hand of that beloved master, the Father of Anglers, the writer of that loveliest of English pastorals, "The Compleat Angler"—Izaak Walton. One day, close upon his ninetieth year, his beautiful grave old face had bent over that very title-page on which I was looking. It was just then new come from the press, and a pile of other similar volumes stood near him—the last of his "Lives" of those saintly men in whose friendship he prided himself, which he had written with such innocent art—this one being the life of the good Bishop Sanderson. On his desk, at his side, was a rather long list of the names of friends to whom he was to send presentation copies. This volume was directly before him, open at the title-page, upon which, after consulting his list, and carefully dipping his quill in the ink-horn, he wrote with a firm hand, and the pleased deliberation of one who loves the delicate use of the pen, the name of his friend "Mistress Ann King", adding those initials since beloved by all good bookmen—which you may see affectionately entwined with the "C. C." of his friend Charles Cotton, on their little fishing lodge in Dovedale, Derbyshire —"I. W." This "Mistress Ann King" was already down in his will for one of those "funeral rings", which testators in those days had a pretty custom of bequeathing to those of their friends whom they considered likely to wear them in their memory. When

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the inscription had dried, the old man had turned over three pages, and corrected a misprint with his quill—and then the book had been set aside to be carried by his manservant, in due course, to Mistress Ann King "at her lodging"—wherever it was. And the Father of Anglers had taken another copy of his new book, and turned again to his list and written another name, and another "I. W.", till that most pleasing task of authorship was ended—and nothing remained but to receive the courtly congratulations of his learned and pious friends. And now he and they alike were long since dust; but from the dust, as by magic, this sprig of his quaint handwriting had brought him back to me, just as he had bent over this volume that day, and the ink seemed scarcely yet dry from his quill.

So I strove to interest my pretty lamp-bearer in the wonderfulness of my discovery, but—I hope I shall have better success with the gentle reader: unless, indeed, "Saint Izaak" has ceased to be a name to conjure with, which I can scarce believe; for the world will be in a bad case when such quiet lovers of the green pastures and the still waters go out of fashion.

I made other considerable finds in that memorable garret—notably a splendid "Van Helmont"—a folio in full vellum—, and a Lilly's "Astrology", which had evidently belonged to a practising astrologer of the early eighteenth century, as I found several horoscopes "erected" in manuscript on blank spaces among the printed pages. Indeed, my golden-headed companion allowed me to smuggle away with me three great sacks full of fine old volumes, which made a romantic addition to my growing library. But that life of Bishop Sanderson remained the bright particular star of an occasion which I count among the heaven-sent happenings of my existence. If only I could hope that the future holds such another breathless experience in its keeping; but alas! it is too much to believe that, at this late day, any more such hidden nooks and corners remain unexplored by the searchlights of modern bibliophiles. How that mouldering treasure happened to be where it was has ever since remained to me an unexplained mystery. My friends could throw no light upon it. But I think the story I made up about it was probably near the truth. Those outcast books, I surmised, had once formed the library up at the great manor-house; the collection of some scholarly member of the family, who had been succeeded by some fox-hunting, hard-drinking squire, to whom they had seemed so much lumber. So he had had them thrown out and carted off by his factor, and he had turned the wainscoted closet where their former possessor had spent so many scholarly quiet hours into a gun-room, and a snuggery where he and other Squire Westerns of his acquaintance could tell their "grouse-in-the-gun-room" and other stories, roar out their bacchanalian songs, and drink deep to the king over the water. And so the books had gone on, year after year, mouldering where I found them—and might have been there yet, had I not, in this a century after, chanced to come upon a golden-haired girl at her prayers that summer afternoon in the old church. If there is a providence in the fall of a sparrow, I believe too that there is a special providence for good booklovers. It would seem to have its favorites, though; for while some men go ever seeking and seldom find anything, others seem to be in luck's way all their days. It is as though they pos-

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sessed a divining rod, which leads them straight to hidden treasure, whether it be hidden in dingy London bookshops, or in the boxes of the Quai Voltaire. That providence too seems sometimes even to darken the eyes and obscure the intelligence of the expert booksellers. Otherwise, why is it that I have sometimes come upon "items" in the catalogues of famous dealers at a price which could only be explained by a temporary insanity in the cataloguer? A certain copy of Bacon's "Essays" is a case in point. The book, as Browning says "rare things will", has long since "vanished" from my shelves, but, while it was in my possession, I made a few notes from it which will enable the reader to realize its value. As an edition it was of no particular importance, the title-page being: "Bacon's Essays, London. Printed by T. Bensley, For J. Edwards, Pall Mall, and T. Payne, Newsgate. 1798." I bought it for five shillings, yet, on opening it, this is what I read, written in bold pencil, on a blank space facing the preface:

> I am astonished how such Contemptible Knavery and Folly as this Book contains can ever have been called Wisdom by Men of Sense; but perhaps this never was the case and all Men of Sense have despised the Book as Much as I do.—JOHN WILLIAM BLAKE.

So, you see, I had bought William Blake's own copy of Bacon's "Essays" —for five shillings; yet Blake had then been long since, of course, "discovered", and was being eagerly "collected". Surely the hand then of the cataloguer had shaken. And this was far from being Blake's only annotation. The reader cannot but be interested to read some of the others.

On the half-title, there was this, paragraphed, and capitalized, as here printed:

> Is it True or is it False that the Wisdom of this World is Foolishness with God?
> This is Certain—
> If what Bacon says Is True What Christ says Is False
> If Cæsar is Right Christ is Wrong both in Politics and Religion—since they will divide them in Two.

Then on the title-page was written: "Good Advice for Satan's Kingdom". In the preface the editor had remarked: "But these Essays, written at a period of better taste, and on subjects of immediate importance to the conduct of common life, 'such as come home to men's *business and bosoms*'. . . ." Blake had underlined the words I have italicized, and added: "Erratum—to Men's Pockets".

Turning to the essays themselves, I came upon several other comments, in which the very handwriting seemed to snort, so to say, with the fury of Blake's dissent. At the beginning of the essay "On Truth", Blake writes: "What Bacon calls Lies is Truth Itself"; and at the end: "Bacon puts an End to Faith". His comment on the essay "On Death" runs: "Bacon supposes all Men alike". Along the margins of the essay "Of Unity in Religion", apropos of Bacon's statement that the "quarrels and divisions about religion were evils unknown to the heathen", and other passages, Blake exclaims, "False Satan!" "False"—"Trifling Nonsense"—"Lame Reasoning upon Premises" and later: "The Prince of Darkness is a Gentleman and not a Man, he is a Lord Chancellor". In the essay "Of Revenge" Bacon writes: "Public revenges are for the most part fortunate" and Blake retorts in large writing: "A Lie".

In the essay "Of Simulation and Dissimulation", Bacon writes, "Nakedness is uncomely"; and as Blake comments: "This is Folly Itself", one

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smiles to recall that famous story of Blake and his wife being discovered stark—or scripturally—naked, playing at Adam and Eve in the little summer-house in Blake's garden at Lambeth.

In the essay "Of Envy" Bacon has a passage on virtue, on which Blake comments: "What do these Knaves mean by Virtue? Do they mean War and its horrors, and its Heroic Villains?" and further adds: "Politic Foolery and most Contemptible Villainy and Murder".

In the same essay Bacon writes: "This public envy seemeth to beat chiefly upon principal officers and ministers, rather than upon kings and estates themselves", and once more Blake indignantly dissents: "A Lie—Every Body hates a King. Bacon was afraid to say that Envy was upon a King, but is This Envy or Indignation?"

One cannot readily conceive a "relic" more delightfully characteristic of Blake than this. Had it been merely Blake's own copy of Bacon, with his autograph and no more, it would have been a happy possession. But it is far more than that; for it enables us to see the author of the Prophetic Books in the very act of reading and resenting philosophy at the very extreme pole from his own; the inspired idealist wrathfully face to face with the arch materialist. The angry gusto of the annotations seems to set Blake, with his glowing seer's eyes, the eyes that saw Ezekiel sitting under a tree at Lambeth, and Moses—wasn't it?—walking down Fleet Street,—living and breathing and righteously fulminating before us. It is not only a Blake relic, but a Blake document of the deepest significance. And it was mine for five shillings—a dollar and a quarter. Its present owner, one may be sure, would need many multiples of five shillings before he could be induced to part with it. In the present apogee of Blake's fame, there is no telling to what price it might soar in an auction room. A. Edward Newton, in his charming "Amenities of Book Collecting", tells us that two copies of Blake's "Songs" were sold at auction in 1918, and that each brought £756 (English pounds sterling); while Blake's drawings for Dante's "Divina Commedia" brought no less than £7,-665. Well may one sigh that the days of the poor, or even moderately pursed, collector are gone forever; and with them, I cannot help thinking, most of the romance of book collecting too. For, if one is able to give Mr. G. D. Smith carte blanche, practically to hand him our multi-millionaire's cheque-book, to soar with as he thinks best—well, where is the fun? When one can buy anything—it is a question whether there is anything worth buying, from the "sporting" bookman's point of view. The occupation of the Book-Hunter so delightfully sung in Andrew Lang's ballade is gone beyond recall:

With restless eyes that peer and spy,
  Sad eyes that heed not skies nor trees,
In dismal nooks he loves to pry,
  Whose motto evermore is *Spes!*
But ah! the fabled treasure flees;
  Grown rarer with the fleeting years,
In rich men's shelves they take their ease,—
  Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs!

Alas! the bookman's motto is no longer "Spes", but over the portals of every auction room is inscribed: "All hope abandon ye who enter here"; and the moment Mr. G. D. Smith drops in, with his genial confident smile, the scene resembles a Wild-West holdup, and it is "hands up" all round.

Another book I once picked up surprisingly cheap, bore no less visibly the intimate impress of a similar ve-

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hement personality—Thomas Carlyle. In 1870 Carlyle saw through the press a collected edition of his writings, and the task was evidently a great botheration to the irascible old prophet; for the proof-sheets were bound into volumes, and I have kept a few memoranda from his interchange of courtesies with the printer which I think the reader will be amused to see. They give us no particular glimpses into the prophet's soul as in the case of Blake, but they do give us highly diverting glimpses of his historic bad temper, that savage irritability which made him so "gey ill to live wi' ". He had been the *bête noir* of printers even in his early Edinburgh days, and he and the London printers seem to have got on no better; so that sometimes, as will be seen, quite a little comedy of mutual irritation is enacted between author and printer, with the margins of the proofs for stage. Here is one of them, in Carlyle's small, scholarly, but crabbed and sometimes rather cryptic hand. It takes up most of the half-title to his essay on "Goethe's Works":

DEATH OF GOETHE: why is that not *here?* GOETHE'S PORTRAIT still *earlier?* I don't remember to have seen . . .? Indeed I am obliged to move like a *blind* man, implicitly following YOU! G.'s Portraits directly after *Characteristics,* must PRECEDE *Johnson's Life,* —neither of wh^h can I remember to have seen? For God's sake, have a care, *you,* or if I am to be kept helplessly groping and guessing!—It w^d be the most glaring & insupportable of solecisms, that both those G^e Pictures (Portrait & Death) did *not* precede G^e's *Works;—Characteristics* even belongs to the prior *year.—Did* I ever see it then?

Have a care, have a care!

Below this delightful scolding, the printer has nonchalantly scrawled—"All right!"

In the "Latter Day Pamphlets" there was a question between author and printer as to whether each paper should be indicated with a numeral,—thus the printer had it: "1. The Present Time", but Carlyle wants *No.* in front of it. *"No.",* he writes, "w^d have been *better;* and also might with advantage have accompanied the Heading thro'out—but I suppose there is now no remedy?"

On the next page he queries: "No. 1. *impossible* now?—might it, or m^t it *not,* go so in the 2nd and following Nos? —— I regret the immense despatch in 'casting'!" A few pages later, tempers on both sides are momentarily milder. "No. II. Model Prisons" appears as headline, the printer remarking: "I have put in the *No.* from the beginning". Carlyle acknowledges: "Very well!"

Trifling misprints here and there harrow up the sorely tried Thomas. On a page of the "French Revolution" the printer had "Whereby some controversies, duels, etc." *Some* should have been *come,* and as Carlyle corrects with a *c* in the margin, he places the impatient sigh of an "oh, dear!" alongside it, but presently relents and adds "y^r *one* error!" and later on melts so far as even to pat the printer on the back with: "Very good; only one error noticeable, and *progress* visibly improving".

But very soon the fat is in the fire once more, and we have another fine outburst:

Motto *here; and* a blank leaf opposite? That was the *rule* fixed upon (so far as I remember) after botherat^n more than enough! Alter *Sartor* to *fit;* and stand by the RULE, *you* presiding and responsible.—Totally useless to send *me* any of these things; I can take no charge of THEM:—in fact I request you to send me, henceforth, *only the whole in a lump* (Titles, Summary, Index) so soon as *you* have got them completed. Till then I wish to hear nothing of them. T. C.

On some "General Contents" pages Carlyle made this commentary:

Only this page read.—*Goethe* etc. ready—but

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we must fix upon a Title for these Three vols. of Translatn. "Supplement" to C's works, shall we say? or *what? Consider* yr best; and consult with Mr. Chapn [Chapman]. T. C.

On a half-title of the "Frederick" Carlyle wrote:

(*Arrived,* Monday 11 o/c a. m.) Day after tomorrow, *send* to Mr. Chapman's for the final vol. v, *Cromwell* VIGNETTE, whh will then be (or is, in a sense, even now) completely ready; and let me have a Proof of that last Page, as soon as possible,—Wednv Night? T. C.

On another page the printer had written: "Could not get this reference into its former place".

With unusual amiability Carlyle responds: "Does well enough".

But the spelling of *Teufelsdröckh* in "Sartor Resartus", is a sore bone of contention. The printer had insisted on printing it without the dots over the *ö*, and Carlyle at last loses patience thus: "Who is this that *will* not believe what is before his eyes!"

In another place, the printer had got a *Vol. i* at the bottom of the page, had then struck it out, and then changed it back with a *stet.* Carlyle savagely adds: "better *stet,* I shd think?—Yes, *stet,* STET!—"

On the half-title of the essay on "Chartism" Carlyle complains that there is no date. "IMPOSSIBLE", he remonstrates, "to do without a *date*: —in *all* cases, impossible (*once* said, shd be enough, oh *let* it be so!)—Put it *how you* like and *where*: as our *custom* is, or the *nearest* to our custom! —and don't agn depend on *me* for warning you!"

Again another misprint drives him to despair. "From Arctic to Antarctic! the Life of our Earth lies all ..." the passage should have run, but the printer had got *Live* for *Life.* Carlyle corrects with an *f* in the margin—adding a resigned "*Ach* Gott!"

With that resigned "*Ach* Gott" we will leave him, and turn to a writer who had as great a genius for gentleness as Carlyle for the reverse—that Leigh Hunt who wrote the charming rondeau "Jenny kissed me" to Mrs. Carlyle, and whom, in return, the Carlyles repaid with their small-minded, supercilious story of "Leigh Hunt's sovereigns on the mantelpiece". They were of a certainty an uncomfortable pair in their Scotch superiority to all other human beings. Leigh Hunt was one of those writers whose genius lay not so much in any originality of his own, as in appreciation of the originality of others—though that itself is a form of originality—and he is also a much better poet than he is usually given credit for being. The fames of Keats and Shelley owe him a great debt in that regard, as do all later lovers of books —not merely for his spirited championship of that then revolutionary school of poetry, but for the fine taste and creative enthusiasm with which he directed the readers of the day, still under the influence of the Popeian tradition, to the wells of English undefiled of greater and more natural writers. I suppose that neither Leigh Hunt nor "The Tatler" are much read nowadays, but I know they have some readers, "though choice and good"; and such will appreciate the pleasure I once had in owning Leigh Hunt's own copy of "The Tatler" with many annotations in his exquisitely neat hand. *"Excellent, open-hearted Steele"*—was one of these at the end of Steele's acknowledgment to Swift, in his dedication to "Mr. Maynwaring", on whom Hunt has too this interesting note:

Maynwaring is a curious instance of a once admired writer, whose reputation has come to nothing. It was probably half owing to his position as a man of birth and substance, and half to manners in private,

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both pleasant and decided. It is remarkable that Steele should have dedicated a volume of a work full of conventional, however otherwise charitable, morality, to a man who was then living with the celebrated actress, Mrs. Oldfield, and who was known to have been so living for several years.

Of course, every collector has his own special hobby, but I confess that that which seems to me to have most human interest in it is the hobby for possessing books with such associative and interpretative value as I have been recalling. Professor Dowden once possessed a copy of "Queen Mab" which Shelley had inscribed to his "Mary". Think of possessing that! And, apropos that, I recently came across this advertisement by a well-known firm of Philadelphia booksellers: "The original Autograph Letter of Mary Godwin to the poet, P. B. Shelley, arranging for their elopement. $2,500.00"! Was the truth of Sir Thomas Browne's striking words ever more pathetically illustrated: "*Mummy* has become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds and Pharaoh is sold for balsams"?

SOME GOOD BUT INSUFFICIENT REASONS FOR SILENCE

BY WILLIAM McFEE

THE writer of these notes is a Lieutenant of Reserve in the Royal Navy (unless he has been recently demobilized or dismissed for assailing the Admiralty with gratuitous advice), on service in a vessel cruising along the gloomy and mysterious shores of Anatolia; and it is therefore to be premised that interruptions in the narrative are inevitable from time to time. Indeed, it may very well happen that this article will consist largely of interruptions connected by conscientious attempts to do some "fine writing". This by the way.

[At this point it was found necessary for the writer of these notes to resume his duties as Chief Engineer, orders having been received by wireless to proceed to a prearranged island in the Ægean, to meet His Majesty's battle cruiser "Inevitable" and suckle her with oil-fuel. And while engaged upon this desperate adventure, the writer's mind was led away from the main argument and dwelt for a while upon the probable impression conveyed to the average reader by the phrase *a Lieutenant of Reserve*. There is something sombre and forbidding in the very sound of it, so that one feels there must be tragedy implied. One is reminded of Schomberg, the German hotel-keeper in Conrad's "Victory", who was "supposed" to be "a Lieutenant of Reserve". Conrad himself is ironically magnanimous. So he may have been, he concedes in passing, and leaves Schomberg to get what comfort and credit he can out of his ambiguous status in the Imperial Service. Personally, the writer imagines that Conrad may have misunderstood Schomberg. Anyone who has had the melancholy experience of being "a Lieutenant of Reserve" must entertain doubts whether even a German hotel-keeper would want to brag about it. However, the writer's conscience forbids him to sail

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under false colors, and he toes the line with Schomberg (who he believes was staying recently at a hotel in Malta and posing as a Swiss automobile salesman) and confesses himself "a Lieutenant of Reserve". He is in what is satirically known as "the prime of life", and while not bearing any violent resentment toward the European War, which has had four very valuable years of that prime, he sincerely hopes that some small portion of the "freedom" which has been won will be granted to him before old age sets in.]

While entering the lonely and landlocked harbor of the tryst and making fast alongside the towering structure of the "Inevitable", it is impossible to refrain from wondering what Ulysses would have to say about a war-galley of thirty thousand tons with eleven hundred men on board. The notion—supposing his spirit to haunt the scenes of his exploits—is not far-fetched. One cannot doubt that he used this harbor during his operations against Troy. His astute intelligence would appreciate the advantages of the treacherous shoal right under the headland at the entrance, and we can imagine him cursing the local Greeks for their frightful charges and incredible stupidity.

[At this point the writer's attention is claimed by the momentous information that the "Inevitable" objects to our oil. Our Chief Officer, in overalls and thick leather gauntlets, is being vituperated by a total stranger, also in overalls and thick leather gauntlets. Each of them waves festoons of litmus-paper, wherewith he has been testing the acidity of the oil. What strikes one about the altercation is the deep humanity of it. The stranger is obsessed with a wild and romantic ideal, which is to have his fuel-tanks perennially full of a miraculously perfect oil. The Chief Officer is beset with a profound and fanatical conviction that his tanks never contain anything else save this same pellucid produce. "Pride, human pride", one reflects, venturing near the combatants and cautiously interpolating a few words of compromise. Above, on the rail of the "Inevitable", on her dizzy bridges, looking out from behind her mammoth guns, and even peering down from the Olympian heights of her tripod-masts, other human beings, full of pride and foolish misconceptions, watch the affray. Near by two or three bluejackets, in blue overalls, wrestle with the enormous hoses, and seem striving to assume the pose of Laocoon and his sons, writhing in the grasp of some horrible and interminable metallic serpent of the sea. And this notion leads one to reconsider the possibility of Ulysses affording any fresh insight into his own mentality by his views concerning the "Inevitable". After all, the chances are that he would merely take her as a matter of course and add her to the long list of improbable monsters which, so he said, he vanquished by his guile.]

It is time however—and a lull in the activity favors the enterprise—to enlighten the reader concerning some of the good but insufficient reasons for silence. It would be a cruel thing to arouse curiosity only to evade satisfying it in a bold and manly fashion—"after the way of the English, in straight-flung words and few", as Kipling says. Those who have heard an Englishman explaining anything will recognize the likeness. Hearken for instance to these two on the afterdeck. The fact is, the writer, in addition to being a Lieutenant of Reserve in the prime of life, is addicted to literature, and has occasionally ag-

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S.—1320c. (Established—May, 1905) (Revised—January, 1917) NAVAL SIGNAL.

P.O. of Watch	Wm McFee
Read By	Editor
Reported By	Me
Passed By	Censor
Logged By	Posterity
System	private
Date	May 1919.
Time	The Present.

From
Eng. Lt. McFee. R.N.R
H.M.S. Kharki.
c/o G.P.O. London

To
Editor
'Bookman'

Some Good but Insufficient Reasons for Silence

The writer of these notes is a Lieutenant of Reserve in the Royal Navy, (unless he has been recently demobilised or dismissed for assailing the Admiralty with gratuitous advice), on service in a vessel cruising along the gloomy and mysterious shores of Anatolia, and it is therefore to be premised that interruptions in the narrative are inevitable from time to time. Indeed, it may very well happen that this article will consist largely of interruptions connected by conscientious attempts to do some 'fine writing' this by the way.

[At this point it was found necessary for the writer of these notes to resume his duties as chief engineer, orders having been received by wireless to proceed to a pre-arranged island in the Aegean to meet ~~[illegible]~~ His Majesty's battle cruiser Inevitable and suckle her with oil-fuel. And while engaged upon this desperate adventure, the writer's mind was led away from the main argument and dwelt for a while upon the probable impression conveyed to the average reader

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[3241] 50604/D68 75000 pads. 2/17. H.W.V.Ld. E.877.

The above reproduction of the first page of the original manuscript of Mr. McFee's article, "Some Good but Insufficient Reasons for Silence," presents the complications of the author in meeting the requirements of the British naval form on which he writes.

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gravated the offense by publishing books. In this his experience and morality in no way differs from that of thousands of other solvent and likable men. But what has impressed him very forcibly in contemplating his existence as seafarer and author is, that in the very nature of things he is deprived of the joys and amenities of the literary life, and has begun to doubt whether his labor in that sphere is not mainly altruistic. Hence he is moved to set down the various good but on the whole insufficient reasons for going out of the writing business altogether and resigning himself to a purely local expression of opinion.

Take, for example, the question of applause. Keats declared he wrote "for fame", and if we analyze what Keats meant by fame we shall find that it includes contemporary applause. But of what use is applause to a man a thousand miles from Washington Square or Chelsea Embankment or Montmartre? The writer is not suggesting that an author at home hears continually the thunder of public approbation shaking his casements. His conception of how a literary man passes his time at home is necessarily vague and touched with romance, but it certainly includes a certain amount of social gamboling among artistic persons, persons who can tolerate the nuance and allusiveness so dear to bookish folk.

He imagines himself, for example, the guest of the evening at one of those old wainscoted and paneled houses on Clapham Common (doubtless pulled down long ago). There is a pleasant rustle of anticipation as he enters the room, and the women—most of the party are women, and young—examine him with eager delight as he is presented. The young women, he imagines, are clever as well as beautiful. They "write a little", they are persuaded to confess, but allow their admiration for his books to shine in their eyes. Their conversation is only so-so perhaps, but that is because they wish their guest to do himself justice. The picture gets a little vague just here, one must admit, because as a matter of fact the writer is in the habit of smoking a particularly strong brand of tobacco all the evening and he can scarcely visualize those charming girls—one of whom has sent an article to THE BOOKMAN—sitting in the opaque fog which usually sets in about nine. . . .

The fact is, the writer is idealizing the memories which have survived from what is tabulated in his literary consciousness as his "Chelsea period". It should be explained that in his premaritime days he roomed with a bohemian in a flat on Cheyne Walk and became a hanger-on of the various cliques who infested the neighborhood at that time. It was in the days when Whistler lived in an absurd house with a polished copper door,—a door past which the writer saw him borne to his grave, followed by a mob of well-dressed artists, who were all secretly glad that the great man had passed away. He remembers the tense atmosphere in the church, strangely compounded of ecclesiasticism and worldly ambition, the staccato whisper of the lady-reporter—"What name please?"—, and her venomous look when he murmured absently, "Pinturicchio". . . . However, it was a failure. The cliques of Chelsea were not to be deceived. A mechanical draftsman from the city, a youth who was neither rich, clever, nor good-looking, was destined to remain outside the magic circle of the Chelsea geniuses.

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Yet he gained an occasional glimpse into their mysteries. In the cant phrase of the cliques he "met" So-and-So and Thingumbob and Toodleoo and Rumty-tum. He narrowed his resources to acquire the evening dress suit and planished shirt front—the suit which long since passed into the hands of a Shaftesbury Avenue dealer in old clothes, and which will never be replaced. He "met" these people and came to various damaging conclusions concerning them. But this did not hinder him from realizing that, if he could only get *inside*, he would have a very pleasant time. He would take literary ladies home in cabs and dazzle them with his scintillating wit and satire. He would be the life of the studio-parties which were attended mostly by humbugs who could not paint. He would be pointed out, as he hurried along Cheyne Walk, to Americans from Memphis, Tennessee. He would—but this sort of thing tends to futility. It was a failure. In spite of his art-green wall-paper and Liberty curtains, in spite of his Botticelli prints and poems on "The River at Dusk", and so forth, it was borne in upon him that not only did the *cognoscenti* dislike him, but he disliked them. The impression he gathered from successful artists and authors was that their pasts were shameful and they had no desire to speak of them; while the young and obscure did not seem to be getting anywhere at all. . . .

Certainly the writer himself was not getting anywhere except into debt. The promised reactions did not come. Useless to acquire a mass of technical jargon from painters and still remain a mechanical draftsman in the city. Futile to haunt studios for literary conversation when each new acquaintance seemed more stupid and suspicious than the last. The pervasive drawl of the Oxford-gone-wrong parasites—"Awfully clever chap—have you met him?"—became a nightmare. And having collected some poems, the writer cast about for an editor.

Now it was a notable characteristic of Chelsea society in those days that it was, as it were, suspended in mid-air, like Mahomet's rock. It had no visible means of support. It was artistic, but nobody seemed to earn his living by art. It was suavely democratic, without the slightest contact with the democracy. It is the writer's opinion that the democracy, had it become aware of the existence of Chelsea society, would have battered down the æsthetic doors and put every artist and parasite to the sword. Of course many innocents, like the writer, would have been slaughtered, but the effect upon England would have been distinctly invigorating.

By *suavely democratic* the writer implies that these people affected an indifference to "mere wealth". A woman who had an income of ten thousand pounds a year from a Bavarian brewery asked the writer to join her in her morning ride in the Park at—oh, quite early, say ten-thirty . . . A breezy creature in Donegal tweeds said he was making up a party to tour the Hungarian Alps —would the writer come? And a man in a pince nez talked of publishing as though the thing were done every day. "Why don't you publish? I'll introduce you to—let me see now . . ." (The writer trembled with a fearful joy. Here was the open door at last! Never had he seen an editor save at a distance, when it was raining, and the figure with the red nose was very indistinct in the hansom.) "Oh, I'll give you a card to Tynemouth Banks. He's just taken over 'The Academic Re-

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view'. Accept? *My* experience of Tynemouth Banks is that he'll accept anything. Prices? Oh, a guinea . . ."

[An interruption in the form of a tremendous shock causes the writer at this juncture to abandon his reveries of literary adventures and run up the ward-room companion. The "Inevitable" has moved away. A gigantic submarine, like some fabled monster of the deep, is manœuvring alongside and one of her diving planes has ripped a hole in our quarter very much as a pair of scissors cuts a gash in brown paper. The excitement is acute. The Chief Officer, accompanied by his men, seems to be engaged in some intricate calisthenic exercises. The submarine remains calm. Her twelve-inch gun droops, and seems to be regarding us with moody suspicion. It transpires that she wants a hundred tons of oil and wants it quick. Her commander receives with apathy the news that water is coming into our after coffer-dam. All hands proceed to the work of salvage. Wood is sawn, nails are produced, cement is mixed, shores are prepared, and a box filled with concrete heaved up and forced against the torn plates. The inspiration passes and all subside into a sullen, hard-breathing silence. The sea is an inhuman thing.]

The writer knew nothing about "The Academic Review", as he chooses to call it. It cost sixpence, and he could not afford sixpences in those days. Moreover, it was one of those journals which for years had been the sport of wealthy amateurs who knew very little about journalism and nothing at all about literature. At this time a sporting peer had bought it and installed Tynemouth Banks in the editorial chair. Tynemouth Banks was reputed to be an expert editor. In the British Museum Library he was announced as the author of "Highways and Byways in the Frisian Islands", a handbook for tourists. The new offices of "The Academic Review" were in Sergeants Inn, between Cliffords Inn and Chancery Lane. A young lady with many bangles (bangles were jingling everywhere in those days) took the two cards which the writer offered, but said Mr. Tynemouth Banks was out. As he wandered through Cliffords Inn, where he afterward had chambers and wrote half of a long novel, the writer began to wonder whether the doors were open to him after all. A few days later, when an invitation to call at Tynemouth Banks's private residence in Onslow Gardens came to the flat in Cheyne Walk, he still wondered. Some faint premonition warned him that this was not the way. Nevertheless, the dress suit came out and he made his way to Onslow Gardens, a high range of heartless houses near Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors.

It is only honest to confess that this was the only occasion on which the writer met an editor. Editors are to him a mythical race. And the adventure seems so improbable now that he often wonders whether the whole thing is not a dream. Tynemouth Banks turned out to be a sleek, beady-eyed, black-mustached little creature, wearing valuable rings and a black opal stud. Two stock-brokers and a short-haired woman in an Empire gown were drinking whisky in the billiard room. One of the stock-brokers told a story about a young woman who . . . a story the writer had heard in the machine shop six years before. There was a yell of laughter—

"Published anything yet?" asked the editor of "The Academic Review" as they went upstairs.

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It might be supposed that the writer, after such an experience, might have lost his illusions as to the idyllic nature of the literary life ashore. But illusions about shore life die hard at sea. It seems unreasonable to forego the simple delights of authorship: the tea-table tattle about So-and-So's prices and Thingumbob's last book, how Miss Boodle was determined to marry the author of "The Complete Misogynist" and succeeded —and has twins . . . Hard to do without proofs. When the proofs of the writer's first book were ready, he was repairing a broken condenser in the gasping heat of Singapore in July. On the next occasion he was cooling bananas in Costa Rica. Proofs found him again in a creek of the Niger River. Proofs are stubborn things. If any author wishes to know how stubborn, let him come up from below, where it is a hundred and thirty Fahrenheit, to his room where it is apparently a hundred and eighty, his finger-nails broken and destroyed with oil, his heart full of care and the peculiar bitterness which sea life engenders,—and find his proofs on the bunk.

George Moore, in one of his interminable autobiographies, says, "Proofs always inspire me". Probably they do—in an exquisite apartment furnished with beautiful books and pictures, the plate-glass windows throttling the roar of West London down to a far-off murmur. It is the failure to attain to these felicities that has raised doubts in the writer's mind whether, after all, it is worth while. . . . Editors have become a myth. An uneasy feeling is born in the writer's bosom that he himself is becoming a myth. Such things can happen. He is reminded of an extraordinary case of a human being, a warm, friendly, seafaring creature, becoming suddenly transformed into a———

[At this juncture the writer, propped up in his bed-place and becoming at last genuinely interested in the recital of his private griefs, is informed by his Commanding Officer that the ship is to proceed at full speed to Lesbos. A Muscovite destroyer, the "Turguenief", abandoned by the Bolsheviki and salved by the Allies, has broken her tow-rope and is drifting ashore. Immediate assistance is required. Pensively wondering how long this sort of thing is to go on, and recalling an incident in European history known as the Hundred Years' War, the writer gives the necessary orders and paces the after-deck as the ship drives into the sharp teeth of a typical Ægean gale. Experience of these swift, meteorological tantrums inspires respect for the seamanship of the ancients, who careered round among these islands in what were little more than canoes. The Lesbian Isle! The Commanding Officer, who has never heard of Sappho save in Daudet's novel of that name, alludes to a certain amount of *kudos* which may be extracted from the venture—if she can be got off. Sappho? No, the destroyer. No doubt the Admiralty will cough up something . . . the wind blows his words away. Something? Well . . substantial. Eh? The wireless boy, a rangy youth with romantic eyes, rustles along the deck like a leaf and hands the Captain a signal pad. . . . "Turguenief ashore, total loss, return. . . ."]

Yes, an extraordinary case. Before metempsychosis set in he was the Navigating Lieutenant of the writer's last ship, a seaplane carrier. He might be described as an embittered idealist, not quite seeing what he had gotten out of his twenty-five years' faithful service; not seeing either the aston-

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ishing destiny just ahead of him. . . . Had he no premonition, that evening when he strolled into the empty ward-room, where the writer was sitting with his novel half-written before him? It was very quiet. The pilots and observers, noisy children, were ashore skylarking. The Paymaster sat in his room reading his only book: Dean Ramsay's "Scottish Life and Character". His chuckle, as he perceived some aged joke, synchronized with the faint rhythm of the dynamo two flats below.

The writer had seized the opportunity to bring out his manuscript, as a rat brings out a bit of cheese-rind and gnaws it on the hearth-rug when folks are away. Now and again a destroyer, slipping out of harbor in the darkness, would give a short sharp "whup-whup!" on her siren, like a terrier's bark. The wine-steward's shadow remained motionless in his small bar in the passage beyond the open door, a curved silhouette bent over a tattered and coverless copy of Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks". The framed portrait of King George over the sideboard vibrated so that His Majesty appeared to be convulsed with sudden laughter, as the other door opened and the Navigating Officer entered and advanced to his appointed place in the adventure. A tall, stout, erect figure of a man, with a sharp, weather-beaten visage. His movements had the precise deliberation of those accustomed to command. Command! Thereby hangs the tale.

For the novel which lay in a flurry of white sheets upon the dark green of the ward-room table was entitled "Command. A study in patriotism". The writer had been preoccupied for some time with the psychology of command. He had suffered much during his years at sea from the idiosyncrasies of commanders. In the idle moments of busy years a tale of a man who aspired to command, who appeared unable to convince others of his fitness, and who had wandered into forlorn byways of sensuality, made its appearance upon many sheets of paper. Secretly, of course, as becomes a good deed. And it was without any suspicion of its real nature that the Navigating Officer sat down, lit a cigarette, rang the bell for the bartender, and drew the manuscript toward him.

And for a long time he neither spoke nor moved save to reach his hand absently toward ash-tray or glass of chartreuse—an alert, immobile, enigmatic figure. He read on, page after page. The writer wrote on, page after page. Some people have this mysterious gift—one can write in their presence. But of course a man can read faster than anyone can write except perhaps the far-famed Trollope, with his completed page every quarter of an hour, or Arnold Bennett, or . . . . no matter. The Navigating Officer finished chapter seven, pushed his thing away and rose. He began pacing up and down, one hand in his trousers-pocket. It was at this point that the writer noticed a change. It became obvious that his brother officer was laboring under some strong excitement, as though he had absorbed a potion into his system and it was beginning to work. His pace quickened, slackened, halted. He held up his left hand and examined the nails narrowly, as though already suspecting some modification of his personality. And then he spoke. He said he couldn't understand how the writer had learned so much about a shipmate's private life. This was denied. The characters in "Command" were imaginary. They had been slowly and painfully evolved . . .

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"But dammit, this chap who comes home from the China coast, who had a girl out there and who gets engaged at home to a dark girl—why see here, even his bank's the same as mine—Anglo-Celestial. Dammit, it is *me* you're writing about! It's my ideas. Here, where he says—where is it?" He ruffled the sheets. "Where he tells the old man—you know. Well, the very words I used once. And what gets me is how you found out about the girl in England—the one he's engaged to—having a foreign strain in her. I tell you it's me. It's marvelous. Well, I suppose I must have let it out when I was canned. Eh? Rather shirty trick that, what?"

Now what interested the writer in this harangue was not the accusations—entirely unfounded—leveled at him for betraying vinous confidences, but the obvious fact that his brother officer was fascinated by seeing himself in the character in the book. Of course he was not very much like this character save in externals. He had been captured by the externals, not being a literary man. He began to brood upon his image reflected in the story. He would make inquiries as to the probable course of events. He indulged in retrospect and would allude to his past life in the Orient. By degrees those traits in which he differed from the chief character in the novel receded. He was ceasing to be a human being and becoming a character in fiction! He cultivated a grievance until the shadow obscured him. Now and again he would emerge to make some observation as to what "a girl would do" in certain circumstances, meaning of course the girl in the story. He was very anxious to know whether they married eventually, but as this was not known to anybody, he retired unsatisfied. By degrees his personality faded, and the writer was not surprised one day to be told that he had gone. "Gone home on leave" was the official explanation, but the writer knows better. He has searched the navy list, but the Navigating Officer is gone from the navy list, if he was ever there. He has become a myth, a memory of a quiet evening, white sheets on a green cloth, green chartreuse . . . King George convulsed with sudden laughter as the door opens and a character walks in . . .

[At this point the Third Officer (who attends to the mails) looks into the writer's cabin, holding back the curtain, and remarks, "I shall be sealing up the bag in a few minutes, Chief. Have you anything to go?"]

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CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

BY PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

IN beginning a thing of this kind about a man of this kind I am at once appalled by the poverty of my medium. No flat page of solid type, black and forbidding, will do. It may be mentally meticulous; but it is not ocularly adequate. It may reach the brain in the mood intended; but the eye will already have rendered dull obeisance. And the one thing Charles Hanson Towne never was, never is, never will be and never could be, is dull.

Hence am I driven, while fully realizing the limits of my lyricism and the flat-footedness of my muse, to dash off one of those little quatrains (at least I think that is what you call 'em) with which Charley Towne himself so delightfully interlards the chapters of those little volumes that he loves to do and does so well. Not even he need say it's bad. That is understood.

> I've known him now for many years,
> His joys, his griefs, his hopes, his fears.
> Unlike the well-known Dr. Fell,
> I like him. Why? I'm going to tell!

I have but little sympathy with those biographies that tell where a man was born, and when; what have been the positions that he has occupied; his tangible successes in obtaining or creating mundane things; and whether or not he happens to be single or married. Life is not, and can never be, an exact science. And many a time it is the things that are not done, and never happen, that really count. The Kaiser brought on one war. Theodore Roosevelt stopped several. Which has shown himself the greater man?

This does not mean that Charley Towne's life has not been full indeed in accomplishment; for it has. It means only that his friends like him not only for what he has done, but most of all for what he is.

And yet, realizing as I do that there are those to whom the frame means more than the picture—to whom the tangible represents more than the intangible—and who possess the morbid desire for sordid and mathematical detail, I will consent to halt in my flight long enough to say that Charles Hanson Towne was born in Louisville, Kentucky. Who's Who will tell you exactly when, if you really must know. He came to New York at the age of four. At least, he says he came. Personally, I should have said that he was brought. But knowing Charley's initiative, I should not become disputatious; he may have come at that. He was educated in the public schools of New York, and attended for a time the City College there. At an early age, he began to show indications of what was to become his later estate; for he got out a typewritten story-paper, writing everything in it from serials to answers to correspondents.

Shortly after leaving college, he became private secretary to John Brisben Walker when that famous publisher had "The Cosmopolitan Magazine", at Irvington-on-Hudson. He left that to go to "The Smart Set", which had just been started, becoming later associate editor and then editor-

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in-chief of that publication. While holding that position he discovered, among other writers since become famous, Henry Sydnor Harrison, Justus Miles Forman, James Branch Cabell, the Baroness von Hutten, Stephen French Whitman; and he printed the first poems of Gouverneur Morris and Theodosia Garrison. He it was who, simultaneously with "Ainslee's", discerned the budding genius of O. Henry.

After seven years with "The Smart Set", he went to the Butterick Company, as literary editor of "The Delineator", "The Designer", and the "Woman's Magazine". . . . While there he inaugurated the office custom of never returning a manuscript so that it would reach an author on Christmas or New Year's Day. . . . If you have ever been an author you will understand what this means, and all it means. Men have been knighted for less.

On the resignation of Cameron Mackenzie, Towne went to "McClure's". At the outbreak of the war, he changed "McClure's" to a win-the-war magazine and he is now in the forefront of those who seem to solve the less spectacular but infinitely more complex problems of peace.

His poetic works include: "The Quiet Singer and Other Poems", "Manhattan", "Youth", "Beyond the Stars", "To-Day and To-Morrow" and "A World of Windows". His prose comprises "Autumn Loiterers" and "Shaking Hands with England". He has done two children's books, "The Tumble Man" and "Jolly Jaunts with Jim". And he edited "The Balfour Visit", a record of Arthur Balfour's visit to America, and "For France", an American tribute to the spirit of the French. He has had nearly one hundred and fifty poems set to music by such composers as Amy Woodforde-Finden, Henry Hadley, and H. Clough-Leighter. One of these is "A Lover in Damascus". He has also written the lyrics for the Ordynski production of "La Belle Helène" and for other musical productions soon, he hopes, to be brought out on Broadway.

Moreover, he knows more people and has more friends, I believe, than any man alive. It's always been one of the hidden mysteries to me, how he remembers 'em all without the aid of a private secretary and a card catalogue. But he never misses once! It's amazing. It almost makes me believe that one about Jonah and the whale. Whether it's King George or the little, apple-cheeked old man that we found of a fall evening basking in the gentle glow of a red hot base-burner in a Berkshire valley, it's all the same to Charley. His telephone rings, and it may be Mrs. Douglas Robinson, or Rube Goldberg, or David Bispham, or Irv. Cobb, or Mrs. George Gould, or F. P. A., or Ella Wheeler Wilcox, or Grantland Rice or Mrs. William Astor Chanler, or Julian Street, or Frances Starr, or Otis Skinner, or the Favershams, or James and May Preston, or Mrs. Stephen Millet, or Hildegarde Hawthorne, or Austin Strong, or the George Barr Bakers, or the George Barr McCutcheons, or the George Barr Somebody Elses, or Emily Stevens, or Blanche Bates, or Theodosia Garrison, or Neysa McMein, or Lola Fisher, or Walter Hampden, or the Wallace Irwins, or some French or Italian or British army officers, or any one of four or five thousand other people. But that makes no difference to Charles Hanson. He knows who it is in a flash.

And (oh, I forgot to tell you; he's

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a bachelor) mostly they want him to dine. Sometimes they want him to lunch or week-end. But mostly to dine. Charley Towne is the one man I know that's got the high cost of living beaten. If he could only become accustomed to going without breakfast and lodging, it would cost him almost nothing at all to live, except for linen. Towne himself says that there is no reason for a bachelor who has a dress suit, who doesn't become too intoxicated too often, and who possesses a fair command of the English language, ever to go hungry in New York. But I consider him supermodest. As a bachelor I had the three attributes in question. Yet had I waited for invitations to be fed, I had passed away in a few weeks, a pale and shadowy cadaver. Again it is not Charley Towne's obvious tangibilities that cause him to be invited to so many places at such brief intervals. It is himself, and his personable personality.

Not too tall, pleasantly upholstered both in mind and body, with a quick smile, an ever-ready fund of good humor; brilliant of wit, quick of sally, keenly and deeply sympathetic; with the greatest conceivable admiration for frankness, honesty, and candor, and the greatest conceivable disgust for deceit, dishonesty, and hypocrisy, Towne is one of the best likers, and one of the best haters, that I know. Also he is absolutely fearless. He tells people just what he thinks of them. If you are doing good work, he is the first to say so. If you are doing bad work, he is also the first to say so. He will praise anyone who he thinks deserves praise. But he will just as quickly scold anyone he thinks needs scolding, about anything he thinks that person needs scolding about. But while the praise is invariably personal, the scolding is almost invariably academic. It is not you that he blames; it is more as though he were blaming an act of nature that permitted your work to fall beneath accustomed standards.

He lives—but, no. I'm not going to tell you where he lives. Only to say that he has the second floor of an old-fashioned house—a gentle, settled, red-brick house—somewhat uptown and yet not too far away to be easily accessible. There he has two large rooms, done in impeccable taste, their walls bearing original drawings, framed letters, and mementoes of varied description. The bedroom windows look out upon a gem of a garden where, on soft spring mornings, a friend may drop around for a real southern breakfast, brought by a manservant, Jeff, of dusky skin, from hidden depths presided over by Mrs. Jeff and one cute little pop-eyed pickaninny.

On Sunday he hides, and writes (that is, on Sundays when he isn't week-ending), thus resting from his daily work of editing, and his most loved hobby—people. For, though he loves nature and gives it an appreciation that I have seldom seen equaled —who is not familiar with his line, "Ain't nature wonderful!"—yet he loves human nature even more. And he loves it not alone in its strengths and finenesses but even more in its nuances and ramifications. An unusual individuality attracts him as a blossom attracts a bee. He burrows and gloats and delves.

He is quickly sensitive to moods; quickly sympathetic to needs; and will go to any legitimate length for a friend. Tensely and unflaggingly interested in his work, it gives him the keenest joy to discover new talent and new abilities. He has the same appre-

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ciation of and the same joy in finding a new writer that a prospector has in finding a nugget.

He loves the English language, and likes to play with words. His delight, while tramping or motoring, is to find beautiful words of despised significance. Why should *cellar door* be the name of a lowly entrance to the meanest part of a house when, of its sonance, it should be the name of a Spanish bull fighter? And why should not *laryngitis* and *pneumonia* and *influenza* be names for beauteous damosels instead of physical ills? He likes to discover nomenclature that personifies individuals. Who, for instance, cannot see at once, in the eye of his mind, Breckenridge Wood, or T. Philbert Hickenlooper, or Mortimer Beauregard Fip?

While fond of the out-of-doors, he is fond of it vicariously. He has no, as you may say, exercisional hobbies. He owns no motor. He neither golfs, swims, nor tennises. He chops no wood and tills no field. He cares little for cards, billiards, or games in general. Though in no sense a club man, he has two clubs, and of these he is fond. They are The Coffee House and The Players. He likes walking. He likes dinners, if they are interesting. He likes books, good plays, and—as I have said—people.

And speaking of people: we have talked many a time of how so few of us really have a purpose in life—really have in mind a definite objective toward which we are struggling, for which we are striving. Towne has his. It is to be a reformer. He doesn't want to be a long-haired reformer, full of cold-storage oratory and impracticable "isms". He wants to be more the sort of reformer that Roosevelt was. He holds in his heart, as I hold in mine, the day when T. R. said to us, "If all of us, working as hard as we can, all our lives, shall be able to make the world one tiny bit better, we will not have lived in vain". . . . That is Towne's creed. And he lives true to it.

And it was of Towne that Roosevelt wrote, in a letter of introduction given him as he was about to sail for Europe in 1918 as a guest of the British government:

> Mr. Charles Hanson Towne is an old and close friend of mine. He is the editor of McClure's Magazine. He is one of the best citizens in all the United States. I vouch for him in every way and bespeak all courtesy for him. He has been one of the strongest friends of England and the Allies that this country has contained, and I will guarantee not only his good faith but his absolute soundness of judgment, and it is safe to repose any confidence in him.

Citizen, poet, editor; the creator of many an epigram his friends will not willingly let die; a charming host, an ideal guest, and the savior par excellence of many a dying dinner party,—I thought I knew Charley Towne as well as man may know a friend for whom he has written, with whom he has striven (for it was my privilege to be with him in the organization and fructification of The Vigilantes), with whom he has played (have we not motored together through the dying glories of the Berkshires in October?), with whom he has lunched and dined and walked and driven, whose confidence he has shared, and in whom his own confidences have been reposed. And yet it remained for the Canadian Rockies to reveal, at length, still deeper wealths unplumbed.

Straight from an office chair he came, his background the teeming city, his training the careering taxicab. And yet he strode a horse upon rugged miles of mountain trail, scrambling up precipitous heights,

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crawling over fallen trees, diving down declivities that made one wonder if a horse's ears were on tightly enough to serve as a last resort to keep one from sliding over his head. . . . Interminable æons of this . . . And while the rest of us crawl painfully from the ridge-poles of our steeds, sore and lame and raw, and saying things we don't want the ladies to hear, Towne leaps from his ambling palfrey fresh, untired, debonair, with merry quip and lightsome jest. . . . Sixteen Canadian miles in the saddle, through blinding sleet, cold and vengeful. . . . And while we huddle, wet and shivering, around the reeking stove in the ranger's cabin at White Man's Pass, in strolls Towne, mindless of his saturated raiment as a buccaneer of the salt kiss of the sea. . . .

It was uncanny.

"Aren't you wet, Charley?" I queried. I wanted a little complaint. To have this hand-picked poet, this downy-bred city feller, thus unconsciously and unconscionably lord it over us hardy children of the great out-doors—golf players, tennis players, wood-choppers, rugged sons of toil! That he should stand there, happy, smiling, as oblivious to the pool of water dripping from his wringing coat-tails as though he were Diana rising from the bath . . . while we sat soaked and shaking—well, it just wasn't natural. That's all. Hence my hopeful question, and plaintive.

"Aren't you wet?" I queried again.

He looked down at his plastered puttees.

"A little," he replied. "What of it?"

I think we all sighed. It was not that we really wanted him to suffer; that is, any more than the rest of us. But—

He performed a little pirouette, the while eyeing us pityingly.

"Equally at home in the roaring Rockies or the ballrooms of the Ritz," he said.

In which he summarized himself far better than can I. For it's true. He is.

RETURN

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL

THE leaves beneath my feet shall blow
Again upon their tree,
Finding the way back that they know;
And the streams, gone to the sea,—
An upland harbor they shall reach
However far they flow,
Furl and unfurl upon that beach
The white sails of the snow.

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THE INTELLECTUAL FERMENT IN POST-BELLUM ITALY

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

POST-BELLUM conditions find young Italy alive with novelty—novelty in poetry, in politics, on the stage, and in prose. Not all of the novelty, however, is a result of a fresh attitude consequent upon the recent cataclysm; some of it has been held in abeyance by the war. Not a little of it is none the less new on that account, and indicative of an intellectual ferment in the nation. The theatre reveals at least three divers attempts to reorientate itself; poetry is aquiver with the new freedom; and the futurist Marinetti's recent book on "Futurist Democracy" carries the aims of his turbulent school into the domain of politics, with a sweep that renders Bolshevik doctrines fairly domestic by comparison.

The three new tendencies in the stage have been grouped as "the grotesque theatre", "the theatre of color", and "the theatre of pure beauty". The term *grotesque* should not here be taken in its literal English meaning; there is the connotation of *grotesquerie*, of course, but the word in the Italian is broad enough to include subtleties that we should call, quite readily, intellectual or even cerebral. Close observers of the regular playgoing public in Italy have noted that the trend is toward plays with laughter; nor is this desire limited to the common people. The very public that before the war was wont to feed upon Bracco and Butti, upon D'Annunzio and Benelli, shows a tendency to desert its former idols. Coincident with this change in public taste was the rising popularity in Italy of Bernard Shaw; some would regard him as a cause rather than as a concomitant. That influence is surely visible, despite what some of the native critics say, in the work of Luigi Pirandello, a writer worthy of being known outside his peninsula. He is not only one of the chief figures in contemporary Italian fiction, but also one of the leaders in the new drama, who may be paving the way toward a regeneration of the Italian stage. He was born in 1867, in Sicily, and has long been admired for his humor, his poetry, his numerous short stories, and his plays. His notable novel "The Late Mattia Pascal" will doubtless be kept from English readers for some years at least, because of its frank, Boccaccesque jollity; in the field of drama he seems to have undergone influences as diverse as Bracco, Butti, and Bernard Shaw,—influences that are not so diverse as they seem.

His early work for the theatre hardly revealed him the candidate for honor as a writer of the "grotesque". Later productions, such as "Se Non Così" (If Not Thus), established his preoccupation with social and domestic problems. It is his latest collection of plays, however, that most emphasizes his important contribution to the so-called cerebral theatre. Grouped under the general title "Maschere Nude", they afford our conservative pundits ample oppor-

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tunity for discoursing upon what to present and what not to present upon the stage, and how that presentation may be effected. Pirandello worries little over the conventionalities of technique; he is gifted with genuinely stageworthy qualities; his bitter humor evokes an equally grim appreciation in his audiences; as usual with playwrights of his style, he makes capital reading, and it may well be that he is, of all men, the most surprised that his pieces should have found favor in performance. I should like to dwell for a moment upon one of the plays in the group: "Così è (se vi pare)" (It's so if you think it is). Behind the bustle of the action, which concerns the discovery of a certain woman's identity, lies a hilarious yet thoroughly intellectual treatment of mankind's mad search for truth. Is there such a thing as truth? At least, such a thing as a sole truth? Are there not as many truths as there are genuine beliefs in it? Hence the title of the play, which, even forgetting its symbolic significance, is exciting as mere action.

Desertion of the former masters is not limited to the followers of the grotesque stage; the reaction has swung to the other extreme as well, as is shown by Francesco Scardaoni's volume containing, besides a play in his new manner, an essay upon the theory of the tragedy (one of two prefaces), and an autobiographical postlude replete with the regular abuse of the standpat theatrical manager. Scardaoni asks that the theatre become, or rather, return to its position as a temple of beauty. He says: "The stage is an altar upon which Beauty consecrates its rites, and Beauty is the religion of life. All the rites of all religions were originally tragic pantomime; metaphysical deviations and false divinities prevented development and dispersed values. Without tragic celebration no rites exist, and without rites there is no religion. Whence it appears that the religion of Beauty is supreme. The temples became theatres; it is now time for the theatres to become temples."

For the persons that like that sort of theory, that theory is the very thing. It is very well for a writer to wrap himself in an exclusive conception, if he is thereby enabled to produce his best. It is by no means necessary, however, for the public to accept a writer's theories along with the works that he thus produces. Scardaoni, however, touches upon a consideration that is suggestive and worthy of thought. His so-called new "unity of beauty" is nothing new; he has merely changed names (and how much of the "new" is nothing but a swapping of terminologies!) but his "dramatic polyphonism" (another "ism", ye heavenly powers!) is in different case. He would for instance deny supremacy even to dialogue upon the stage. Conventional text-books upon the drama usually assert that the dialogue is the drama's distinguishing attribute,—that no sooner do two people get to conversing than the elements of drama are already present. Not so for Signor Scardaoni. We have already become accustomed—more in the novel than on the stage—to dispensing with such lay figures as hero, villian, comic man, and so on, and find pleasure in plays wherein the personages fuse into the natural group of human beings that they form off the stage; Scardaoni goes a step further; he looks forward to a drama in which even the dialogue has been robbed of

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its supremacy and made to fuse with the other elements—the pauses of silence, for example, the words, the gestures, lights, colors, which combine to establish a "cosmic zone".

The theatre of color is Achille Ricciardi's contribution to the renovation of the "boards". The author is not dogmatic in his assertions; he does not insist that his is the only way of regenerating stage-production; his important service is that of pointing out that we have been too long content to use color on the stage for purely, or mainly, decorative purposes; he would turn the hues to psychological advantage; color has a life of its own, a rich treasury of emotive connotations. In a fairly long preliminary discussion he enters into an abridged history of color-values, carefully distinguishing previous attempts from his own. He insists that his innovation (which he destines chiefly for employment in the production of plays of a fairy character) possesses primary æsthetic significance. "Even the color of the costumes follows the ascent of the motions. Every event takes place in a special atmosphere, with its individual color."

Not alone on the stage is D'Annunzio's position contested; enthusiastic young critics have sought to dethrone him as poet and place Corrado Govoni in his stead. Chief among these critics is one who is himself a promising poet of the younger school, Lionello Fiumi. Owing to a new collection of Govoni's poems, made from his earlier books, which are rather difficult of access, it is possible, for those so inclined, to follow Fiumi's panegyrics and see whether they are wholly justified. As usual, in the case of such personal adulation, they are not; quite as usual, however, the adulation is indicative of genuine worth in the subject.

American readers will feel at home, Anno Domini 1919, with such images as these: "Through the stenographic silence the sounds dissolve like the forms of a cinematograph". A bell "prints a point of sound". A distant drum "sifts its melancholy". We find Govoni describing a yellow street-lamp as being "ill with jaundice", and hear him tell of stones that "suppurate through their commissures". So, too, we come upon luminous evenings that "seem ill with psychopathy", and a sun who with its pledgets of lint "tries to cure the endemia of the stone". A drum "advances the sad contagion of its rolls". But this is not all of Govoni, nor his most essential aspect. He is an ardent lover of nature, and can, strange as it may appear, infuse new life even into the annual spring poem. When a harsh critic like Giovanni Papini, himself one of the most bristling and able spirits of the new Italy, compares certain passages of Govoni with none other than Vergil, then, to say the least, a reasonable presumption has been established in favor of the young man. Among the "isms" that Fiumi summons to his aid during his hundred pages of eulogy are intimism, futurism, satanism, infantilism, provincialism, diabolism. In all these terms there is nothing new denoted; in addition, such terms as provincialism are misleading, for not everybody would read into them a love of one's district.

The anthology of new writers issued by the "Diana" (a literary review that has upon its list of contributors some of the most signficant of the Italian spirits) affords as fair a synopsis of the "new" work as any such collection can. There is nothing

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really new to our own reading public in it, with the exception of an example of Marinetti's famous "parole in libertà" (free wording). This, it would seem, is the ultimate freedom. If it is possible to go further in inscribing the incomprehensible, then only Marinetti himself can take the step. The process is more familiar to us in futurist painting, where the "artist" uses static means to achieve a dynamic effect. Marinetti, in the poem that represents him, works by disintegration; he separates each sensory stimulus as far as possible into its primary elements; in representing the sensations of a woman who is dozing amid war communications he makes such exaggerated use of onomatopœia, of letter spacing, of different sizes of type, of fragmentary words written down as if they were stammered, that the general effect is a blurred one, to use the mildest word possible under the circumstances. Marinetti's cult of dynamism seems, in his theory of the "parole in libertà", to have led him to such a whirl that one finds it impossible to behold the sphere for its rapid rotation. One cannot help admiring the unflagging courage with which he pursues his beliefs; one cannot help noting, either, a self-worship that is the product of all exaggerated individualism. It has been possible for Papini to distinguish between Futurism and Marinettism, just because of this element.

Those who have been able to endure Marinetti's futurism in art and poetry may not find his application of it to politics quite so acceptable, even as the free expression of a theory. The Italian is ready to pursue his premises to their logical conclusion. Fresh from a war that has inspired him with a greater love for Italy than ever—a war in which he fought and in which he amplified his own theories,—he has just issued, in his "Democrazia Futurista" (Futurist Democracy), a definitive document wherein he throws the past, characteristically enough, overboard, and chants his hymn to the new Italy, to the tune of a sort of Italia Uber Alles. He writes with a megalomania that is fairly Teutonic; Italy is the greatest nation on the face of the earth; it is a nation of natural geniuses; it belongs to the future, to which it will contribute the vast power of its latent splendor, as a result of a program in which war and revolution will play the chief parts.

Marinetti's political futurism (political dynamism, he terms it) calls for the abolition of marriage, of religion, of popery, of the entire past, in fact. Since the world belongs to youth, he would see Italy presided over by a council of young men, none above the age of thirty. In order to raise funds for the projects of renovation he would sell all the nation's art treasures; in the first place, Italy is so productive that it could easily replace the treasures thus sold; in the second, should there be some sentimental objection, he suggests that provision could be made for the repurchase of them at any time. Children are to be trained at the expense of the state, and are to be liberated from the debilitating influence of parental affection; expert teachers are to take charge of them, bringing them up to be self-dependent individualities; in school they are to be confronted with sudden emergencies, to bring out just such a sturdy self-dependence. Such a society will be able to do away with police, and to provide for its defense against aggression with an army of leaders

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fighting in defiance of recognized tactics. It will encourage youthful genius by municipal monthly exhibitions in which no work of art will be refused public hearing or sight, no matter how crazy or immoral it may apparently be. Needless to add (yet we always add it when we use that phrase!) Marinetti has no use for the League of Nations, since he beholds in it an antiwar, antirevolution plan. And to him war and revolution form the essence of progress. The past, as represented in Italy chiefly by the cult of woman (type, D'Annunzio) and religion (type, the Pope) must be banished; the transitional stage, he recognizes, will be fraught with much confusion and sexual promiscuity, but it is a necessary bridge to the future.

Was it not Spencer who found a soul of good in everything evil? That soul of good in Marinetti's new project is his demand for constant progress and movement. His mistake is in taking all movement for progress; in imagining that the past may be destroyed by fiat; he is himself so closely linked to the past, as we all are, that the majority of his projects for the future Italy may be found, more or less as he advances them, in Plato, in More, in Campanella, in any number of the communists. This is true even of his purely poetic reforms, as Papini has shown in his little essay upon "The Antiquity of Futurism".

The futurist novel "L'Isola dei Baci" (The Isle of Kisses), by Marinetti and Bruno Corra, is more interesting in name than in contents. It is a not very attractive satire of the Passéists, in which the authors appear personally. No sooner do you open the little book than you are confronted with a preface in which you are informed that "this book pleases me very, very much. I am frankly enthusiastic about it. It is more to my liking than all the other works by me or by Marinetti". And five more pages of the same self-congratulation. Yet the satire is flat, and after an enticing opening the book steadily falls to a welcome ending. This aspect of the futurist movement has been more useful as a criticism of contemporary art than as a generator of positive works, even as Marinetti's political dynamism is more significant as a symptom of a rottenness in the state of things than as an effective cure for that condition. No one "ism" has yet rescued the world; but every "ism" has its own significance, and a sturdy eclecticism may prove creative by taking, from each, those elements best adapted for the moment's need. Whether we care to admit it or not, we are, as human beings, eclective creatures.

Giovanni Papini, as I have already hinted, is one of the finest minds in the Italy of today. He is an excellent representative of modernity's restless search for truth, and his work exhibits a refreshing independence founded, not like so much so-called independence upon ignorance of the past, but upon a study and understanding of it. We have, in this country, a suggestive parallel with Papini in the caustic, perspicacious spirit of Henry L. Mencken. (Would the irrepressible Henry L. admit that he has a spirit?)

Papini's collection of studies in futurism forms an excellent companion volume and antidote to the Marinetti books. Himself a futurist who was impelled to leave the original group because of a growing tendency on Marinetti's part to fanaticism, Papini examines the movement with the apparatus of a thorough critic and separates the theoretical from the

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purely personal element. It is surprising that so little should be known of Papini here. His books have been read by an inquisitive few outside of his native country; they comprise a series of paradoxical productions—of what has been called non-poetic poetry, non-critical criticism, non-philosophical philosophy, yet they are distinctly fresh, stimulating, independent, contemporary. Papini is going to be heard outside of Italy by those whose minds are attuned to world thought and who have abandoned, as we all should abandon, the merely national manner of viewing questions of art and intellect.

Il Teatro del Colore. Estetica de Dopo-Guerra. Achille Ricciardi. Facchi, Editore. Milano.
Nel Grande Silenzo. Saggi e Polemiche per una nuova estetica teatrale. Francesco Scardaoni. Facchi, Editore. Milano.
Maschere Nude. Luigi Pirandello. Fratelli Treves. Milano.
Poesie Scelte. Corrado Govoni. Taddei, Ferrara.
Corrado Govoni. Lionello Fiumi. Taddei, Ferrara.
Antologia della Diana. Napoli.
Democrazia Futurista. (Dinamismo Politico.) F. T. Marinetti. Facchi, Editore. Milano.
L'Isola dei Baci. Marinetti e Bruno Corra. Facchi, Editore. Milano.
L'Esperienza Futurista. Giovanni Papini. Vallechi, Editore. Firenza.

IT'S ALL WRONG, MABLE

BY GRANT M. OVERTON

Literary Editor of the New York "Sun"

I

NOTHING so detestable as the first person except, sometimes, a third. I had thought of writing a letter to the heroine of "Dere Mable", not because I am fond of her, but because thus I might have 654,391 readers for what I had to say. Mr. Stokes would publish the letter, as he has published all of Mable's private correspondence. But Mable would not understand my *communiqué* . . . as Mr. Wells would put it. I must say what I have to say in words that even Mable could understand and in spelling THE BOOKMAN'S proof-readers can grasp. To begin with:

I run out of gasoline. Very well, I may, under extraordinary circumstances, have to walk as much as a mile to procure some. No farther. Garages abound. In the town where I live, for instance, garages are all the rage. There are four schools, about six churches, and (there were yesterday) eleven garages. And—oh, yes, there is a library on one of the back streets. I think the stationery store sells books. Books being stationary (ha! ha! how about it, Mable?). If a garage has unaccountably disappeared, why the nearest house has its own private gasoline supply from which I may borrow.

But suppose (not that it's likely) I should run out of books. Could I get a new book of a suitable sort, not being so awfully exacting about the sort, either? I could not. Could I, by walking a mile, taking thought, and adding a cubit to my stature so as to reach topmost shelves—could I procure a suitable new book? I could *not*. Could I, in the absence of literary pay stations, walk into the nearest house and borrow a suitable new book from a private supply? I *could* not!

Yet books ought to be somewhere near as easy to buy as gasoline. I am just as likely to run out of read-

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ing matter, of the not-very-fastidious sort I require, as I am to run out of gas. It has come over me in my more lucid moments, that proportionately to the pleasure derived from it a good book, even "The Education of Henry Adams" at five bucks or Blasco Ibáñez at $1.90, is cheaper than a gallon of gasoline. I know how many miles I get to the gallon but I have no gauge that will tell me how much pleasure I derive from a good novel. Take "Mare Nostrum". After registering 7,428 kilowatts my mazda-nerve of satisfaction refused to go higher.

Sometimes it seems to me that it ought to be as easy for me to buy a new book as to buy a new phonograph record. Well—it isn't. Some wise one comes along and tells me: "Ah, but gasoline is a single product . . . standardized . . . but books are utterly different one from the other. Each book is unique, precious", etc. Endless differentiation. I am expected to marvel in the presence of an inscrutable phenomenon. I do. But it strikes me, after the wonder-worker has said his bit and passed on to the great bourne from which no bore ever returns—it strikes me, offhand, that new phonograph records are just as endlessly differentiated, no more so and no less. Yet new phonograph records are easy to get. They are thrust in my face once a month. I am almost waylaid and made to buy 'em. They are merchandised and I am the merchandisee. But books?

II

Don't say books don't sell. They do. They are now selling in a way that breaks all records. Last August I went into a New York City bookstore —not one of the large ones, either. The surprising business of the spring had amazed the proprietors by continuing through the summer, so that July had been a record month in the store's history. Business was double normal figures, with the certainty of an autumn trade that would surpass everything—and is now doing that.

People constantly go to pains and trouble to buy books, that they wouldn't take to buy any other commodity not actually necessary for the sustention of life. Yet the book business of the United States is in a highly underdeveloped state. William Harris Arnold, writing in the August "Atlantic Monthly", gave facts enough to prove this. I am not going to enumerate all the symptoms he cited, and others. I am going to diagnose. And maybe, prescribe.

III

The book business of the United States suffers somewhat from overproduction, but this is relatively unimportant. It is perhaps a bad condition but it is not the condition to deal with first.

The book business of the United States suffers severely from a lack of retail outlets; this is the chief malady of the situation and the one that must be cured before anything else.

The book business of the United States suffers from an absence of cooperative effort toward ends that are for the common interest of all who have any part in that business—publisher, author, salesman, bookseller, bookbuyer. This condition has so far prevented anything effective's being done to remedy the retail situation.

There is a diagnosis under three heads, or an indictment in three counts—whatever you want to call it. It will bear a little further analysis.

Too many books are published, certainly. It is not good business to publish books which cannot be sold to the hilt. Books differ enormously; but I

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don't suppose anyone would argue that each should not have the fullest possible sale. It is far better to publish sixty books and secure for each a one hundred per cent sale than to publish six hundred and secure, on an average, only a twenty-five per cent sale.

There should be fewer titles, but the way to achieve this end is not so much by individual publishers' cutting down the size of their lists as for all the publishers to cooperate to a reasonable extent. Without betraying priceless secrets, publishers could exchange a certain amount of information as to their plans for the next six months. I know they will not believe this to be possible, but everyone else will. What I have in mind is the prevention at the source of two dozen books on spiritism, three dozen reminiscences of army chaplains, seventeen new treatises at the same time on the psychology of education, and fifteen juveniles illustrated by Arthur Rackham, who is, I am convinced, a beautiful but soulless corporation. However, as I say, that's a mere complication that would be half cleared up, anyway, if some sure surgery would provide retail ducts.

There aren't enough bookstores, and if more cannot be secured in any other way the publishers had better get the necessary capital and underwrite an enterprise to establish them. It could be made to pay. United Cigar Stores exist and prosper. Why not the United Book Stores? Don't say it would take capital. Everything takes capital. The book publishing business of the country is badly undercapitalized, as a whole. So much so that there is no national advertising of books as such. There is national advertising of phonograph records.

But more bookstores would not solve the retail problem. Agents, such as are used to secure magazine subscriptions, would. A chap sells a magazine subscription for $1.50, or $2.00, or $2.50, and makes money. Why shouldn't he sell a book and make money? I am told he would not make as much as he does on the magazine subscription. But I am not told that he would not make enough to make it worth his while.

Take a man or woman of the right sort, probably young (but that's more a matter of spirit than years), who has lived in a town of 2,500 all his or her life. He (*he* for convenience only) is a person anxious to make money in spare time, to improve himself by reading and the contacts reading and extra work will give him. He knows everybody in the town, almost, and everybody knows him. He even knows what they like to read. The town has no bookstore and no library; isn't large enough for either. The publishers, cooperating slightly, send this chap fifty carefully selected new titles —the actual books. He reads some of them; knows what he's talking about. He sells them. Plenty of enthusiasm: "Say, Mrs. Blank, here's a book you'll thank me for putting you on to!" Mrs. Jones comes in to make a call and looks over the lot. Sees three she'd like to buy but feels she can buy only one. "I tell you what you do, Mrs. Jones; why don't you take 'Catch As Catch Can'? Mrs. Smith said she thought she'd buy 'The Boiling Point' and like as not she'd be glad to trade with you later." Two books sold. I know the objections. The point is that two books have been sold where none was sold before.

Books cannot be sold, in three cases out of four, unless the actual book is brought right under the nose of the possible buyer. And a person with the notion of buying a book will, three

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times out of four, buy the book he sees lying on the table, no matter what book he had in the back of his head.

IV

People have the notion of buying books, all right. More than ever they had before. Now is the time, as they say, to get the books to the people. Now is the time to do national advertising of books. There's a piece of "copy" for this advertising in what we said above, about the miles to a gallon and the pleasure to a novel. Boldly prescribing, I would say:

1. There must be more bookstores, right away; and I mean not only out-and-out bookstores but book departments or shelves in live stores of whatever kind. *Live* stores. That's the main thing. So far only the reprint publishers have developed this field.

2. Publishers must cooperate in or with a service of information so that booksellers will know what they are stocking. Facts and figures and not just selling talk. Booksellers must help in checking up these facts and figures.

3. There must be, whatever the cost and whatever the time necessary for proper experimentation, a development of new retail outlets other than stores,—individuals. The magazine subscription seller is the model to follow. One person, operating without overhead expense, can sell books in the smallest community or even in a territory which is rural to the point of having no town of more than 2,500. Until book publishers can secure direct distribution in all communities of 5,000 or over their industry will remain a highly speculative enterprise.

Someone said that book publishing could never be trustified so long as the printing-press exists. You might as well say that the oil business could not be trustified as long as the earth yielded petroleum. It was. And how? By controlling pipe-lines. Whoever first controls the new system of book retail outlets will control book publishing in America. But, you say, the pipe-line monopoly was busted. Well, it will be time enough to worry about federal prosecution when the United States begins suit to dissolve the Book Distributing Company. And if and when it does we are willing to bet that shares in the Book Distributing Company will, like Standard Oil shares, merely appreciate in value.

4. There must be national advertising of books. If people want books they will buy them, whatever the retail price. Ice-cream soda soars, but the crowd at the fountain becomes five deep instead of four. Movies cost more, but there are no empty seats. Automobile retail prices are marked up overnight $200.00 or $300.00 and still the factories cannot keep up with orders. If people want new books, they will pay $2.25 for a 300-plus-page novel faster than they paid $1.50. But proper retail distribution would eventually quadruple book sales, making quantity production in books possible for the first time. Which would make possible cheaper books.

5. Publishers must cease cutting each other's throats where this hurts their common interest. They must exchange information to an extent that will measurably lessen their total output by eliminating a large amount of the wasteful duplication each season witnesses. This cooperation will also aid in merchandising the books that do get published. It will facilitate quantity production. It will conserve reputations and good-will.

V

Oh, there are other things. But Mable wouldn't understand them. This

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will give her something to think about.

Some day, Mable, something radical is going to be done. "Some day . . . that's a fine way to make a date to do something", says an indignant Mable.

THE LONDONER

LONDON, *August* 1, 1919.

THE other evening I assisted at a remarkably dull function, which had very little to recommend it, but to which I went with the thought that, as "the Londoner", it was my duty to submit to all things in the interests of readers of THE BOOKMAN. This function was the presentation of a prize given by a pleasant lady of the name of Warrender for the best work of imaginative literature published in England during the last year. The committee of adjudication consisted of the prize-giver (not, as "The Daily Mail" facetiously or accidentally said, the prize-winner), and Messrs. Laurence Binyon, Edward Marsh, and J. C. Squire. The meeting was, so to speak, "led" by Edmund Gosse, whom I am tempted to describe as "that veteran man of letters". I found myself in the liveliest part of the Essex Hall, where were congregated the young poets who had *not* won the prize, but who had apparently been bidden in order that they should not all maliciously and in ignorance of the public ordeal envy the prize-winner.

All these young poets were in a cheerful state, ready for any surprise, but to me the name of the winner was no surprise, for I had conversed with one who had plumbed the secret by a simple process of elimination. He had read the book of poems with which the prize had been won, and yet he did not recognize a single one of the four lengthy extracts with which we were favored by Mr. Gosse. For a time, therefore, I thought my friend had made a mistake, and that his surmise must have been wrong. Not so. The prize for the best work of imaginative literature published in England during the last year was given to Edward Shanks for a volume of poems called "The Queen of China". I will not pretend to have read all the poems in this collection, but I have read some of them, and I must admit that I should not have thought the book original enough to have been worth a prize given with such pomp and with such demand for the "best". Nevertheless, it would be invidious to name other young poets of greater originality, for Mr. Gosse expressly condemned eccentricity in his address, and such prizes must always be given to something that avoids merely revolutionary technique, since to command general acceptance a thing must be near enough to what is familiar to satisfy ordinary standards.

In that respect the choice of Mr. Shanks is meritorious. He has a considerable gift for neat and mellifluous versification. His taste is good. He has read with attention and benefit the work of poets now dead. His writing is pleasant, cultivated, musical—but neither distinguished nor original. Mr. Shanks is

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not only a poet, but reviews under the name of "Peter Bell" for "Land and Water" (of which paper J. C. Squire is editor and Mr. Shanks subeditor), for "The Westminster Gazette", and for "The New Statesman". He also has a novel appearing this autumn under the title "The Old Indispensables". This novel, which, as its title suggests, is a satiric study of government offices in wartime (Mr. Shanks having spent some months in such an environment and having observed with skill and humor the details of the office and his remarkable companions), is the first considerable prose work to which he has devoted himself. More, I think, will be heard of Mr. Shanks, as novelist, critic, and poet. His demeanor in accepting the cheque for £100 (the prize) was excellent. Such a moment is always a difficult one, but Mr. Shanks looked modest and self-respecting at the same time. He was neither abashed nor disdainful, but took his prize with alacrity and returned to his seat. The meeting then settled to hear Maurice Hewlett speak, as it were, after the fact.

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Edmund Gosse must be regarded as the inevitable man for such a function. I was therefore surprised to find that he read every word of his elaborately naïve address. This was only one of the surprises of the séance. Mr. Squire, who, besides being himself, is also "Solomon Eagle" of "The New Statesman", said under the latter pseudonym that the address was one of the most graceful speeches which it had ever been his fortune to hear. I wonder where Mr. Squire has been all these years! The address was far from being the gem such a description might suggest. I have already alluded to the fact that it was read from manuscript, which in itself would be enough to spoil for me its literary gesture of careless grace. But there was more in the way of its effect at the meeting, for if there is one thing more than another which destroys charm, it is the author's pleasure in points appreciated less by his audience. It may have been that in my corner of the hall chagrin was rife; but I am quite sure that Mr. Gosse did not seem to anybody near me the heaven-born orator that Mr. Squire implies. There was a stilted artificiality about the whole thing which made it like a bad imitation of Gallic impromptu. The "grace" was far-fetched, complacent, arch, and self-conscious. It was youthful in a bad sense. The taste of its allusions to other young poets as affected eccentrics was very doubtful and even obscurantist. It reminded me that years ago Mr. Gosse was enthusiastic over the work of Hall Caine. The truth is that middle-aged criticism (and Mr. Gosse has always been middle-aged in his appreciations, or conventional) has little sympathy with whatever is original, or bold, or epoch-marking and truly creative.

Whatever is new it is the correct thing to regard as merely iconoclastic and perverse. For myself I am no friend to fresh forms in which there is not much creative effort. Vers libre has to be very striking to attract my liking. All the same, to dismiss all the more original young poets as poseurs and charlatans, which, however little it may have been intended, was the apparent intention of Mr. Gosse's speech, shows a quite unpardonable short-sightedness. I can well understand the fear and dislike with which all innovation is regarded by the safety-lovers, un-

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certain of their own standards unless they have the sanction of general acceptance; but if such standards are to result in the barring of such original work as we have in favor of work which is recognizably in the old tradition, there will be little good in the gift of prizes for the "best" works of imaginative literature. I must explain, in order to rebut an inevitable question, that I was myself in no way a candidate for the prize, and that I have no least interest in the bestowal of such a prize upon any particular young poet. All the same, I will now indicate for the benefit of American readers what is the present position of poetry in England.

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We have one poet whose work is, in spite of its occasionally harsh character, regarded as the most individual thing of our time. This work is, of course, that of Thomas Hardy, the greatest English imaginative artist now living. Mr. Hardy writes little, but his name seems to be essential to every journal which is occupied in raising the standard of art in this country. A new book by Mr. Hardy is the nearest thing to an "event" known to modern English letters. It is easy to laugh at the verse of this veteran, but it is hard not to feel its authenticity. To continue my list: we have such established writers of poetry as Robert Bridges, William Watson, and Rudyard Kipling. They need no comment. Nor do Messrs. Herbert Trench (whose new poetic drama about Napoleon appears to be giving great delight in some circles), Alfred Noyes, and John Masefield. I group these names without any thought of comparison. Among the generation between thirty and forty we have Messrs. Lascelles Abercrombie (a metaphysical poet who has recently obtained a professorship of English literature at Liverpool University, and who is now engaged in editing the letters of Dixon Scott, the clever young critic who died at Gallipoli), John Drinkwater (author of the successful play "Abraham Lincoln" which I understand is to be produced in the United States by William Harris, who produced "The Yellow Jacket"), and John Freeman.

Drinkwater's poems are those of one who loves the salad landscape of England. He is at the head of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, and was recently called by "The Athenæum" "a well-educated minor poet". John Freeman, writing in a rather lugubrious strain, has only lately received the attention which is his due. Some of his work is extremely fine. There is also Ralph Hodgson, a distinguished writer far from prolific, and of course Walter de la Mare, whose pretty (but seldom pretty-pretty) jingles are a delight to all who can tolerate their monotony of charm and expert presentation. W. H. Davies, the nature poet, and Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, a realist, must be mentioned. At his best, the former is wonderful; and Gibson, although I believe him to have been influenced too greatly by Masefield, can write with a sort of stark nakedness of feeling which gives his work constant interest.

To omit from my survey the name of J. C. Squire himself would be a mistake, but Squire has, so to speak, so many strings to his bow that it is difficult to think of him primarily as a poet. He is best known as the best parodist in verse that we have. In prose his parodies are to my mind inferior to those of Max Beerbohm, who is incomparable. I was very surprised to notice, by the way, that

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Max's great volume of parodies, called "A Christmas Garland", has only recently been published in the United States, whereas it has for some years been a favorite with English readers. There must have been some oversight in connection with this book. I hope it is now known throughout America, as it deserves to be. Squire's best book is "Tricks of the Trade", and it has had a steady run here since its first publication. Each person with whom I have discussed the matter has some favorite among the pieces in this volume. My own is the parody of John Masefield, because it contains really beautiful lines mixed in with its bathos, as is the case with the work of the original writer. Squire does not confine his verse-making to parody, however, and the collection of his poetry published last year must have been a revelation to many who had previously regarded him chiefly as merely a clever writer of skits. The issue of the small selection called "The Lily of Malud" prepared me, personally, for the later volume, which was entitled, simply "Poems: First Series". This small (or rather, superficially, large, for it was a quarto, although bound in paper) book—"The Lily of Malud"—brought Squire's original work definitely before the public; but the impression was consolidated by the "Poems". Along with much that is trite or academic or experimental, the book contains some extraordinarily fine things. It served to emphasize the fact that the author is one of the portents of our day.

Probably no man of his age wields so much power in literary London as Squire. He is a Cambridge man, and as far as I know made his first appearance in letters in "The New Age", a paper which has given space to many of our young writers at a time when other papers were less encouraging to their efforts. Some of his earliest parodies appeared in "The New Age". At the same time was published a serious biography of William the Silent. When "The New Statesman" was started, Squire, as a member of the Fabian Society, was made its literary editor ("The New Statesman" is the organ of Fabian views, and on the side of economics may be said to represent the opinions of Sidney and Beatrice Webb). He began to write in its pages the causerie signed "Solomon Eagle", and during the absence from England on war-service of the editor, Clifford Sharp, Squire practically ran this weekly review. When the war was approaching its end he was appointed editor of "Land and Water", in which paper, while still contributing to "The New Statesman", to "The Daily News" and to other papers, he began a new series of essays called "Life and Letters". His influence with men older than himself is well known, and for some time he has enjoyed a quite extraordinary degree of consideration, as poet, critic, essayist, and editor.

Not a man of robust health, he has been working at the utmost pressure for many months, simply as a result of this exceptional position. It is pretty safe to say that nobody has more power to make or mar a literary reputation in England. I should suppose that he guided the committee which gave Miss Warrender's prize to Edward Shanks, his friend and sub-editor. Certainly nobody else could be so good and so effective a sponsor, and it says much for Squire's popularity and prestige that nobody has dreamed of suggesting that the committee was influenced by any consid-

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eration but that of finding the recipient most deserving, upon grounds of ability and poetic tendency, of this new and desirable prize.

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Besides the men I have already named, however, there is the younger generation, the generation supposed to have been produced by the war and to have created the recent boom in poetry in England. It is a very adept and a very ardent generation, filled with enthusiasm. Chief among its exponents are Siegfried Sassoon, Robert Nichols, Robert Graves, and W. J. Turner. Sassoon's bitter little poems about the war are already famous, and I have heard them quoted with relish by many young soldiers. Graves and Nichols, a little younger than Sassoon, have perhaps larger possibilities of range than he; but Nichols, once he is off his best, is capable of turning out stuff that is thin and almost sentimental. If his gift remains, and he matures as he should do, he may become a very good poet indeed. Turner is an Australian, who has latterly shown a disposition to expand in the direction of journalism, and whose poetry, as a consequence, has appeared to me to suffer. He can write very fine poetry. Then there is the Sitwell family. Of these the better, but that may be only that he is the elder of the two brothers, is Osbert Sitwell, whose first collection of poetry is to be published this year. The Sitwells are affected by the eccentricity against which Mr. Gosse inveighed, but Osbert is the author of some perfectly jolly things which have appeared from time to time during the war. Following further, there are deliberate iconoclasts such as T. S. Eliot, with the other young creatures who have been influenced by Ezra Pound and Ford Madox Hueffer. I will not pretend to have made up my mind about these skirmishers, or about an older man, Richard Aldington. They have the utmost contempt for verse that rhymes. They say it makes them sick. At its worst, their own verse has a decided effect upon the digestive organs of their seniors; but at that I have no doubt the innovators would laugh heartily.

I know personally only a few of the younger poets, apart from those I have named, and so what I might say in detail about their personalities would very likely be of questionable value; but I should like to make one point. Some of them may have manners of intolerable restlessness. They may be rude to those whom they do not like. But for the most part they strike me as extremely modest young men. They are, of course, full of themselves; but a convention is in force bidding them take note of good work, or work that may by some stretch of imagination be described as good, and appreciate it. Accordingly I have heard some generous criticism of other poets which went to my heart. It is a sign of common endeavor not lightly to be passed over. Also, I have heard two amusing versions of a heart-to-heart talk which occurred between two young rivals. The one candidly detailed the opinions expressed upon the other at one of the Café Royal séances of the intelligentsia. The other as candidly received the unwelcome revelation of the lack of esteem accorded him. Both related the scene in such good humor that it was recognizably the same scene. But the criticism had been pretty thorough. It embraced the term *profiteer*.

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I did not mention earlier a poet who stands quite by himself in contemporary English literature. He has pub-

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lished only one volume of verse, and it goes on selling from year to year as if it would never stop. The poet is A. E. Housman, and the book is "A Shropshire Lad". In illustration of the power of this book, I may perhaps be allowed to quote something personal. My brother, when he went into the army, was deadly miserable. The training and the life generally (he enlisted as a private) were almost unbearable. I offered to send him any books that would make life worth living. He replied: "Send me 'Pickwick', 'Jonathan Wild', and 'A Shropshire Lad'." My brother is not a literary man. The whole series of poems collected under the one title is, I believe, the fruit of a long convalescence. Mr. Housman, recovering from a severe illness, wrote poem after poem. That accounts for the book's oneness. But the melancholy, the haunting human pain, and the beauty of the whole thing are such that nobody who reads can ever forget its treasure. That is why it is undying.

One great proof of the extended celebrity of Mr. Housman's poems is to be found in the fact that so many of our young composers, now bent upon "downing" the appalling stuff which until recent years has without shame been set to music for ballad purposes, have made repeated experiments in setting "A Shropshire Lad". The number of these composers is not to be computed without research among the catalogues of music publishers, but you may take it from me that it is large. The whole tendency of which this is an illustration is commendable. If it is carried far, it will have important results, and it may do something toward restoring music to our poetry, just as it may restore poetry to our ballads. Nothing could be lovelier than some of the old settings of real poetry. Even some modern balladists who have not shrunk from the use of well-known poems have reaped their reward. For example, Arthur Somervell's settings of "A Shropshire Lad" and Tennyson's "Maud" are exceedingly "singable", as are the settings by Madame Lisa Lehmann from Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam". But what we want is not the resuscitation of old poetry but the setting of new words. If the practice became general, it would be possible for self-respecting people to go to ballad concerts, which at present is of course impossible.

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Speaking just now of Lisa Lehmann reminds me that to the list of announcements which I gave last month may be added a volume of this composer's memoirs. They are posthumous, whether deliberately or by accident I have no means of knowing. What sort of thing they will turn out I cannot guess, for the memoirs of musicians are as a rule deplorable examples of egotism and vanity. The use of press cuttings acclaiming the success of the writer in his or her own musical sphere is not spared in such works. Anecdotes of any interest are rare. Let us hope that Lisa Lehmann's book will be a shining example of the art of writing with charm and distinction the story of one's own life and the story of the people one has known in the course of it.

Another musician who is to give us a volume of reminiscences this autumn is Dr. Ethel Smyth. I do not know if the musical compositions of this lady are well known in America. I do not greatly care for them myself, and one of her operas, a version of a story by, of all persons, W. W. Jacobs, is most certainly a heavy and elabo-

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rate pseudo-Wagnerian joke of extraordinary pretensions. But the reminiscences, which are to be published by Messrs. Longmans, are rather a different story. They are slow, but they are penetrated by such good-nature, modesty, and kindness as to give a most pleasant impression of the writer's personality. From the early home life of Dr. Smyth, through the violent opposition of her father to her entry of the musical profession, and so forward through the humorously-described tale of her experiences in Germany while studying, and to the gradual increase of her hold upon the musical world, the book takes one with delightful ease. I will not go so far as to say that it is a model of what such books should be, but its temper is certainly model, and those who care for such books will do well to remember that this one is coming.

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Another book which I forgot to mention last month, although I knew of its preparation, is one by Edwin Pugh about H. G. Wells. I suppose that such a book will have its *raison d'être*, and its public, but I do not much fancy it as reading matter. Wells has been so much written about that there is little chance of anything new being added to our knowledge of the man or his work. What Pugh will do will be the result of personal acquaintance with Wells at a time when Wells was not the power he now is in the literary world. Also, one may expect that in this book there will be justice done to Wells's unsurpassed gift for rendering cockney character and life. Pugh is the man to render this service, for his own knowledge of the cockney is extensive and peculiar, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London.

Indeed, if writers had not to live, and if English readers really cared for books about their poorer brethren (instead of condemning all such works as "*so* unnecessary"), Pugh would probably have a very big reputation indeed. His first novel, "Tony Drum", was a *tour de force*. It was simply a close study of very poor people, marked by a great sense of humor. It had a considerable success with the critics, but it could not possibly have an equal success with the polite and "pleasant"-loving public. Accordingly Pugh had to turn to other subject-matter for his novels, and as this was less congenial to him, and as he did not know so penetratingly the life of the better-class folk about whose loves and doings he was compelled to write, he has not quite fulfilled the promise of his early work. Wells, in "Kipps", made his young novice in life a moving and extraordinarily amusing figure, over whose eccentricities superior people could laugh with complacency. In at least one of his short stories, also, "The Purple Pileus", Wells has rendered with beautiful simplicity the absolute mental atmosphere of the class he is describing. The story is fanciful in its root idea; but the really valuable part of it is not the idea but the portrayal of the creatures about whom the tale is written. I hope that Pugh will say how well the author's quick ear, his gift of mimicry, his understanding of the humor and the sincerity of the cockney character has always enabled him to depict cockney types in his novels. Nobody does this as well as he.

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A book which is threatening to become popular with conventional readers, though not with experts, is the American translation of Blasco Ibáñez's "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse". I recently read this

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book in the French translation, and am a little puzzled at its vogue. The story has certainly many pages of clever description, and some of its scenes and interpretations are excellent; but I was surprised at its general lack of distinction. The symbolism of the title is never touched; the personal lives of the protagonists are only sketched; the war, although glimpsed and rendered in snatches with skill and vigor, is not in any way focused. All the talk between the young South American, his Spanish friend, and the Russian, is palpably written "after the fact" and so is not valuable as an account of actual mental states. Possibly I had been too much influenced by what I had read and heard about the book; but while it certainly seemed to me as good as, or even better than, the numerous French novels written along similar lines, there was not just that quality of priceless originality which I had expected to find.

It is thus a little hard for literary people in England to understand the book's American vogue. The success of "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" was in part attributable to the fact that, besides giving a curious and satiric panorama of the war as it struck a great many people, it also gave a kind of religious comfort to many who needed some such thing to keep up their belief that the war was bringing good out of evil. Blasco's novel does nothing to throw the war into relief, but as far as I can see confines itself to a rendering of detached scenes from it. In particular, it disappoints me by its failure to do more than flirt with the possibilities of the two branches—the French and German branches—of the one family. Several times early in the story I shivered with delight at the apparent perception of enormous feats to be performed by the author. He seemed to me to have glimpsed possibilities such as seldom fall to the imagination of the realistic novelist. And in the end he performed none of the feats I had anticipated. The first thing that disappointed me was the failure to justify the title. The second, was the failure to realize the extraordinary chance of the two families. The third was the sentimental situation arising out of the young man's mistress and her return to her husband. This, although it is neatly and competently done, is all dwarfed and crunched, so that it does not attain personal importance. What is good in the book is the clarity of its second chapter, which so excellently gives the story of the family's development in South America; and also the history, in parts, of the war experience of Marcel Desnoyers. To say that the possibilities of the rest of the scheme are realized is in my opinion impossible. A practised novelist perfectly well understands the difficulties of such work, but I had been led to believe that Blasco had overcome them. This is not the case. His work is good, but it is by no means so good as its reputation would suggest. It is extremely French in technique and character, and the French can do this sort of thing pretty well for themselves. They are doing it, in fact.

SIMON PURE

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THE ART OF THE YOUNGER FRENCH WRITERS

BY A. G. H. SPIERS

THREE books of unusual interest have recently arrived from France. Although very different in form and inspiration, they all represent the art of the most recent generation of authors to receive general appreciation in France. The first, a quasi-novel, is noteworthy for its lyric treatment of historic setting; the second, a volume of essays, for its philosophy; and the third, a volume of descriptions, for the attitude of its authors toward pictorial and emotional material.

Rolland's "Colas Breugnon" is certainly one of the best novels to come out of France in the last twelvemonth. This is a good book, amusing, healthy and, in both form and spirit, decidedly original.

Rolland is getting older. "Colas Breugnon", though printed (but not issued) fully five years ago, shows traces of a change not uncommon in those persons who have passed the halfway mark of life. Forty is, as Péguy once remarked, an implacable age, an age after which "bluff" is impossible, when our blood reasserts its rights and our ancestors come into their own. Romain Rolland's experience testifies to the truth of this remark. He was planning, so he himself tells us, to continue writing in the vein of "Jean-Christophe"; but suddenly he felt it impossible to carry on the spirit of his younger days; and, a visit to his native country, *la Bourgogne nivernaise*, having awakened within him all the Colas Breugnons that *"je porte dans ma peau"*, he composed instead the present *"oeuvre insouciante"*.

As was to be expected, this new work is unlike any of Rolland's preceding writings. It is not an historic study, a critical appreciation, a philosophic essay, nor yet even, in the strictest sense of the word, a novel. It is rather a volume of reminiscences as told by a man of fifty; and the very aimlessness with which this man talks is in itself a pleasure; for Breugnon is himself the one subject of the book, holding our attention by the display of a wayward, sympathetic, and aggressive personality.

In a desultory fashion he tells us of many things—this virile and jovial fellow. A walk with his little granddaughter Godie gives him an opportunity to introduce the pretty story of the three birds—the wren, the robin, and the skylark—who each year bring down from heaven the warmth needed alike by man, beast, and plant; an exchange of banter with his married daughter Martine brings in the amusing conditions on which the *bon Dieu* agreed that children should be born able to walk; and an account of his love of roaming ends with a really beautiful description of the first visit paid by Breugnon to his onetime sweetheart, la Belette, thirty-five years after she had married another.

It is true that these events, like Breugnon himself, belong to a period none too close to our own—the first years of the seventeenth century. But we constantly forget the fact. The

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old fellow is a man of such tact and of such infinite foresight! What he tells us is precisely the thing in which we of today are interested, and he leaves untold whatever might seem strictly local. Even those things which by their nature would seem exclusively connected with the epoch in which he lives, contain a peculiar charm for us; for, as he describes it, that epoch appears far more delightful than ours and its contemplation strangely apt to release our repressed desires.

In those days a man's contact with the world he lived in was saner, more direct, more satisfying than now. Physic had not yet taken the place of physique, a strong arm might still prod a tardy justice, and many a good thing fell to the lot of him whose heart was stout and whose imagination was fertile. Breugnon feasts for the sheer joy of eating and drinking; he fights lustily for the satisfaction of his instinctive desire to punish those who have injured him; he plies his chisel and his plane (he is a master wood-carver) not for the remote and characterless reward of money, but for the immediate delight of the hand that shapes and the fancy that plans, for the happiness of the artist who loves his productions *"de la bonne manière, voluptueusement, de l'esprit et des membres"*; and, for the satisfaction of an instinct scarcely less fundamental—the instinct of irreverence—he plays tricks on the nobles, is by no means enthusiastic in his allegiance to *"la grosse dondon de Florence"* (the queen regent!), and casts doubt—whether in earnest or in jest, neither he nor we can tell—upon the reality of the Deity.

Cruel indeed is the contrast for the unwary reader who, shaking off the spell of Breugnon's words, compares that life with our flesh-mortifying, spirit-deadening life of today. Yet the comparison is inevitable. In an essay on contemporary conditions published recently by Duhamel, we find: *"L'artisan, emprisonné dans une fonction presque mécanique, n'attend plus de sa besogne les satisfactions personnels qu'il obtenait jadis; comme l'a dit un poète: 'son travail vide est un destin qu'il combat'."* How can we forget this sad fact when hearing Breugnon exclaim enthusiastically: *"Qu'il est plaisant de se trouver, son outil dans les mains, devant son établi, sciant, coupant, rabotant, rognant, chantournant, chevillant, limant, tripotant, triturant la matière belle et ferme, le bois de noyer doux et gras, qui palpite sous la main comme un râble de fée!"*

That this contrast was intentional on Rolland's part, that it should be looked upon as the purpose that led him to write "Colas Breugnon", is improbable: this book is anything but a direct criticism or pointed satire upon our modern times. But that this contrast was present, if not in the mind, at least in the feelings of the author, there can be no doubt. Have we not Rolland's own statement that this book was written as *"une réaction contre la contrainte de dix ans"* spent in the *"atmosphère un peu tragique"* of our contemporary Jean-Christophe? To live in the company of Breugnon is a tonic: for all his faults, he appeals to us as a favored individual privileged to indulge, vigorously and in the harmlessness of health, those feelings and instincts which have been so cramped by our modern civilization as to die within us or to degenerate into unlovely and maleficent impulses. Rolland too, before ourselves, has felt the effect of this tonic—has loved it, reveled in it;

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and this fact explains two things: it explains why Rolland has described the life of Breugnon in a peculiarly lyric style in which the sentences and paragraphs have a rhythmic swing of which the effect is heightened, now and again, by assonance and rhyme; and it explains also why we must consider these reminiscences of a hero living three hundred years ago, as an expression of the feelings of a man of our day.

"Colas Breugnon" is, therefore, a thoroughly up-to-date work, modern in inspiration and written in accordance with the ideas of the most recent type of novelist. Its author, ignoring the scruples of the slaves of environment, is primarily interested in reproducing, not the scientifically correct picture of a bygone age, but a mood which he himself is feeling. Finding certain elements of this mood in the life of a past century, he strips them of whatever would remind us too strongly of their date, fuses them with other elements belonging more particularly to his own times and, out of this diverse material, creates a work of art, vital and compelling, possessing an originality all its own.

Some time ago a friend accosted me with the remark: "I have just been reading 'Civilisation' by Georges Duhamel; that man has certainly something to him—but what is he driving at?"

It will be remembered that Duhamel, before writing "Civilisation" which won the Goncourt prize in 1918, had already written another volume of stories much appreciated in France, "La Vie des Martyrs". Both these works seem to have raised pretty generally in America the same query: what is Duhamel driving at? His new book, "La Possession du Monde", answers that question. It explains, with the greater clarity which the essay form affords, the attitude of mind underlying these two volumes; and it does something more: connecting this attitude with what was most characteristic in still earlier writings practically unknown on this side of the water, it reveals Duhamel as one of that younger generation of French authors of whom a critic once wrote, with some exaggeration: "On all important questions of life, they take a stand just contrary to that of their fathers".

Authors may write for years without formulating, even in their own minds, the nature of their inspirations; some do so never. In the lives of others, however, there occurs one day an event which prompts them to review their thought, to analyze their feelings; then, plotting, as it were, the resultant of the various forces that have guided their pens this way and that in the past, they become conscious for the first time of their own philosophies. This was true in the case of Rostand, for instance, when he was elected to the French Academy; it is true likewise for Duhamel, for whom the determining event was his experience of the World War.

For Duhamel, as for no less an observer of life than the great Pascal, the one need of man—the great impulse everywhere and always operative in life, and its legitimate goal as well —is happiness; and when the war broke out, he had a remarkable opportunity to note to what an extent our modern civilization was or was not suited to satisfy this need. A doctor by training, he was naturally attached to the hospital units of the French army. He was thus of the fighting, but not in it. He could observe the passions of men in moments when they were unusually free from the

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veneer of everyday conventions; and, unlike the soldier whose whole attention was absorbed by the danger and excitement of his position, he enjoyed a comparative tranquillity that allowed him to reflect upon what he saw. The result of this reflection was the conviction that our modern civilization is vicious.

For the last half-century or more this civilization (so maintains Duhamel) has been materialistic; it has been exclusively preoccupied with *"la science des choses extérieures"*; and the Great War, with all the suffering that accompanied it, was the ghastly and supreme manifestation of the evils of this preoccupation. Two of his arguments might be quoted. In the first place, it should be noted that the war was precipitated by that nation that had given itself over most completely to this preoccupation; and in the second place, it should also be noted that the most inhuman suffering inflicted by the war was the result, not of anything inherent in war itself but of an attitude of mind prevalent in the years of peace before the war. Before 1914, we had come to treat ourselves and our fellow men as endowed only with the life of a chemical element or of a body subject to the laws of physics; consequently, those signal atrocities that filled the world with dismay, and that were characterized by a total disregard for the peculiar sanctity of human life and human emotion, should be attributed primarily to our mechanistic conception of life—a view further supported by the fact that it was precisely *"les peuples qui avaient consacré aux dieux de l'usine et du laboratoire le culte le plus fervent et le plus vaniteux"* who had, during the conflict, showed themselves by far *"les plus cruels et les plus fertiles en inventions inhumaines et déshonorantes"*.

Thus Duhamel is led to affirm that *"la civilisation scientifique et industrielle, basée sur l'intelligence, est condamnée"*; and it is condemned because it is contrary to man's fundamental need of happiness. But Duhamel's experience of the war was constructive as well as destructive: it did more than supply him with proofs that our present attitude toward life is bad; it furnished him also with indications of the way in which we may still recapture, if we will, that happiness which is slipping from us more and more every day. And the major part of "La Possession du Monde" is devoted to an elaboration of these indications.

It is just here that we recognize in this new book the inspiration which, in a less developed form, was characteristic of Duhamel's earlier writings. As early as 1912 we find suggested in an essay on poetry this idea: the most constant and vital interest for man is man and nature, or rather *"l'homme dans la nature"*. This idea, or, better, the feeling that prompted it, had already found expression in a somewhat disconcerting volume of verse entitled "Compagnons"; and it was later responsible for the peculiar human sympathy of "La Vie des Martyrs" and "Civilisation", a sympathy so simple, so unostentatious in its choice of subjects, so opposed to rhetorical development, that it passed unappreciated by those whose feelings were dulled by the more brilliant style of the older French story-tellers. And it is to this same idea that Duhamel now returns.

Two anecdotes given in "La Possession du Monde" are significant and typical. The first is the story of a young Englishman knowing no French, just as Duhamel knew no

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English. He was terribly mutilated, resembling nothing so much as a poor animal, weeping and delirious and not always recognizing the hand that tended him. But one day, as Duhamel approached his bed, this Englishman smiled—smiled for the first time, with the smile of a man resuscitating. *"Et j'ai su tout de suite la cause de cette grande joie, car le moribond a tiré de son oreiller une cigarette qu'il avait cachée là, qu'il avait secrètement gardée pour moi et qu'il m'a donnée."* The second anecdote takes us into a crowded and stifling shack where Duhamel and a friend are doing what they can for a number of wounded soldiers. They are irritable and worn out with overwork and with the fearful realities before their eyes. As Duhamel is soaping his rubber gloves before attending to a new patient, he notices his friend looking off in the distance through a window. "What are you looking at?" he asks him. "Oh nothing," is the reply, *"mais je me repose avec cette petite touffe de verdure qu'il y a là-bas: elle me rafaîchit bien."*

These two anecdotes illustrate the idea of Duhamel's essay and they contain the germ from which he develops the remedy for our ills which is the real subject of "La Possession du Monde". This Englishman, finding joy in an expression of feeling for his fellow man, and this surgeon, refreshed by contemplating a bit of verdure—these men have drawn their comfort at the very source of human happiness. Such is Duhamel's belief. To be happy, we must live in immediate, direct contact with man, on the one hand, and with the world of nature on the other. Years of materialistic and deterministic obsession, of feeling only through the media of statistics and reports, of thinking exclusively along lines suggested by an implicit faith in the unfailing operation of scientific laws, have given us other habits; but our hearts still show occasional revivals of an aspiration toward man and nature; and it is in the careful encouragement of these revivals that lies the hope of the years to come.

Upon this belief, Duhamel has built up the most significant essays of his book, which aims at nothing less than a reeducation of the heart. Giving concrete examples as he proceeds, he would teach us how, by careful study, we may arrive at an ever broader appreciation of the world of nature, its flowers, its insects, its stones, everything in short which it contains from the docks of Liverpool to the most gorgeous scenery of the Riviera; and he would teach us also by what means we can extend our interest in, and understanding of, the men and women about us until we have become the "possessors", for their delight and ours, of those who seemed at first the least congenial to us.

Duhamel realizes the patience and perseverance required at certain moments of such a study: there are, for instance, people whom it is at first painful to try to know and understand. To help us over these difficult moments, he seeks to appeal to our instinct of pursuit and capture: and he insists at all times upon the value of personal effort, objecting strongly to the use of *clichés*, those labels made by others which discourage us from making our own observations. He further safeguards the freshness of our interest in man and nature by insisting on the variety they present: he would allow no appraisal of one thing in the terms of another; each must be appreciated in and for itself: *"Une touffe de violettes vaut*

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beaucoup par le parfum et la beauté, elle peut réjouir ou soulager un grand nombre de coeurs. C'est pourtant une valeur commerciale misérable; évaluée en pierre de taille ou en bois de construction, elle ne signifie plus rien ou presque."

The "possession" of the world which Duhamel urges is, therefore, anything but a physical ownership, a cornering of the material riches of the earth; it is, as he himself has put it, *"la possession morale du monde"*, an acquisition stripped of all selfishness, *"car le monde est proposé à tous les hommes pour être possédé en totalité par chacun d'eux avec l'aide de tous"*. Thus his teaching is one of gentle, broad, and considerate humanity.

Although Duhamel has studiously avoided the mawkish and is possessed of a common sense that, in the discussion of the subtler relations between individuals, saves him from the quagmire of spiritualism, for instance, certain hard-headed readers will undoubtedly consider his book as a collection of sentimental futilities; others, however, having an eye to the general trend of modern thought, will not fail to see in it an interesting manifestation of a comparatively new spirit; and a few, at least, will put this book by their evening armchairs and turn to it, now and again, for pleasant relief from the severer realities of the day.

Like Musset's silver bay,—

Qui montre. . .
La blanche Oloosone à la blanche Camyre,—

the slow-flowing Bu-Regrag reflects the shimmering towers and walls of Salli to the equally white walls of Rabat el Fath. These towns and the Moroccan country about them are interesting alike for their past history and for their present state. Here in the past Phœnicians, Romans, Vandals, Goths, and Arabs have all sought in vain to establish an enduring empire; and here, at the present moment, the French have undertaken an enterprise of colonization and protection of which the effects are not limited to the arousing of German jealousy: its economic importance and its influence upon the national temper of the French both at home and abroad are as unmistakable as they are difficult to estimate. It is this land that Jérôme and Jean Tharaud describe in "Rabat ou les Heures marocaines". They have visited it and their book is based directly, or so it seems, upon the impressions of their visit.

Unlike the far-ranging but inarticulate camels to which they themselves have compared the majority of travelers, the Tharauds have the power of expression and tell with much charm the many things which they have seen and felt. Thus those readers who have themselves visited these Moroccan lands (be it only the outlying town of Tangiers) will find in "Rabat" a delightful stimulant for their flagging memories. They will be reminded, for instance, of the almost uncanny power of the word *balek*, so indispensable to him who would make his way through a crowded street; and, to quote an example of a different type, they will feel once more that mixture of fatigue and excitement produced by an effort to penetrate the secret of oriental towns. *"Ce qu'elles offrent d'elles"*, write our authors, *"enchante mais rassasie assez vite par son pittoresque même; et ce qu'on ne voit pas, après avoir vainement irrité la rêverie, finit par l'épuiser, car ce qui se dérobe à un premier regard, on ne le saisira jamais."*

But such observations are merely

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incidental; the real substance of the book consists in carefully planned pictorial and emotional descriptions. And here we should note a characteristic that distinguishes the art of the Tharauds from that of other writers on like subjects. On the one hand, they make no attempt to describe coldly, impersonally, from the exterior, like the great descriptive writers of some forty or more years ago; and on the other hand, unlike the elegiac and valetudinarian Loti, for instance, they do not overlay all their scenes with one and the same emotional color. Each description in "Rabat" is, to be sure, harmonious, being the working out of a tonal suggestion developed with much skill; but these suggestions are not obviously interrelated from one description to another. There is little connection, for example, between the flight of the cranes which sets the mood for the opening pages of the book (those devoted to a general description of the locality in which Rabat and Salli are situated) and the suggestion of protecting armies which lends impressiveness to the picture, given later in the book, of the cemeteries as they extend down the slopes to the water's edge.

As a consequence, the descriptions of the Tharauds seem somewhat isolated, independent of one another and —in the sense that each appears to be dictated by the particular aspect of the object under consideration, in and for itself—realistic. In this respect, one of these descriptions especially calls for comment; for the authors have reproduced to a remarkable degree the experience of real life. They have taken us upon the housetops to view the town at night. There, as in real life, all that we notice at first is a general, comprehensive atmosphere of broad color and indistinct outline in which stand out *"d'énormes cubes blancs posés sur ces blancheurs comme de nouvelles maisons entassées sur les autres"*. But as our eyes become accustomed to this atmosphere and begin to seek some particular object for their attention, they are caught by two quickly moving figures scampering over the terraces, one slightly rose-colored, the other green—two young Moorish girls, chasing one another from roof to roof, *"deux couleurs qui tournoient, s'emmêlent, paraissent et disparaissent derrière les petits murs"*. Other authors have attempted such descriptions; few, I believe, have been more successful.

"Rabat" is, however, not an incoherent work. These descriptions and the numerous observations, scattered through the book, upon the legends and customs of the Moors produce a cumulative effect growing out of this disparity itself. They excite an intentional perplexity as to the value of this Moroccan civilization. How can we understand, and especially, how can we be presumptuous enough to judge, a people so different from ourselves?—a people whose houses are as introspective, as jealous of the secrets of a calm, inner life as ours are expansive and turned toward the outer world; whose amusements consist of repetition and excess, while our own are made up of variety and moderation; whose prophet has proclaimed his love of three things, women, perfume and prayer; a people, finally, who, while we are coming more and more to consider material things as an integral part of our existence, ignores these things, seeking only *"la liberté de vivre sans besoins et de prier à sa guise"?*

Some fifteen years ago, the Tharauds published, it will be remembered, "Dingley, l'illustre Ecrivain",

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an attack upon the alleged brutal egoism of the British colonial policy. It is probable that they now regret the prejudice that inspired this attack. But, however that may be, they cannot, be it said in justice to them, be accused of encouraging in their own nation that which they condemned in another. On the contrary, in the intentional perplexity already referred to, in frequent direct exhortations, as in certain details of international life introduced for the purpose (notably the pages praising the easy relations between General Lyautey and the Sultan), they plead for tolerance and sympathy in the French treatment of *"le vieux Moghreb, ses traditions, ses moeurs, son gouvernement séculaire"*; and they do so with such insistence that this plea becomes one of the two unifying themes of their book.

The other great theme is not a plea and can hardly be called even an idea. It is rather the emotional appreciation of a great historical situation. The imaginations and feelings of the Tharauds have been stirred by the association of Morocco's two claims to our interest, already mentioned: her past history and her present state. They feel the responsibility of France and the greatness of her opportunities. With keen solicitude, they realize that this land which has but recently come under the protection of their nation, has known already the domination of half a dozen different peoples. No one of these has succeeded in captivating the heart and mind of Morocco: the spring of Shella is still the same as before the coming of the Phœnicians. What will be the effect upon it of French control? How deep, how enduring will French civilization prove to have been a few centuries hence? And this theme finds nowhere perhaps better expression than in the following lines referring to the new French town building on the outskirts of the old ruined city: *"Ses maisons, ses rues, ses moeurs viendront battre les murailles de la silencieuse Chella. Pour des années ou pour des siècles? semblent se demander avec un air de sphinx les grands murs flamboyants de la cité disparue, qui de tout ce qui vécut, aima et combattit dans leur tragique enceinte, ne gardent plus de vivant qu'une source d'eau fraîche et quelques pierres de tombes disloquées par les figuiers."*

Colas Breugnon. By Romain Rolland. Paris: Paul Ollendorff.

La Possesion du Monde. By Georges Duhamel. Paris: Mercure de France.

Rabat ou les Heures marocaines. By J. and J. Tharaud. Paris: Emile-Paul Frères.

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MY OLD EUROPE

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

I

MY old Europe! Shall I ever know it again as I first knew it in the morning of life?

And yet, as I write, there comes to mind a certain passage in the "Peter Ibbetson" of George du Maurier, a passage about "the faint, scarcely perceptible, ghost-like suspicion of a scent—a mere nostalgic fancy, compound, generic, and all-embracing". The eyes may never see the old Europe more as they saw it once, but a single whiff of the soft coal which most nostrils find so distasteful, and the years drop away, and there is an American boy of eight, making his way down the gangplank of the old Guion liner Wyoming, after a thirteen-day sea journey, to the wharves and streets and murky, bituminous-laden air of Liverpool. "Were the two boys riding by in a carriage of such splendid proportions princes?" —that was the American boy's first, eager, old-world question. He had heard of princes in his own democratic land, and the word appealed vividly to the imagination.

That was the beginning of the acquaintance, renewed almost every year thereafter during the impressionable 'teens. It was a Europe of startling innovations, of new and iconoclastic ideals, of radical departures from the customs and usages of the "good old times" to those who viewed it through the eyes of maturity. But how different it was from the Europe we contemplate across the sea in Anno Domini 1919, which we are all hoping to revisit ere many years have passed, yet fearing the shock of change—and which, incidentally, the writer of these lines last saw a brief two years ago in its stress and turmoil.

If in the highly commendable resolution to eschew for the rest of our lives everything of late enemy origin, a single exception should be made, the writer's impulse would be to speak for those familiar, red-bound books, to which several generations of Americans have gone about clinging, the books that bear the imprint of a publishing house of Leipzig. Undoubtedly treachery long skulked behind the respectable name, and agents traveling for the ostensible purpose of keeping the volumes "up to date", and seeing that hotels and restaurants "starred" continued to merit the distinction conferred upon them, were in reality engaged in the more serious and sinister business of selecting gun sites for Prussian batteries in northern France, and making notes on inadequately defended beaches of East Anglia. But in the matter of original authorship it was usually what might be termed "an entente affair". Englishmen invariably compiled the books on "London and Environs", "Great Britain and Ireland", "United States and Canada"; Frenchmen were responsible for those dealing with "Paris and Environs", "Northern France", "Southern France", Italy, Spain, and the East.

Take up one of those books bearing

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a date of the 'eighties to realize the changes that thirty years have wrought in a Europe that we have been inclined to regard as unchanging. If it is with London that the book is concerned it is a London without a tube system, a Savoy Hotel or a Hotel Cecil or any of half a dozen new and familiar hostelries, and the map will show old streets with names that recall Dickens where the broad King's Highway now runs. Paris is a Paris without an Eiffel Tower, to mention the first monument that the traveler discerns in the distance when approaching *la ville de lumière*. Preparations for the transatlantic journey involve consideration of the merits of the Inman Line, the State Line, the Guion Line, the American Steamship Company, the National Steamship Company. How remote the names seem! We might be reading of the Swallow-tail Line, or the Black Ball Line, or the old Savannah, or the Great Eastern, or the Great Western—was it the Great Western?—breaking in Bristol Harbor. Or we might be dipping into one of those quaint, old-time guide books to the "States", embellished by woodcuts, advising the traveler in New York to stay at the Astor House, or the American Hotel facing the City Hall Park, or the United States Hotel in Fulton Street—which had formerly been Holt's—or Florence's at Broadway and Walker Street, described as a "new and elegant establishment"; or, the Manhattan sojourn at an end, and Philadelphia in contemplation, directing him to embark at Battery Place on the boat for South Amboy, thence continuing the journey over the rails of the Camden and Amboy.

II

But this is the narrative, not of old guide books, but of early impressions. How curious those early impressions are! What trivial, inconsequential, yet delightful associations a city seen in the flush of first youth awakens in the memory! Rome! I see a toy shop in a street the very name of which was long ago forgotten, and a window in which were displayed boxes filled with fascinating lead soldiers. Or again I see a corner of the Forum, or the warm sunlight on the Palatine Hill, or in St. Peter's, near the altar, a painting depicting St. Michael and the Dragon that haunted the memory for years—to this day I am ignorant of the title of the picture or the name of the painter,—or Michelangelo's "The Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel with its grotesque faces of the damned. Genoa! Orange groves by the sea on a glorious Easter morning. Venice! Leaving the railway station in the breaking dawn after a night ride from Florence, the journey by gondola to the hotel facing the Grand Canal, the quaint warning call of the boatman when approaching the street corners, and afterward the pigeons in the Piazza of St. Mark. Como! Many-hued lizards scampering over warm walls in the sunshine. Basle! A hotel known as "The Three Kings", and more lead soldiers, this time in the uniforms of the Swiss Federation. Geneva! A narrow street one block from the lake front, where the windows of the shops glittered frostily with snow-covered toy *chalets*.

In the case of Rome, Genoa, Venice, and Como, those first impressions have been the only impressions. In revisiting cities after the lapse of many years there is, at times, something almost uncanny. I have in mind the Swiss capital of Berne. I saw it first with the eyes of a boy

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just swinging into the 'teens. For nearly thirty years I carried it in vivid memory. I felt that my knowledge of it as it actually was had never departed. I had but to shut my eyes to see again the quaint streets with the flanking *Lauben*, the fountains, the curious clocks, and the winding river far below. Above all, I had visualized the bear-pit, where the city's patron bruins roll in well-nourished comfort, and gobble the buns that are tossed to them over the railing above. Then, in the spring of 1917, I saw Berne again. With six other men of the American Commission for Relief in Belgium and the North of France, I had been conveyed through a Germany where eyes were shining with the "Hymn of Hate", now directed at us, apparently destined for indefinite detention somewhere in the Black Forest. Good fortune changed that to Berne, and never were faces uplifted with more appreciation toward the *Oberland*. But Berne itself! It was not the same city at all. And strangest to relate the bear-pit was found to be on the other side of the river Aar. There is always the dream city to blur and confuse the memory. At times I am at a loss to determine whether a street or a view has been seen with eyes awake or eyes asleep. There are cherished corners of New York that I know never had tangible existence. There is a wall of Paris which I have long sought in vain, yet which is perfectly familiar to me.

More mature impressions than those of Italian cities, impressions of the 'teens, were the first impressions of the towns, which, during the long years of strife, have been flaming in the reports from the western battle-front, Troyes, Châlons-sur-Marne, Reims, Soissons, St. Quentin—the names conjure up in memory hotels built round courtyards, and bearing signs of delightful old-world flavor: "The Red Lion", "The Lion of Flanders", "The Three Kings", "The Swan", "The Great Stag", "The Golden Cross", "The White Cross", "The Beautiful Savage", "The White Sheep". In these hotels there were little reading rooms with furniture upholstered in black leather, where one found well-thumbed and carefully preserved French illustrated papers depicting the sorrows of the "terrible year", woodcuts showing the harsh passing of the bearded and helmeted Prussians, and the desolated countryside. Then, very early in the morning, one was awakened by the bugle call, and the sound of iron-shod feet striking the cobblestones; and looking out the window one saw in the street below red-trousered young soldiers of France on the march. Not those men, but the sons of those men, were to hold at Verdun and the Marne. They were not known as poilus then; that word had not yet been found, or if found, was not in general use. France loved them as her little *pioupious*, and there was a gaudily illustrated paper, devoted to their interests, with the title "Le Petit Piou-Piou", which to the eyes of youth was irresistibly comic.

Tours, the banks of the Loire, in short all of fair Touraine, has come to mean to me in later years the associations of Honoré de Balzac, his Eugénie Grandet, his Lily of the Valley, his Gaudissart, his Abbé Birotteau; or Scott's Quentin Durward, riding, as Stevenson has phrased it, "midnightly through the gibbet-and-gipsy haunted forests". But to the boy of nine who first saw Tours, neither the name of the "Wizard of the North" nor that of

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the author of the "Human Comedy" had any significance. His memory was of certain good-natured officers of the garrison who were in the habit of dining at the hotel, and who, in the garden courtyard after dinner, permitted the little American boy to play with their swords, and *blagued* him in funny English, to his delight and their own. Then there was a town on the banks of the Seine, a few miles from Paris, called Bougival. It was the scene of a tournament as spirited to the vision as Scott's famous passage-at-arms in the lists of Ashby-de-la-Zouche was later to prove to the imagination. Boats propelled by sturdy rowers were the chargers of Arabian breed; poles with cushioned pads at the ends the glinting lances. The Brian de Bois Guilbert of the Bougival encounter, champion of champions, a huge man, the redoubtable butcher of La Jonchère, was dethroned, tumbled backward into the water by an unknown and unheralded youth who, to the amazed onlookers, seemed almost slightly built. Like the Templar of "Ivanhoe", the butcher of La Jonchère received a second chance, only to go forth to a downfall even more crushing than the first. This time it was not the stalwart Brian, worsted but not disgraced, falling before the lance of the Disinherited Knight, but the Hospitaller, hurled from his saddle like a stone from a catapult.

Other memories of Bougival. An old inn on the river bank, with panels done in payment for breakfasts and dinners by impecunious painter men, some of whom afterward became famous, and were numbered among *"toutes les gloires de la France"*. Behind the inn, though this is a memory of years somewhat later, a garden with graveled paths and many tables, and great glass tanks in which little fish were swimming. The specialty of the house was its *goujons frits*. In response to an order the white-aproned chef scooped from a tank a bowlful of the wriggling creatures, and transferred them to the sizzling pan. Far traveled the fame of those *goujons frits*. Americans came to the little inn on the Seine bank, and there, on Sunday evenings, one saw familiar faces, faces encountered in the courtyard of the Grand Hotel, or in the Continental, or at the Café de la Paix, or interrogating the mail clerk in the banking house in the Boulevard Haussmann. But the painter men, whether they had become *gloires de la France* or not, had all departed.

III

It was pleasant traveling in my old Europe, or at all events it seems so in memory after all the years. First there was the transatlantic journey to which allusion has already been made, by the Bretagne, or the ill-starred Bourgogne, or the Gascogne, or the Normandie, the steadiest liner of her day, or before that, the St. Germain or the old France, all of the C. G. T.; or by the Servia or the Aurania of the Cunard, or the Alaska or Arizona of the Guion. Occasionally, before the war, you heard of one of those vessels, usually renamed, and plying between Europe and some South American port. Once they were the aristocratic greyhounds of the sea. Ashore, the American dining-car had not yet been introduced on continental railways. The midday or evening meal was contained in the wicker basket, that, telegraphed for ahead, was thrust into the train compartment in the course of some three-minute stop. The name "Dijon", or

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Rouen", or "Orleans" meant, not Feudal History, but your dinner. Ah, that wicker basket, that *panier*, with its delectable contents to be consumed at leisure as the train wound over Norman hill or through vineyard of Burgundy! The half *poulet-rôti*, which as Du Maurier has said, is ever so much better than roast chicken, the filet of beef, the hors d'œuvres, the forearm of bread, the green almonds, for which one burrowed and excavated—the French undoubtedly learned something of the digging of war trenches from their *amandes vertes*,—the Brie, or Gruyère, or Camembert under a damp napkin, the half bottle of red or white wine. Degenerate descendants of those wicker baskets of yesteryear may still occasionally be found in the world. Several such I encountered in the spring of 1917 in the course of the thirty-hour journey under war conditions between Cannes and Bordeaux. But the real *panier* of my old Europe belongs as much to the irrevocable past as the banquet of Cedric the Saxon in the halls of Rotherwood.

Then there was the English and American *pension* in the Rue de Clichy of Paris where the months ran into the years. I can see it now; the long dining-room, the *salon*, where Mrs. Lippincott recited, and Maud Powell, then a student, played the violin, and Madame told of prices in the Paris markets during the Siege of Paris that astonished us then, but would fail to do so now; and the garden, where there were round, tin-topped tables on which a small boy could curl himself, and contemplate the shapes assumed by the clouds as they floated lazily across the sky. In an adjoining garden a Frenchman took his daily fencing lesson, and the air rang with the stamp of feet and the clash of the buttoned foils. But all was not happy idleness. There was a sister who pounded French verbs into my head with a loving persistence that makes it strange that those verbs still remain, and always will, baffling problems. There were days in a private school in the Rue de Clichy, and in a public school in the nearby Rue Blanche. In the latter institution I recall that I stood sixtieth in a class of sixty-one, and retain a haunting impression that the sixty-first boy was somehow mentally defective. In the matter of nationality I was not alone. My American companion was a brother of Maud Powell, a few years older than myself. In memory he seems to me to have always been fighting with a gigantic young negro from one of the French West Indies. In the fiction that I have read in subsequent years English-speaking boys in French schools are invariably addressed by their French companions as "sacred Godems". With me memory holds no such endearing epithet.

Once in the Rue de Clichy *pension* there was a stir of excitement. Everyone had been reading a novel by Henry James as it appeared in serial form. The most exciting part of the narrative, if allusion to a tale of Henry James may be thus made, had been reached, and eager eyes were watching for the arrival of the forthcoming number of the magazine containing it. But when it came it contained no new instalment, for the story had been finished in the previous issue, although no one had realized it. Since, I have often wondered just which tale that was. Once my impression was that it was "Daisy Miller"; but it could not well have been. It is an early memory, never to be obliterated, of the world of

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books. To the same scene and period belongs my first literary memory. In the *salon* of the *pension*, in a bonnet and dress of the 'sixties, and carrying a caricature of a cotton umbrella, appeared the lady whom we knew personally as Mrs. Lippincott. From her own writings she read or recited, for to a former generation she was widely known under her pen name of "Grace Greenwood".

Perhaps it was the flavor of a literary atmosphere given to the *pension* by "Grace Greenwood's" presence that was responsible for a misdemeanor of which everyone is at some time guilty—the childhood essay in authorship. Or perhaps that rambling screed of moving armies and the clash of battle was born in the fever of a bitter yet justifiable national dislike, which has never abated, and which never will. There were in the *pension* two Germans of perhaps twenty-five or thirty years of age, who delighted—behind doors and when no one grown up was looking—in cruelly pinching little American boys. For long years after I saw their faces in nightmares, wreathed in joyous leer at the spectacle of pain inflicted. I was again to see similar faces, behind the German battle-lines in Belgium, faces of officers of His Imperial Majesty, Wilhelm the Second, who lined railway station platforms to watch the ghastly return of the *chômeurs*, and to mock the heart-rending cries of the women: *"O, mon père! O, mon mari! O, mon fils! O, mon frère!"*

Pour la revanche, with those pinches still tingling, I flung on paper into the field allied armies under the flags of the United States, the British Empire, and the French Republic. Gleefully, and of course under my own inspired and heroic leadership, I hurled them against the Junker-led hordes, and very soon the haughty goose step changed to the scamper of disorganized and ignominious flight. In that war the Star Spangled Banner, the Union Jack, and the Tricolor went right on to Berlin, and the Thiergarten echoed with the delightful strains of "Yankee Doodle". In recalling that early effort I realize that it was a fine sense of *noblesse oblige* that moved the author to permit the soldiers of Great Britain and France to join in the dance. There was a rhyme of those years:

Old Boney was a Frenchman, a soldier brave and true;
But Wellington did lick him on the field of Waterloo.
But greater still and braver far, and tougher than shoe leather,
Was Washington, the man who could have licked them both together.

Little American boys in Europe were cautioned to use that rhyme with discretion lest it jar upon sensitive French or British ears.

There came a day, when walking by an elder's side along one of the boulevards, a stout, short old gentleman was pointed out to me. He was riding on the *impériale* of a passing omnibus and he carried an umbrella. "That", said my mentor, "is Monsieur Victor Hugo. Remember that you have seen him, for he is a very great man." Was it really Victor Hugo? Had that fugitive glimpse been the glimpse of another than myself, I should probably today be the first to be frankly and uncharitably sceptical. But at the time I was perfectly convinced that the short, stout gentleman with the umbrella, who was riding on the *impériale* and whose name meant so little to me, was Victor Hugo and no other. Therefore it would be treason and ingratitude to harbor for a moment the shadow of

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a doubt. Victor Hugo. Of course it was Victor Hugo! Many men have written literary reminiscences based on less substantial personal acquaintance.

A few years later. An August day. The beach of the Norman town of Etretat, which stretches along the sea between the "Falaise d'Aval" and the "Falaise d'Amont". At the morning bathing hour the eyes of all who were idling about on the sands, were they French or English or American, turned in the direction of a strongly built man with an air of aristocratic aloofness. It was Guy de Maupassant. Years later the memory was to mean much, and he was well worth the summer morning scrutiny, for he was at the moment in the full flood of his strength, his creative powers, and his fame. Who could then foresee what the future was so speedily to bring? He had just written "Le Horla", which first suggested the gathering shadows of the madness that was so soon to blight and extinguish him.

To what babbling lengths those memories might be carried! Ah, my old Europe! I shall never see you again as I saw you in the morning of life. But in musing on you, and in repeating over and over again the name, it seems as if the air were full of ballad notes, borne out of long ago.

A ROSE AMONG THE ROSES

BY NANCY BARR MAVITY

A ROSE among the roses,
My little girl lies sleeping.
Her hand like a new bud closes
Over a sunbeam creeping
Between her fingers. Around her the butterflies dip
Their wings like the sails of a fairy ship.

She has no dreams nor hopes nor memories.
Her thoughts, like the shadows drifting
Down from the swaying, shifting
Leaves of the cherry trees
Over the grass,
Linger a while—and pass.
In her heart no wind of longing stirs—
Only the sun and the air and the earth are hers.
A rose among the roses,
My little girl lies sleeping.

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COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

How to Become an Authority on Poetry

MY dear Miss Bannister, there is no difficulty about it whatever. I know Authorities who set up in the Authority business without half your qualifications. Weren't you let loose with a B. A. six years ago? Haven't you written a dozen or so respectable lyrics, two or three of which are included in several of our threescore and ten Anthologies? Isn't your name one that looks well in print and falls not unmelodiously upon the ear? Do you not possess a high degree of fluency in ink and speech, something of a gift for pretty and apparently significant phrases, together with ambition, industry and tact? You have access to more than one good library. Then, what hinders you? Hang out your shingle, pose as an Authority,—and you *are* one! You will never be required to prove it.

Being an Authority is ever so much easier than being a Poet. Devote yourself to the making of worthy Poetry—it being taken for granted that you possess the necessary creative power—and you must for years resign many pleasures and comforts, and face cheerfully, yet without heroics, repeated doubts and disappointments. Then, even if after those years of sacrifice you should win appreciable material success through your Poetry, you are at once *déclassé*, or at least to be regarded as an object of grave suspicion. All Authorities agree on this point. The painter, or the sculptor, or the composer of music, it is true, may live, or even acquire wealth by his art without reproach,—but not the Poet, who, in accordance with an ancient but still extant tradition, positively ought to starve unless he has other means of support. (Of course, if the Poet should possess an independent income, nobody cares how much money he makes by his Poetry, since he is absolved of all suspicion of mercenary motives.)

On the other hand, when an Authority on Poetry, by criticizing, lecturing, anthologizing, and like uncreative pursuits derives a good income from the Poet's work, that is not only proper but even praiseworthy; for every Authority will tell you how much every other Authority has altruistically done for Poetry. Nobody *ever* comments upon how much Poetry has done for the Authorities. Remember this when you become an Authority. It is a Basic Principle.

As I have pointed out, you can become an Authority just as soon as you wish to assert yourself; yet it is true that not all Authorities are equally impressive. You will therefore proceed to gather Impressiveness as a rolling snowball gathers damp snow. I shall now briefly outline the first steps toward Impressiveness.

These first steps you will take simultaneously or concurrently,—yes, "like a centipede", as you so justly interject. Write criticisms or reviews of books of verse for the newspapers. Publish letters eulogizing individual Poets or discussing anything relating to Poetry on all possible occasions. Become personally acquainted with as

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many working Poets as you can (they are mostly easy to meet). Become acquainted with the already impressive Authorities, and be nice to them. Join poetical and other literary organizations and rise to official dignity in them; this will give you Prestige. Also, for various cogent reasons, you might secure an assistant-professorial chair in the department of literature of some institution of higher learning. Meanwhile give "Readings from Our Newest Poets", "Talks on Poetry", and the like before all the groups that are willing to listen. Thus, by dint of industry, enterprise, and a little decorous wire-pulling, you will make rapid progress, and before long will be frequently presented to politely applauding circles as, "Miss Medora Bannister, the well-known Authority, who has Done So Much for the Cause of American Poetry".

Here is Recognition and Approbation that will soon influence a real demand for your services as a Critic of Poetry. In this capacity, you will doubtless formulate your own Canons of Criticism (if any). I would counsel you, however, that as a Critic of Poetry it is best and safest to be an Appreciator. Poets of whom you disapprove may be effectively censured by being gently ignored. Silence has a potency beyond that of explicit Condemnation. While adverse criticism may be confuted, there is no answer to Silence. Then there is always a possibility that a Poet of whom you disapprove may score a pronounced success, and if you have criticized him adversely you may be embarrassed by the obvious necessity of changing your opinion. This dilemma will not present itself if you have hitherto merely ignored his existence. You are free to praise him extravagantly as one who has Just Arrived. In this connection, mark that it is again a Basic Principle of Criticism always to be on the winning side. Hitch your wagon to a star, but let it be a rising star.

Yet another Basic Principle of Criticism is that a Foreign Poet, especially a Visiting Foreign Poet, no matter how little he may be esteemed in his own country, is always to be revered as a Great Original Genius, and you are to be found in his train among the foremost of his adulators. This Traditional Basic Principle, dating back as it does to the earliest colonial days, is Fundamentally American. Its obsequious observance has contributed no little to the high esteem in which Americans, especially American Poets, are held in other lands, and is therefore essential to furthering the great work to which you are altruistically devoted,—the work of Doing So Much for American Poetry.

A few more Basic Principles of Criticism will be expressed or implied in my remarks upon the Art of Anthologizing. Now is the time to inaugurate what I may be permitted to designate as "a stunt". You will, for example, induce the editor of a newspaper with literary proclivities, or of a magazine of eclectic tendencies, to establish in his publication a department in which you will periodically present—always *Authoritatively* and with a critical summary of current magazine verse—"The Best Three Poems of the Month". A stunt of this nature is admirable for self-advertising, for it has a real news value, and is always taken seriously.

I know as well as you that it is almost always impossible to determine which of fifty respectable bits of verse printed in the course of a month is actually "the best". But the newspapers will gladly give countenance to

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your pronouncements, as literary news of more than ordinary interest. The publicity departments of the magazines in which the "best poems" were printed will eagerly quote the decisions of Miss Medora Bannister, the acknowledged Authority on American Poetry, in proof of the preeminently high quality of the verse appearing in "The Stylus" or "The Epoch". And even that part of the reading public which has no especial love of Poetry for its own sweet sake, may be depended upon to cheer Poetry as a sporting event.

Here come the Poems down the stretch, the half-dozen leaders well bunched, the field stringing out behind! Aha! the mauve-tinted love lyric "Moon Magic" wins by a nose, with the drab block of free-verse "Hester Street" second, and the dark-blue as-one-who sonnet "Persephone" a bad third! Let no involuntary competitor in this race be so unsportsmanlike as to question the decision of the self-constituted judge, starter, referee, and clerk of the course; and let no Poet protest that the entries from his stable were arbitrarily barred before the start!

Next you will select a publisher for your Critical Anthology, preferably a publisher who has many books of poetry on his list. Your compilation will, of course, consist of selections of the "New Poetry", whatever you may consider that to be, and we will call it "Morning Stars of Song". This enterprise should be highly advantageous to you. Altruistic Authorities who have Done a Great Deal for Poetry have been known to draw, in annual royalties on such compilations,—well, the amount is a trade secret; but few indeed are the Anthologized Poets who may hope to gain anything like as much from their volumes that have freely contributed to the pleasing result! But Poets must not be mercenary.

There are, to be sure, sacrifices and inconveniences inseparable from Altruism. Unless you are now able to afford a secretary, Anthologizing will entail considerable manual labor on your part. There are so many books to be gathered together, so many letters to be written to publishers and Poets for permission to use copyrighted material! Because of the eager, hopeful nature of Poets, by the way, it is rare indeed that the required permission is refused.

Poets, almost without exception, are extremely anxious to be included in Anthologies. Whether this anxiety is mainly due to their avidness of the implied laudation, their wish to be Among Those Present, or a tenuous hope that the presentation of small samples of their workmanship in the huge display rooms of your Anthology will promote the sale of their own books, and whether or not being Anthologized is, in fact, of the slightest advantage to them, we need not discuss; enough that their eagerness to be Anthologized is of great pecuniary advantage to the altruistic Anthologizer.

In the preface to your Anthology you will pay warm tribute to your fellow Authorities and Critics, and selected editors, acknowledging How Much They Have Done for Poetry. As to the body of the contents, you will be careful to include poems from the books on your publisher's list, poems by your fellow Authorities and Critics, and poems by all poetical editors and journalists whom you may deem compellingly influential. You will include poems by those whose work was similarly honored by other contemporary Anthologists, for Authorities should hang together.

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You should rigorously *exclude* any Poet who has, in his work, manifested in any marked degree the damning quality of humor, unless he has already been properly certified by some preceding Authority. In fact, the work of the Poet possessing the fatal quality before mentioned, need not even be read. Humor, not properly certified and licensed, or Foreign in origin, is low. Besides, those tainted with humor have even been known to scoff at Authority! and naturally, all rebels against the authority of Authorities are, *ipso facto*, consigned to outer darkness. Poets exhibiting dangerous versatility are likewise to be banned, because it is impossible to group them in "Schools", to find for them pigeon-holes in which they may reasonably be depended upon to stay put, and Classification is the Soul of Anthologizing. Putting Poets into their proper pigeon-holes, straight-jackets, or Schools is the Anthologist's favorite sport, and one in which he may exhibit real ingenuity.

In your Anthology be sure to reveal your discovery of some new School, let us say the "Putrescent School", and analyze its characteristics with grave enthusiasm. The queerer it happens to be, the better; for there is much more to be said about a man walking on all fours than a man walking upright, and the best Art, from the point of view of an Authority, is necessarily that which can be most talked about.

Many Critical Anthologists in their opening chapters instruct their ignorant readers as to "How Poetry Should Be Read", or sometimes "How Poetry Should Be Approached". Having been early inured to the rougher sports, I confess that I am myself accustomed to approach all Poetry intrepidly, though unarmed. Possibly, however, an elusive lyric should be approached softly and stealthily from the rearward, in order that salt may be put upon its tail; and again possibly, Pegasus being, as Bellerophon discovered, a restive beast, disposed to lash out with his hoofs, it may be best to approach him from in front, smiling benignly, with a measure of oats displayed and the bridle concealed behind the back. But this is one of many matters that you, as an Authority, must decide for yourself and your clientele.

Should you have attained to professorial rank in some college, in accordance with the suggestion already made, do not neglect to devote a section to verse, no matter how callow, written by graduates and undergraduates of the institution to which you are attached, using some such chapter head as "Swarthmore Songsters", "Poets of the Pennsylvania College of Physicians and Surgeons", or "Minnesingers of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology". This will insure the adoption of your volume for use in the college as a text-book and work of reference, and will otherwise considerably increase its sale.

The inevitable success of your Critical Anthology leaves you impregnably intrenched as an Authority, with all the advantages, opportunities, and perquisites unto that altruistic position appertaining. You are in demand as a judge in Poetry Prize Contests and as a speaker at literary dinners. Editors smile upon you, the lecture platform yawns for you, Poets bow down before you, and other Authorities treat you with a guarded respect.

To crown your career, you may now altruistically start a Poetry Magazine, especially if you can secure an endowment for that laudable purpose. A sufficient endowment will enable you to offer payment for the choicest of

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the contributions that will pour in upon your little periodical. If the endowment is ample, you may, in order to stimulate the submission of really marketable verse, even offer a bonus for that Poem which you or your coadjutors shall pronounce the best published by you within a given time. It is customary to call such bonuses "Prizes".

Yet should the funds at your disposal be too limited for such munificence, you need never, while ink holds out to run, suffer for lack of Poems to print. But whether or not you pay your contributors in money, you must never, never fail to pay them with laudation and minor publicity in the form of biographical paragraphs and commendatory reviews of their collected verse. This course is sure to redound to your credit. You thus become the patron and advocate of all your contributors; and when some one of your young protégés, through his own genius, toil, and sacrifice, proves his worth and wins recognition in a larger field, there is another plume in your cap of Authority! You are the altruistic discoverer of the New Poet. It was you that befriended the unknown and gave him your august approbation. You have, in fact, "made him"; and he and all Poetry lovers owe you a debt of undying gratitude!

So, my dear Miss Bannister, I think that from this casual outline you will see that the path to the throne of Authority in Poetry may be easy and pleasant for one as gifted as yourself. Moreover, as I need hardly say to one of your discernment, by the employment of parallel methods it is quite possible to become an Authority in any other province of the great Republic of Letters.

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

People Don't Know They Want Books

"*PEOPLE don't know they want books*";—I stubbed my mind, as it were, the other day on this apparently simple statement on page nine of Christopher Morley's sprightly fantasia "The Haunted Bookshop"; and have since not ceased to wonder at the calm with which it has been received by the makers and dispensers of books.

The formulation in six words of the basic trouble of the whole great business of publishing and bookselling seems to have attracted not so much attention as a pimple on the neck of the most foolish of our popular novelists would have excited. Even the author of it, I judge, stumbled on it without realizing what he had discovered. I have a mental picture of Mr. Morley as he slipped the phrase from his facile pen. I see him seated at the writing table in his rathskeller-library, up to his knees in books, with a keg of shandygaff and a large pewter pot at his elbow, smiling happily through the blue clouds of tobacco smoke billowing up from a pipe the size of a tumbler, as he all unwittingly explained what is wrong with the book business of the world.

It must have been unwittingly that he did it; for if he had realized the profound importance of that little sentence, surely he would fittingly have celebrated its birth—run through the streets after the manner of Archimedes when he discovered the principle of specific gravity, shouting "Eureka! Eureka!"—, had the bells of Philadelphia rung in joyous peal, or at any rate have turned flip-flaps on the dining-room carpet.

But nothing, so far as one can discover, occurred to mark the occasion of the solution of a mystery as old as

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printing and as troublesome as a mosquito-swamp.

"Why don't people buy books?" ask the publishers.

"They don't know they want them", answers Mr. Morley, in a moment of inspiration. There it is in a nutshell!

Everyone who has been in touch for even a year or so with the business (or is it a profession?) of publishing must have become conscious, more or less dimly, that something fundamental was the matter with it. So many books made that never reach the reader's hands, and—alas—so many, many thousands of copies of them printed and lying stacked up in the stockrooms, collecting dust and rent-charges against the day of judgment. Yet each of these dismal never-wases must have been submitted to and accepted in good faith by a publisher who thought he saw a mission of usefulness or amusement for it, or at any rate scented some possibility of commercial success thereby,—for publishing a book means investing many good real dollars in composition, presswork, paper and binding, publicity, and so forth.

It was only the other day that I for the first time realized actually and concretely what Mr. Morley put so easily and casually into words: that people really don't know they want books. My illumination came about in this wise: a certain man I know moderately well lived—or at any rate existed—in a New York suburban city —say Elberon, New Jersey. (It was not there, as matter of fact,—but not a hundred miles away.) And the deities of the locality sent happenings upon him which made it seem that a return to the wicked city might not be inexpedient. So he wisely decided to move.

But even as an exodus from a New York apartment into a countryside house reveals emptinesses and voids, so a return from a house and garden to a city flat causes a plethora and congestion among the domestic gods; and our householder saw that there were many things to be got rid of. Therefore, in all the local organs he caused to be inserted seductive advertisements revealing to the public that at such a house there were for sale this, that, and the other treasures of domestic convenience, to be had as rare bargains; and he sat down, trusting in the vaunted power of the press, to await his prospective victims.

Being of a bookish habit, he had laid aside among other things for disposal, cunningly displayed in polished bookcases, some five hundred volumes of assorted literature, culled from his overflowing shelves. Folk came, in twos and threes by day and night, and bought things—bought the man's piano, his sideboard, his odd chairs and tables, his garden implements, his ash-cans, his spare bed, his flower-pots, and begged to be allowed to buy even what he had no intention whatever of selling. There seemed to be nothing that they would not buy, indeed, except—except the books.

Not only did no one offer to purchase so much as a single volume, but when he drew anyone who had paid real money for unnecessary furniture by the lapel of the coat or by honeyed words to a vantage place, whence could be seen the blues and reds and greys and greens and gold of the book-backs shining cheerfully in their shelves, and pointed out what an opportunity was here to begin a library or endow a friend, the intended purchaser would murmur vaguely—"Books—oh, I don't want any *books*", or would whistle or look abstractedly out of the window, or maybe merely snort and walk away.

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Driven to desperation, the surprised householder, to one fairly intelligent-looking human being who had bought liberally of other odds and ends, offered to *give* one of the bookcases and its contents complete, but the beneficiary to-be ducked the benefaction with the obviously untrue statement that he had nowhere to put it. "Besides", added he ingenuously, "I shouldn't have time to read them."

The only soul who revealed the faintest interest in the word *books* was a cherry-cheeked young dentist (all honor to the tooth-wreckers!) who clamored for "fine sets", explaining that he had bought a "fine bookcase" and wanted something "good" to put in it—just filling, in fact, as was natural to one of his profession. Whereupon the householder arose in his wrath and turned over the five hundred volumes to the local library at less than the value of the paper in the books.

Now the point is that these books were not trash. True, there were among them some volumes of prosy twaddle, some of mouthy posturings, some hard-boiled classics in small print; but on the whole the books were sound everyday stuff in fiction, verse, sociology, literature, and general reading—all clothbound and in good order; yet nobody knew or even suspected that he wanted them.

Yes—you have guessed it—I was the householder; and that is how I learned in much anguish and sorrowful astonishment exactly what was revealed to Mr. Morley so easily in his pipe-dream. And now I am wondering what the publishers and the booksellers are going to do to get the public to realize that they want books. Here is the inspiration for a new crusade, a new exploration: not to *sell* books, but to make a hundred million, more or less, of ordinary human beings realize that they *want* books.

—MOREBY ACKLOM

A Message from Mr. Barr Leecorn

WHENEVER anyone wants to resurrect a mouldy, fly-blown fad nowadays, and get a lot of free advertising for it, and give it a sort of respectability, he hooks it onto the late tremendous war and claims the war has given it new impetus and fresh meaning and placed it in a new and surprising light, whether it be ping-pong or phrenology.

Of late there have been vast masses of "incontestable proofs" that the dead speak to us from the "other shore". One man suggests that there must be something in spirit communications, because when a psychic is busy on the job something pokes out of her diaphragm like a spirit-elephant's trunk and rings bells. To prove it he refers to a book, printed in French many years ago, that has pictures in it. He says the book says someone once caught a piece of this psychic effluvium in a box, and when the box was opened—lo!—there were several drops of water in it!

If I am going to be "bunked" I prefer to have the job done in clean, high-class style, without psychic effluvium proof or any other kind of proof. I like much better the naïve narrative of the lady who has recently aroused no little attention by the communications she has received from spirit-land. She used a ouija board until she decided that that was an unnecessary complication, after which she held the pencil in her own hand and just let it write!

I always knew this spirit-communi-

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cation business would eventually reach a point where it was safe, sane and practicable. From the time when the spirits rapped falteringly "rap!" for "Yes" and "rap! rap!" for "No"—or the other way around—to the day when the medium was able to hold the pencil herself and write full tilt, things have progressed. I have always been too busy supporting my family to take time to take dictation by the "rap! rap" method from those on the sixth plane of the Thirteenth Spiritual Congressional District, but now that I can hold the pencil myself I am prepared to give any anxious inquirer the latest news from the far shore at my regular fiction rates.

My correspondent in spirit-land is a gentleman known as John Barr Leecorn, and I receive all communications with a yellow lead pencil on the earthly, or unpsychic, end of which is a nubbin of red rubber with which I promptly erase anything that is too silly to use. Sometimes John Barr Leecorn delights in being merely playful, as when I asked him, a few nights ago, what Marcus Aurelius and others "over there" thought of the League of Nations. He wrote:

"Potatoes are ripe in the gardens of Tilgath. Seventy-three. Strong odor of boiled onions. Blue overalls. Sam says—Sam says—Mary had a little lamb. Lamb. Lamb. Now is the time for all good men—Peanuts."

Usually I do not take the trouble to preserve such messages as this, although I believe it has usually been the custom to keep them and print them in books, with explanations of their meaning. That was well enough when one had to use a ouija board or other complicated arrangement, but since the new era—as I may call it—began I preserve only those communications that are clear-cut and full of meaning. Last night, for example, I received one of the most important messages I have yet received from John Barr Leecorn. The question I had asked him was:

"What of the future of the human race and the Prohibition party?"

"I am glad you asked me that", he replied. "You must get together over there, and unite in a common impulse or you will be disunited and not acting in common. We are planning over here but you must help us. You must cooperate and join your forces, and all work for the same end."

"What end?" I asked.

"That is unimportant. The important matter is that you unite for a common result. Green silk stockings will do. Unite for green silk stockings, or high hats made of red flannel. We are working, but you must help us. You must send missionaries to Patagonia to unite Patagonians for high hats made of red flannel."

For a minute or two I thought that was the end of his message, for he said nothing; but my pencil began to write again.

"If you can't get red flannel", he wrote, "blue denim will do. You can get it at Munson and Gregory's for eighteen cents a yard, but not the best quality. They also have a good stock of shirtwaists now, but you had better make your selections before the stock is all picked over. Try not to go Friday, because that is their bargain day and the crowd is enormous."

"If what is desired is unity of action", I asked, "would it not be better to go on Friday, with the others?"

"You don't understand", he wrote. "I said red flannel. If a few on earth get together and think red flannel we will unite and think red flannel too. Even if it is midsummer. Personally, I prefer something lighter in weight

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next the skin but unity of purpose is the main thing, and they don't itch after the first few days. Sometimes one can reach the spot in the middle of the back with a long-handled kitchen spoon. Stick it in at the collar, convex side out, and push it up and down. It is grateful and comforting. If an entire community unites we can help you better. The bisons used to rub against the telegraph poles."

I do love books of spirit communications!

—ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

A CANTER THROUGH THE FIELD OF FICTION

BY CONSTANCE MURRAY GREENE

WE who have heard so much about the high imaginative and spiritual plane to which the world would be uplifted by the war may be forgiven a feeling of mistrust upon opening the month's packet of fiction and finding fifty per cent of the novels dominated by the commercial idea. Now that the war is over literature is getting down to business, it would seem, and it is a regrettable fact, for this reason if no other, that few book reviewers are business men. We are, most of us, incapable of enjoying a novel which reads like a Sears and Roebuck catalogue, and because we have had so many of them to read during the past few weeks, there has grown up a steadily increasing murmur among the union. Everybody, including the worm-gatherers, has struck; and though our strike may be slow in taking form it will come. We may be the ones who put the *worm* in *bookworm* but even we will turn—and if it had not been for De Morgan, Sackville West, Samuel Merwin, and a few others, we would have turned this month.

Is there anything particularly uplifting, for instance, in imagining a novelist leaping from bed and jotting down on the Thackerian pad the valuable fact that two million tusks concealed in the heart of Africa and ferreted out by a band of trusty friends, will suffice to make a best seller? Not for anyone except the novelist, we should say. The only sign of uplift about most of the books in hand is a decided atmosphere of cleanliness, and if that has to be obtained at the expense of almost everything else, give us the good old, black-hearted novels of last winter.

It is fitting, having inveighed against commercial novels, that we should begin by laying some before you. There must be literary laboratories where such stories as "Silver and Gold", "The Ivory Trail", and "The Man Who Discovered Himself" are compounded. They are composed of adventure and romance in varying proportions and ought to be powerfully popular in mining camps. There is nothing new about them at this time except their profusion. Talbot Mundy, he of the two million tusks, gives an example in "The Ivory Trail" of how well this sort of story can live without love. Four men determine to discover Tippoo Tib's hoard of ivory. Despite the onslaught of wild beasts, cannibals, and the English and German governments,

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they trail the hoard from Zanzibar to Uganda, and not one is eaten alive or burned alive or buried alive or anything else that is permanently unpleasant. Mr. Mundy has made no pretense of writing anything but sixty-horse-power adventure, and his book should deceive none and please many. It abounds in African conversation and has an original poem for every chapter.

"Silver and Gold" tells on its jacket just what it is—a story of love and luck in a western mining camp. Its author, Dane Coolidge, has written enough western thrillers (including "The Fighting Fool") to know how to blend his ingredients very well; but "Silver and Gold" is in no way so pretentious an undertaking as "The Man Who Discovered Himself", by Willis George Emerson, which combines with the usual breeziness of the wide West (formerly known as "wild") three romances and one central character study of a man who, through lack of health and moral stamina, takes to cobbling as a means of supporting his family. It is not surprising that he is able to support a hard-hearted and leisure-loving wife and one or two budding society daughters in elegant fashion on the proceeds of his drudgery. Not at all. Finally, however, the poor man's health breaks down—whereas before it merely crumbled—over his cobbling. Taking ten dollars of the $913.10 which he saved at the rate of a dime a day, he drags the bundle of skin and bones that is himself (ninety-one pounds) to the desert for change of air.

Four years move on and we see Marsh a changed man—weighing three or four hundred pounds and in possession of a tremendous fortune—ready to enter upon the practice of law. . . . "Within a very few weeks after his admission to legal practice he had fully established his reputation as a lawyer—indeed he had leaped into the position of one of the acknowledged leaders at the Phoenix bar." All of which goes to show what a few years can be made to accomplish in the hands of an energetic novelist. It was unfortunate for Marsh's wife that she failed to recognize the conquering hero who within a few days after his triumphal entry to the bar, was made governor of Arizona, and that she began telling him what a terrible man her husband had been. But it saved him from her toils and he is the one nearest our hearts.

Such titles as "The Taker" and "The Groper" are very fashionable this season. Their terseness gives a key to their character, which is hard and real and muggy. "The Taker" by Daniel Carson Goodman, the author of "Unclothed" and "Hagar Revelly", is, as one of the most distasteful novels of the year, being widely read. It has the flavor of old, old cheese and a certain fascination of style apart from lower considerations. Leonard Vernon, the hero, has been called the Bluebeard of modern fiction and justifiably so. His utter selfishness and discontent go hand and hand with an alarming ruthlessness where wives are concerned, and his sensual cravings and dissatisfactions are pictured in a manner to kindle the hearts of seekers after Truth.

"The Groper", a first novel by Henry G. Aikman, starts out in the good old style with the hero in early manhood groping for a business footing; and as the story proceeds, it gathers about four businesses and as many love affairs under its wing. The tale is more noteworthy as a discussion of real estate, the automobile industry,

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and the dry goods business than it is as a novel.

Slipping from under the leash of business for a time, it is refreshing to deal with such works as "Heritage" and "Sylvia and Michael". Compton Mackenzie says in his prefatory note that "Sylvia and Michael" is really Book Three of "Sylvia Scarlett", but he has made no attempt to reset or introduce that story. Those who have read the first book will not feel the hiatus, but others may experience difficulty in quick apprehension of the early situations here. The story takes Sylvia to Russia where she becomes a cabaret singer, is worked and insulted into an attack of typhus fever, and wakes from delirium to a world at war. Mr. Mackenzie produces some excellent atmosphere here and the *pension* keeper, Mère Gontran, denationalized Englishwoman, spiritualist and cat fancier, is delightfully interesting, even unique. We are especially enamored, in the author's description, of the "cats whose tails, upright with an expectation of food, could dimly be seen waving in the shadows like seaweed".

Work failing in Petrograd, Sylvia travels about Russia, runs into a bombardment and, finally, Queenie Walters, alias Concetta, whom readers of "Sylvia Scarlett" will recall as having eloped with a modern Svengali, by name Zozo. In due course, Zozo drags Queenie away to a life of sin, and Sylvia is free to pursue her way through Bulgaria and its comitadji to Nish, where she eventually meets Michael Fane and his sister, coming from Belgrade in the ruck of the Serbian disaster. Michael is sick with typhus and is left in Nish with Sylvia as his nurse. This is responsible for the dénouement on the Island of Samothrace, where, one fine day a few months later, we leave them headed for the nearest clergyman. This is a very pleasant way to have the book end, as Michael appeared to have escaped Sylvia in "Sylvia Scarlett", and that in spite of the fact that she was in love with him all the time.

The book does not, in all respects, measure up to its predecessor, as is likely to be the case with sequels, but it has several noteworthy features. People in wartime remain, we believe, as worthy matter for fiction as people in peacetime are; and Mr. Mackenzie has a remarkable ability for seeing people at any time. There is no sentimentality about these portraits. Sylvia's primary interest is always in herself and those closest to her, and there is no attempt in her case, or any other, at an emotional apperception of the fact of the war; Sylvia can soliloquize for pages about her soul and about Queenie's, their pasts and their chances of happiness and heaven. But, thank Heaven, she doesn't worry her introspective mind with the thought of thousands of souls daily passing on the battlefields, and tortured in the field of fiction. By so much, then, do we consider "Sylvia and Michael" superior to most other books of the war period. Some day there will be more writers perhaps who will recognize the fact that the average human being was far more troubled by stoppage of sugar or income during the war than he was by the daily hecatomb of men he wasn't acquainted with. And the hard-hearted readers of this book, such as ourselves, will recall with relief, if not pleasure, when the last page is read, that there is no talk of the purgation of humanity or the uplifting of the head of the world.

Sylvia is not as immoral in this book as in "Sylvia Scarlett", though she does attempt the sacrifice of her

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body to save Queenie. She is heavily philosophical, so much so that you wonder how she manages it on her comparatively meager education and under the stress of a fairly exciting life. Very few people certainly could think out so many knotty problems in metaphysics while touring Russia, Roumania, Bulgaria, and Serbia in wartime. However, if you know the art of slurring in reading, the general result of this book is extremely pleasant. There is a fine, swinging drive to the action and you meet a large number of "regular people" in its pages.

Two men tell the story of V. Sackville West's "Heritage", and jumble it up rather seriously between them. "Cumbersome and disjointed" are the words that one of them uses in referring to the story, and we are willing to allow that he is right. The tale is handled so roughly in many respects that we are convinced it must be exceptionally strong to have come out alive. But as a first novel it shows definite power and promise of more. Grace and precision of development are qualities which an author who starts with so much of the Hardy imagination and the Conrad manner, is pretty sure to acquire.

The scene of Miss West's activity is laid in the old farm of the Pennistan family in the weald of Kent, and her theme is of the conflicting strains of northern and southern blood in Ruth Pennistan and her cousin Rawdon Westmacott, the great-grandchildren of an English soldier and a Spanish dancer. One story-teller says to the other:

> I could not help feeling that fate had her hand on these people, and mocked and pushed them hither and thither in the thin disguise of heredity. You remember Francis Galton and the waltzing mice—how he took the common mouse and the waltzing mouse, and mated them, and how among their progeny there were a common mouse, a black and white mouse, and a mouse that waltzed; and how in subsequent generations the common brown mouse predominated, but every now and then there came a mouse that waltzed and waltzed, restless and tormented, until in the endless pursuit of its tail it died, dazed, blinded, perplexed, by the relentless fate that had it in grip.

Ruth and Rawdon are the dancing mice of their generation, although quite unconscious of the fact, and they are drawn together mysteriously from the beginning. Doom hovers over them and they are powerless to avert it. The sinister atmosphere is so well done that when the doom descends, it doesn't satisfy. The author's mistake was in attempting to finish the story. Her tragedy should have been left in the hovering state unless something more satisfactory in the way of a consummation could have been devised. But we like this book tremendously and have read every page with avid interest, even when things therein weren't going in the way we wanted them to. No one can read "Heritage" without thinking out some way that it could have been done differently, and after all that is one of the best things that can be said of such a story.

It is impossible to leave the book without speaking of the peculiar lack of bearing that the war has on the story. The war doesn't do a thing to the story—simply passes over the reader's head as if it had never been introduced, and that portion of the book could be carved clean out without leaving a finger-print.

There is no form of business that fits into a novel so nicely as the newspaper business. "The Passionate Pilgrim" by Samuel Merwin, and "The Street of Adventure" by Philip Gibbs, are good examples of the story with a newspaper atmosphere. It has been

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suggested that a man would feel almost as idiotic going into a bookshop and asking for "The Passionate Pilgrim" as he would going into a music store and asking for "Would God I Were the Tender Apple Blossom". We can't find any sympathy for this feeling. If authors have got to be considering how self-conscious people are going to feel when they mention their books, things have come to a hard pass. Be that as it may, "The Passionate Pilgrim" is an excellently told story of Henry Calverly, one of Samuel Merwin's favorite heroes, with whose earlier adventures as recorded in "Temperamental Henry" and "Henry Is Twenty" many readers will be familiar. The whyness of the title grows on one during the reading. Henry is tremendously earnest and honest, full of "vision", and one of the most successful reformers on record outside of the Prohibition party; but he scarcely seems passionate, and if he had a pilgrim's stick in his possession he must have kept it for Sunday wear, as he used a sword and big stick in his week-day encounters with corrupt politicians and moneyed interests.

The story is a recountal of Henry Calverly's effort to reconstruct his shattered life, and may justly be charged with melodramatic intent, which after all is not a crime provided there is a reasonable verisimilitude in the events. The captious critic might detect a touch of the fairy wand in the fact that Henry marries the daughter of a dead capitalist from whose papers and securities he obtains ammunition for blasting the corruptionists out of their almost impregnable stronghold. He couldn't have done this if he hadn't married an heiress, and not just any heiress at that. He had to marry old Cantey's daughter, Miriam. Did he do it? We'll say he did. And more than that we'll say that every honest, warm-hearted reader will be glad he did.

We rediscover Henry, at the opening of the story, stepping into a newspaper office. Hence atmosphere of ink, genius, courageous exposures, discharge, struggles, war to the knife, the Cantey marriage, enemies going down in the ruck, and Henry and his friends in the final spotlight—victorious, vindicated, the press purged, the city redeemed. Melodrama it is, but what of it? The hero is slightly reminiscent of Henry Sydnor Harrison's V. V., a cousin or half-brother perhaps. One very distinct difference, however, is well illustrated by the remark of the reporter Margie Daw, made when Henry requests that a benefaction of his be kept out of the papers.

"God love you, Henry Calverly", she cries, "you were born to page one, and you'll live and die on page one!" One wonders speculatively whether that does not constitute the essential quality of a melodramatic hero—to be born to the front page, as the scion of a royal house is born to the crown.

Philip Gibbs's ten-year-old novel, "The Street of Adventure", is published in a "new and authorized" form this time, though there was nothing particularly unauthorized about its appearance ten years ago, as we remember it. Mr. Gibbs has a ready-made audience of thousands whom he has won by his work as a correspondent, and those of this audience will not be disappointed if they approach his novel in the right spirit. It is not the novel that he would write now perhaps, but it is a reasonably good love story and a rollicking picture of London newspaper life, which is very different from New York newspaper

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life. A reporter drinking tea and roasting chestnuts in his office—"Ye Gods!", as Willie Baxter would say. A thing about as easy for a New Yorker to imagine as a reporter rocking a cradle beside the city desk!

Three books of surpassing prettiness which can be read by the mentally exhausted without fear of injury are "Joan & Co." by Frederick Orin Bartlett, "The Starling" by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins, and "Dr. Paul" by Ethel Penman Hope. Most of us feel a craving at times for the very sort of mental laxity which these books allow. "The Starling" is decidedly well written, of course. All of Mrs. Tompkins's books are. It is not so good as "The Seed of the Righteous", but it does well enough. It is the story of a girl with a cruel father and correspondingly unhappy childhood, who became a novelist, had two lovers—one understanding and the other misunderstanding—and who having made the right choice lived happily ever after, so far as we know. Somehow the author has failed to get very far below the surface, but this is sometimes a welcome relief.

"Dr. Paul" is an old-fashioned flower of a book about another girl with an undesirable father, a drunkard in this case who dies of his failing. Dr. Paul, being a physician and exhausted, pays a call of sympathy on his fiancée with the curse of drink on his lips. How Virginia spurns him, how he takes himself off to struggle with the demon rum, and how Virginia follows secretly and is able to assist in the final grappling, it is Miss Hope's task to tell, not ours. Frederick Orin Bartlett has written enough popular novels to be something of a figurehead. "Joan & Co." is one of those society novels made up largely of pictures of luxury—and how little such pictures mean! They are used lavishly in movies and produce a pleasant watering of the mouth, whether they mean anything or not. A genius whose new receipt for shoe polish has been rejected by the firm of which Joan's father is president, totters out from his attic one afternoon right in front of Joan's automobile. Follows a long convalescence and the inevitable love affair, but this time with an unexpected decision.

"Bulldog Carney", by W. A. Fraser, is a story of a most gentlemanly smuggler in the great Northwest, a story which has no plot but which is a series of incidents each practically complete in itself. Carney is typical, with steel hands, cold grey eyes, soft and gentle manner, godlike marksmanship, and a nerve like a steel lamp-post. There is a slight love element which finds expression in such womanly remarks as "O you always man! You beaut! Some man, some man!" However, there is no result from these outbursts beyond the minute.

"The Trial Stone" by John Gower and "The Man with the Lamp" by Janet Laing, are war novels, though the first is an illegitimate one. The author starts in with a well-to-do English family and draws their home life skilfully though with a certain amount of affectation, which, personally we don't object to in the least. The hero, Felix Neville, who once wept at starting off for Oxford, matures more or less and becomes tangled up in Canadian real estate, thus enabling the book to qualify as a business novel. Then with no warning whatever and less excuse, the book goes in for being a war novel and there is nothing more to be said. Mr. Gower starts out well, and then suddenly growing impatient

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with his characters, shouts like the bad-tempered duchess, "Off with their heads!", and kills them quite as effectively as if they had all died in battle.

In "The Man with the Lamp", Janet Laing has dealt with much the same problem which made Ida Wylie's "Towards Morning" the novel that it was. Martin Ascher, like Helmut Felde, is a Prussian who has not responded entirely to Prussianizing influences and who breaks down before the war is done—fails to see it through, in other words. Here the man's early life is merely indicated, which is probably wise, as Miss Wylie's treatment of German childhood was too strong a piece of work to be reattempted soon. Ascher is cast ashore in England from his U-boat, obtains an English uniform and poses as a returned soldier, but becomes involved in a love affair with an English girl, which changes the situation for the worse. Miss Laing has undertaken a gigantic subject, almost as large as the world, and she has handled it admirably though not unforgettably, as Miss Wylie did.

The last of the business novels is Joseph Gee's "Isaacs", supposedly the story by a lawyer of his client, an English Jew, who is responsible for a series of episodes dealing mostly with business of a peculiarly Hebraic type. Isaacs is a comic Yiddish Raffles of East London's shop district, and rather more human than the Potash-Perlmutter group. He is particularly interesting when he discusses the foibles of his own people. His is not a Zangwill estimate but a sublimated gutter-snipe's. He says:

> You see, we come from the East, and it's so difficult for a non-Jew to understand our ways of thought. When people see two of us 'agglin' over a deal, they think it's the meanness of the Jew. It's no such thing: it's just a war of brains, and the one who wins is pleased because 'e won; the value only counts a bit. That's why it's so dead easy to make money out of the Christians. They 'ate bargainin' and soon lose patience; we know that, and play 'em till they're tired, and we get it our way.

"The Old Madhouse", a posthumous novel of the late William De Morgan, must be classed among the foremost books of the month. The mere fact that De Morgan is the author and that it marks the practical close of his extraordinary career (there is reported to be one more posthumous novel in preparation), insures it a preeminent position. You will call "The Old Madhouse" a mystery story if you lack a sense of proportion. We are inclined to believe that it was De Morgan's intention to create a mystery story, but that his ungovernable impulse to put veritable human beings into his spacious canvas overrode his original purpose.

An uncle of Fred Cartaret, the central figure, disappears in chapter two while examining an empty house once used as an insane asylum, and he never reappears in the flesh. His ghost, an unusually solid and discursive phantom, does attempt to put a spoke in the wheel of the story's progress but without success. We have not a proper mystery in our own family, but we believe that if we had it would not exercise any stronger influence on us than did the unexplained departure of the Reverend Dr. Cartaret. Many an author in De Morgan's place would not only have used his ghost to the full, but would have taken advantage of him, and laid on his diaphanous back such irregularities as the elopement of the wife of the man who bought the madhouse, with his best friend. This spirit escapes without any burdens whatever.

There are, as always with De Morgan, a goodly number of humorous characters. The Grewbeers, caretak-

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ers at the Cedars, are deliciously funny, and the Reverend Doctor who "weighed eighteen stone and always rumbled in his chest before he spoke, like the works of a big clock before it strikes", promised so well that we were sorry to have him turn into a ghost. Humor of the chuckling sort is never lacking, and if you attempted to mark delightful passages you would need to make a full sweep of the pencil along the margin of practically every page.

Everybody has been wondering why Zangwill hasn't written a novel for twenty years, but now we know that he has been working on "Jinny the Carrier" all the time. It is not about the ghetto and not about the war, but is a story of rural England during the middle of the nineteenth century; a story of the "bland" variety, as Mr. Zangwill points out in his introduction—to be read in bed with a sore throat (but not aloud, let us add); a patient, plodding story and colored with rich old words, obsolete or unknown except to Essex and Mr. Zangwill.

And now we have gone a long journey. It is doubtful if any of the original band of readers are still with us. If there is one, let him communicate with us and we will give him our copy of "The Old Madhouse" as a reward. There isn't a better book on the shelves, if we may be permitted to judge. Bernard Shaw is against such judgments. You will remember his rejection of a $6,000 prize check sent him a few years ago by one of our weeklies:

"How do you know that mine was the best story received?" wrote Mr. Shaw. "You aren't posterity."

Silver and Gold. By Dane Coolidge. E. P. Dutton and Co.
The Ivory Trail. By Talbot Mundy. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
The Man Who Discovered Himself. By Willis George Emerson. Forbes and Co.
The Taker. By Daniel Carson Goodman. Boni and Liveright.
The Groper. By Henry G. Aikman. Boni and Liveright.
Heritage. By V. Sackville West. George H. Doran Company.
Sylvia and Michael. By Compton Mackenzie. Harper and Bros.
The Passionate Pilgrim. By Samuel Merwin. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
The Street of Adventure. By Philip Gibbs. E. P. Dutton and Co.
Joan & Co. By Frederick Orin Bartlett. Houghton Mifflin Co.
The Starling. By Juliet Wilbur Tompkins. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Dr. Paul. By Ethel Penman Hope. George H. Doran Company.
Bulldog Carney. By W. A. Fraser. George H. Doran Company.
The Trial Stone. By John Gower. London: George Allen and Unwin.
The Man With the Lamp. By Janet Laing. E. P. Dutton and Co.
Isaacs. By Joseph Gee. J. B. Lippincott Co.
The Old Madhouse. By William De Morgan. Henry Holt and Co.
Jinny the Carrier. By Israel Zangwill. The Macmillan Co.

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THE QUESTION OF THE MOMENT

BY OLIVER HERFORD

The time has come, the Walrus said
To talk of many things,
Of ships and shoes and sealing-wax
And cabbages and kings,
And why the sea is boiling hot
And whether—Sir James Barrie wrote
"The Young Visiters".

THERE is something comically desperate in the spectacle of a drowning world, agasp and spluttering and like to sink for the third time in a maelstrom of international controversy, clutching at such a trivial straw of a question as this.

For one bubbling, gurgling moment the League of Nations, Bolshevism, Strikes, even Prohibition are forgotten in the one world-absorbing query —Did Sir James Barrie write "The Young Visiters"?

And did he?

He did not!

The better to fit myself for the task of settling forever this vexed question, I have taken the trouble to acquaint myself with some of Sir James's more serious works.

I have also, to qualify for the unaccustomed position of appellate judge, divested myself of any lingering perception of the humorous that might embarrass my efforts to arrive at a serious decision.

Thus disencumbered, I forbear to crack a smile, much less a guffaw, with Sir J. Barrie at his flippant Preface to Miss Daisy Ashford's novel—rather might it be called a rehash than a preface, if a hash could be imagined to precede its material cause.

If I were a sentimologist and had to invent a Latin name for the elusive Jamie (caught in my butterfly-net), I should probably label him *Whimsycus Paradoxicus Scoticus*, for he is one of that rarest of all created things, a Scotch humorist.

I have a very bad memory for Scotchmen, but I think it is safe to say that no Caledonian, chiel or chieftain, has ever produced the equal, for whimsical humor, of Barrie's "My Lady Nicotine",—it is to be doubted if even Sir Jamie himself has surpassed it in his later writing.

But Miss Ashford's novel is a serious work and patronizing jocosity is sadly out of place in the preface to a serious work. It is worse than that, it is misleading, and for that reason I recommend those who have not yet read "The Young Visiters" to read the Preface later, or better still not at all.

And yet in spite of the Preface, there are multitudes of otherwise sane people who profess to believe that Sir James Barrie, if not actually the author of "The Young Visiters", had at least a finger in its concoction.

Literary Sherlock Holmeses on both sides of the Atlantic are busy with microscopes, searching for a Barrie-finger-print in the Daisy Ashford pie.

It is in the under pie-crust of satire that the sleuth of letters is most hopeful of detecting the imprint of the Barriean digit, and here indeed are marks which almost justify him in hissing (under his breath of course) "Ha! Just as I thought!"—or whatever it is that Sherlock Holmeses hiss under their breath at such a juncture.

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Let me read you part of the chapter in which Miss Ashford depicts the first meeting of Mr. Salteena and the Earl of Clincham:

Mr. Salteena seated himself gingerly on the edge of a crested chair. To tell the truth my Lord I am not anyone of import and I am not a gentleman as they say he ended getting very red and hot.

Have some whiskey said lord Clincham and he poured the liquid into a glass at his elbow. Mr. Salteena lapped it up thankfully.

Well my man said the good natured earl what I say is what dose it matter we cant all be of the Blood royal can we.

No said Mr. Salteena but I suppose you are.

Lord Clincham waved a careless hand. A small portion flows in my veins he said but it dose not worry me at all and after all he added piously at the Day of Judgement what will be the odds.

Mr. Salteena heaved a sigh. I was thinking of this world he said.

This harping on the subtilties of class has a distinctly Barriean flavor; and the good-natured, not to say tactful evasiveness of the Earl of Clincham recalls that of another nobleman in Barrie's "Little Mary" who, when the small girl asks him whether (like a thoroughbred dog) he has a black inside to his mouth, tells her that he cannot betray the secrets of his class.

A little further on, after reading the letter of introduction, in which he is asked to "rub him (Mr. Salteena) up a bit in Societry ways"—

The Earl gave a slight cough and gazed at Mr. Salteena thoughtfully.

Have you much money he asked and are you prepared to spend a good deal. . . . I can and will proclaimed Mr. Salteena and he placed a £10 note on the desk. His Lordship slipped it in his trouser pocket. It will be £42 before I have done with you he said but you can pay me here and there as convenient.

A most ungentle slap at the holy order of nobility, and one that in its satiric humor smacks audibly of Barrie, but with that smack the likeness ends.

There is a joyous virility and unflinching *vraisemblance* about Miss Ashford's handling of the situation that might arouse the envy of a Joseph Conrad.

Barrie, on the other hand, would have made the same situation so delightfully unreal that we should be forced to forgive him for making the Earl of Clincham a butler in disguise, and coiling up a thin girl in one of the drawers of the Earl's desk.

And how, you ask, if Sir James Barrie had no hand in the writing of "The Young Visiters", do I account for the resemblances I have noted?

That is an embarrassing question and for reply I must paraphrase the Barriean nobleman and refuse to betray the secrets of my profession.

We are not told how long good Sir Jamie had the Ashford manuscript in his possession—and even if it had been in his hands for years and years and years (which would be no time at all to a theatrical manager), it does not follow that—but I refuse to be drawn any further, the discussion is closed. Still one cannot but remark on Miss Ashford's eccentric use of the verb *oozed*, page 87: "Ethel oozed forth into the streets". Barrie (my memory tells me) has made the same curious use of the verb *ooze*.

Where did he get it?

And now as to the age of the authoress, nine years does not seem to me to be so very young. Sappho wrote some of her most sophisticated lyrics when she was barely ten; and when I recall the pearls of wisdom that (vouched for by truthful parents) have fallen from the lips of babes two and three years old, I can believe anything, always assuming that the gifted cherubs have not lied about their ages.

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There are grown up authors today, writing magazine stories—books, too, for that matter, with real cloth covers and Joseph-colored jackets on them—who I am quite sure must have written their best works when they were nine years old. Would that they had taken Daisy Ashford for their shining example and rested—(and let us rest) on their infant laurels!

One inspired child I know who chose, many years ago, that better part which is called Discretion. All I remember of the novel is the first sentence which ran as follows—

Charley Peabody's mother died before he was born and ever since his father had been delicate.

If the novel is ever published I shall write a Preface to it and then perhaps people will think I wrote the novel too.

* * * *

No, Sir James Barrie did not write "The Young Visiters". If he had it would certainly contain a cipher telling, or rather concealing his views on Woman, Politics, Prohibition, Haggis, and the League of Nations, and I have searched in vain for such a cipher—there is no cipher.

Nevertheless, the portrait of the author on the front page does look astonishingly like what Sir James must have been at the age of nine!

And why does it say "Author" in the corner, instead of (as printed in the Preface) "Authoress"?

I give it up!

IF I HAD LOVED YOU MORE

BY BRIGID MURRAY

IF I had loved you more God would have had pity,
He would never have left me here in this desolate place;
Left me to go on my knees to the door of Heaven
Crying in vain for a little sight of your face.

How could I know that the earth would be dark without you?
For you were always the lover and I the friend,
Now if there were any hope that I might find you
I would go seeking you to the world's end.

"God is a jealous God! You have loved too wildly,
You have loved too well", one said.
I bowed my head. But my heart in scorn was crying
That you whom I had not loved enough are dead.

I look on my heart and see it is hard and narrow,
That its loves are slight and last but a little space.
But why do I go on my knees to the door of Heaven
Crying in vain for a little sight of your face?

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A BOOK-SHELF FOR THE MONTH

A CRITICAL BEST SELLER

By Helen Bullis Kizer

AN English critic, Edward Thomas, has said that "a review giving an account of verse is an object not too easy for any proud or accomplished man; nor need any heroic degree of impersonality be sought after". This neatly fits Mr. Untermeyer's recently published volume of comment upon current American poetry. The book gives an intelligible and interesting review of the rise—and in one or two cases, the fall—of practically every poet who has had any considerable vogue among us within the past decade. There are a few omissions, to be sure. Not one of the Irish-American group is mentioned,—Mr. Untermeyer would doubtless answer, and perhaps justly, that no hyphenates need apply. Benjamin De Casseres is not in the index, expurgatorius or other,—does Mr. Untermeyer regard him as a French *décadant?* But it is harder to see why Dana Burnet and William Aspinwall Bradley, strictly American singers on strictly American themes, are not even mentioned among "those present", or why Joyce Kilmer should be dismissed in three words, while John Hall Wheelock receives sixteen pages. Or rather, it would be hard to see why, if Mr. Thomas—to return to him for a moment—had not given us the clue.

"The worst of it is", he says, "that the critic is usually looking out for what is good or bad, along *certain lines.*" These "certain lines" pervade "The New Era in American Poetry"—not consciously on the part of the author, it may be said, but plain to the point of obtrusion to the reader. Mr. Untermeyer will naturally resent the implication that his private social or political opinions at all influence his views upon art,—he has in fact categorically denied that he favors poetry with a "message". Perhaps so—yet he has written a book of 359 pages whose constant burden is that "art has again been invaded by a social force", that the "art of the people is growing faster and deeper than genteel art"; and he would be more than human if he did not stretch the poets he discusses upon the Procrustean bed of his theory.

The heart of this theory is that the American poet has recently been "set free".

> And what has he been set free for? Well, for one thing, to look at the world he lives in; to study and synthesize the startling fusion of races and ideas, the limitless miracle of science and its limitless curiosity, the growth of liberal thought, the groping and stumbling toward a genuine social democracy—the whole welter and struggle and beauty of the modern world.

Leaving out of account the very doubtful benefit to poetry of this emancipation, in which beauty follows meekly, like an anachronistic horse in the dust of a noble procession of social and scientific motor cars, it is easy to see why Mr. Untermeyer lays such particular stress upon certain of his New Era poets. We have no quarrel with him upon Arturo Giovannitti, for Giovannitti is a poet in whom beauty soars above propaganda like a mating bird. But in the chapter devoted to Charles Erskine Scott Wood,

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we cannot help feeling that Mr. Wood's passionate reaction to the "welter" has blinded Mr. Untermeyer to the intrinsic absurdity of such passages as,—

I will not sing the ecstasy of the mother's birth-pang
Till Birth be free as Death . . .
Shall I stand with young lovers in the enfolding darkness,
Or listen to the songs of lovers who beget new slaves?
I know that the wings of their love are broken.
I know that their love is defiled by priests.

It has also blinded him to the fact that this is not New Era poetry—it is "Revolt of Islam" and "Queen Mab" poetry.

Yet, though it is true that Mr. Untermeyer can see no sense in Wordsworth's complaint, "The world is too much with us"—how, we hear him inquire, can it be too much with us?—, we must remember the dictum with which we started out: that in a poetry review no heroic degree of impersonality need be sought after. Indeed, Mr. Untermeyer's refusal to accept alms from the hand of yesterday has, along with the limitations it imposes, its noble side—fearlessness, a flair for originality, enthusiasm for ideals whose realization lies beyond the horizon. And although he finds it hard to believe that his New Era poets strike roots into any deeper soil of America than the stratum marked Walt Whitman, the very fact seems to increase his pride and joy in them—a pride and joy which he succeeds, so sincere it is, in passing on in no small measure to the reader.

The chapters on Robert Frost, Vachel Lindsay, and Edgar Lee Masters are perhaps the best in the book, though selection is difficult. Mr. Untermeyer employs a too varied and lethal arsenal, possibly, upon Mr. Masters's later work, — we have counted tanks, machine guns, fireballs, and poison gas. (Not that any of them is unsuitable to the purpose, but fewer would have done the job.) The praise of Robert Frost is generous and discriminating, as is also that of Carl Sandburg and Edwin Arlington Robinson.

It is unfortunate that in the essay on Amy Lowell, Mr. Untermeyer finds no room for the word *beauty*. He emphasizes her variety, her originality, "the pugnacity and the power of the sharply-cut line", but nowhere does he say that Miss Lowell seeks passionately after beauty and frequently, if not constantly, achieves it. It is unfair omission, but a natural one to a critic "looking out for what is good or bad, along certain lines". These "certain lines" compel Mr. Untermeyer to praise Miss Lowell for the qualities which fit best with his theory of the New Era, rather than with the qualities which link her with Keats. They even compel him to dissociate her from herself. Her poetry of the last five years impresses him as a sudden and surprising thing —a sort of Minerva sprung full-armed from the head of the New Americanism. He cannot see the slightest connection between the author of "A Dome of Many-Colored Glass" and the author of "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed". The "limitless curiosity" of science which Mr. Untermeyer hails as first aid to the poet of the New Era should come to his assistance here.

Whether the reason lie in the fact that poetry has been "invaded" by a "social force", or that America, after a long plunge into materialism, has simply come up to breathe the spiritual air without which no people can permanently live, it is true that current poetry is more widely read today

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than ever before in this country. "Spoon River", for instance, wellnigh attained the vogue of a Chambers novel. And so it is a natural sequence that among the brahminical and expository utterances to which we are accustomed in the way of criticism, there should also come to pass volumes like "The New Era in American Poetry"—books not attempting "any heroic degree of impersonality", but interesting, informing, and popular; books which will provoke discussion where two or three intelligent people are gathered together. In writing what may in no unkind sense be described as a critical best seller, Mr. Untermeyer has performed a distinct service to the cause of poetry.

The New Era in American Poetry. By Louis Untermeyer. Henry Holt and Co.

A RICH SPOIL OF PORTRAITS AND GOSSIP

By John Bunker

WHO was it invented the book of literary and social gossip? Whoever he was he must have been a pleasant fellow, and since his day he has had many an entertaining successor; but then also he has much to answer for in the way of trivial memoirists and chroniclers of the illustrious obscure. Happily for the reader there will be no question as to the category of Miss Katharine Tynan's latest book, "The Years of the Shadow"—especially for those readers familiar with her "Twenty-five Years" and "The Middle Years". For here, as in her previous volumes of reminiscence, we have the record of an alert and sympathetic mind moving among highly interesting people, and by no means reluctant to give forth her impression of them.

Miss Tynan (or Mrs. Hinkson, as she is in private life) has to her name, as everyone knows, a lengthy row of books—poetry, romance, novels, biography, what not; in fact she is one of the most prolific and industrious of modern writers; but if she had never written a line we should still think she deserved rank as a remarkable person by the mere number and variety of her acquaintances. Indeed, to give a list of these would be to run through most of the distinguished names in the literary, social, and political circles of Great Britain for the last thirty years; and her intimate friendships would include people so diverse as Mrs. Meynell and Sir Horace Plunkett, A. E. and Lionel Johnson, Susan Mitchell and Father Russell, and Dunsany and Yeats. Nor would the list be confined to the great and famous, since her interest seems equally called forth by Paddy, the porter; and Jimmy, the peasant; and by the cook and the maid who followed her, as she says, "into exile" in the west of Ireland, and to whom she went down in the kitchen every night to read for an hour or two.

In other words, Mrs. Hinkson is that rare sort of person of whom we hear much and see little, a practical democrat, to whom people are interesting simply as such, in the mere human fact of them. Hence there is more than common weight in her remarks on the observation of an English officer, her guest, to the effect that "the Irish need a Catholic aristocracy".

There he was wrong. The Irish aristocracy counts for little to the Irish people because in the main it is alien to them: perhaps because like the French, only latent in the Irish, they have a capacity for genuine democracy. That is to say they would acclaim the aristocracy of beauty, brains, manners; the accident of birth which gives the descendant of filibustering soldiers a coronet makes little genuine appeal to them.

With the extensive material the au-

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thor had at her disposal it is perhaps needless to say that the present book has its rich spoil of portraits and character studies. First of all, of course, we have her impression of writing-folk—of A. E., "the big gentle man, with the mild, wise, contemplative eyes and silky beard," who had taken the place of the slim boy I used to know"; of James Stephens, "a most simple, humble, gentle genius, though perfectly ready to roar down an opponent in a discussion". Of Francis Ledwidge she says: "His face, as I remember it, had no likeness to the niminy-piminy Bunthorne portrait of him which appeared in the papers after his death. I carried away an impression of a newly washed, red-and-white wholesomeness. One felt he ought to have been very fair if the sun had not ruddied and goldened him." And of Ledwidge's discoverer, Lord Dunsany, there is this: "A big, boyish man" ("six-foot-four of height", we are elsewhere informed), "who gives one the impression of always having had his own way; but though he seemed overbearing in argument at first, and reduced my opposition, such as it was, to pulp, he was really very simple and in a sense gentle."

An amusing story is told of how the spell was broken at one of W. B. Yeats's spiritual séances by the sound of a tea-bell.

> I can answer for it that the poet was a particular lover of his tea. He had just been inculcating on the circle that the spirits required to be treated with a fine courtesy. At the sound of the bell he raised his hand to his forehead and pushed back a lock of hair, in a familiar gesture, left the spirits unceremoniously and fled to his tea.

Mrs. Hinkson tells many diverting stories, too, of the body of the people —of the gentry, the priests, and the peasants. A friend of hers,—

> . . . arrived one day at a railroad station, depending on the train being late, and found it gone. "Surely the train wasn't up to time?" he said to the porter. "She was, thin", said the porter. "She's the punctualest train in Ireland, and—a great inconvaniance tc the travellin' public."

One of her clerical stories is as follows:

> Pius X, receiving Abbot Gasquet, whom he afterwards made a cardinal, said to him:
> "I understand, Father Abbot, that you nearly became Archbishop of Westminster."
> "Yes, Holy Father; but the Holy Ghost thought otherwise."
> "Oh no, my son, *not* the Holy Ghost—Propaganda."

And then there is the retort of another cleric who, when asked to explain why a Catholic priest changed his religion, replied: "It is always one of two reasons, my dear sir—Punch or Judy".

But, as the title indicates, there are other things in these pages besides story-telling and such-like pleasantries. Mrs. Hinkson takes up the present account where "The Middle Years" left it—with her return to Ireland in 1912 after an absence of a score of years in England. She notes the inevitable changes among her countrymen, resumes old friendships and makes new ones, and is busily adjusting herself to the new environment, when into this pleasant life comes crashing the war. Thereafter we are given in intimate little touches just what the war meant to Europeans on its personal side—the constant stream of departures, the grief, the weariness, the crushing anxiety of dark days. But in Ireland the war was the war with a difference, and the author makes poignantly clear what that difference was in a land where politics is a madness and a despair—or a sublime heroism.

Mrs. Hinkson in this, as in her previous books of reminiscence, has had an advantage that does not commonly fall to writers—namely, a frequent

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change of residence; and though she bewails some of these removals, the reader at least is the gainer by them. Altogether "The Years of the Shadow" is a worthy successor to "Twenty-five Years" and "The Middle Years", a book of fine friendships and enduring loyalties—frank, pleasant, witty, amusing, gossipy; and if sad at times, sad only with the inescapable sadness of the period with which it deals.

The Years of the Shadow. By Katharine Tynan. Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE BORN PREACHERS

By Martha Plaisted

Women are born liars.
Women are born preachers and always work for an ideal.

THE apparent contradictoriness of these two axioms, as applied to the field of fiction, is reduced by R. Brimley Johnson to a mere matter of chronology; and, in his "The Women Novelists", he optimistically shows that "the Truth" which dawns with Fanny Burney, dissipates the dank mists of unreality hung by Mrs. Radcliffe's ilk, and, gradually brightening through her successors, actually "makes us free" in the noonday glare of George Eliot's luminous reason.

To the unmethodical mind it is always somewhat repellent to have facts pigeonholed and ideas contorted into the limits of a definition. In a book of criticism, such as this of Mr. Johnson's, it is, of course, necessary to proceed with order, and obviously there can be no objection to his choice of Frances Burney, Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, and George Eliot as the eighteenth-century "Big Four"; but I confess that I was indignant when I found that the author, in his effort to make a neat *crescendo* of his theme—the realism of women in developing the domestic novel—had despatched Emily Brontë, beloved by all readers, in two words as imaginative and emotional, while devoting numberless pages to the tedious prolificness of Mrs. Oliphant and Charlotte Yonge, and various other in-betweens. Also it was irritating to hear Charlotte Brontë always apologized for as lacking in humor and knowledge of the world. Mr. Johnson is distressed at the conventionality, the ferocious maleness of her heroes. He complains of the ugliness of Jane Eyre and Lucy Snow; of the rudeness of Lord Rochester and M. Paul—pointing out that real heroes are not rude at all and that Miss Brontë shows deplorable lack of observation in portraying such ungallantry. He is shocked at the abasement with which she always eventually prostrates herself to the mastery of man, offering him her quivering heart to trample in the dust.

These defects are glaring enough, no doubt, even to the most superficial reader, but it seems a pity that the necessity of conforming to a theme should, by implication, brand Charlotte as a dowdy and callow sentimentalist. I am afraid that she would never have found her way into the society of the "Big Four" at all if her critic had not been able finally to persuade himself that her pioneer work in analyzing the mysteries of a woman's passion—the adventures of a woman's soul—was a form of realism.

But there are things, after all, to be said for the paradigm method. If it does injustice to the Brontës, it enhances the distinction of Jane Austen. She fits perfectly, without any lopping or padding, into the niche of realism which Mr. Johnson has accorded her. I do not know whether or not the author meant to call her the greatest of

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the Four. According to the convention of proper chronological development, the palm should be awarded to George Eliot, and I think it was here that he meant to bestow it. Nevertheless it is the genius of Jane Austen that remains with us when we have finished the book. Mr. Johnson delights in the friendly mischief of her wit, in her "almost masculine" lack of sentimentality. Fanny Burney, he points out, in all her novels depicted seriously the type of "sensibility" which the eighteenth century so much admired. It was for Jane Austen to do this type from the other angle, to portray with unmalicious fun the ludicrousness of this fainting, weeping, clinging female. "Northanger Abbey", he says, is a parody of "Evelina" even more than a satire on "The Mysteries of Udolpho". He exults in the untutored cleverness of her workmanship and in the sanity and kindliness of her portraits.

The fact is that almost every sentence of Miss Austen's is pointed with humour; the finished phrasing of her narrative and description is unrivalled in wit. There is no strain or distortion, no laboured antithesis or uncouth dialect; merely the light touch, the unerring instinct for the happy phrase. At times we can detect indignation behind the laughter; her scorn is often most biting; she indulges in cynicism. But in the main her object is plainly derisive: the sheer joy of merriment, the consolation of meeting folly with a gay heart. And analysis will prove that in her opinion hypocrisy and pose are the sins unforgiveable, the only legitimate occasion of joy to the jester. Her "figures of fun" are never wholly despicable.

On the whole, the book, though full of interesting sidelights, offers nothing very new or stimulating to the student of the novel. On Fanny Burney the author looks, as most of us do, with amused condescension, admiring the originality of her effort and ridiculing her gushing femininity. Charlotte Brontë he praises with faint damns. With George Eliot he dutifully makes his climax, and uninspiringly he awards to her her meed of glory.

It was her personal experience and character which enabled George Eliot to combine the "manners" comedy of Fanny Burney and Jane Eyre with Miss Brontë's moral campaign; to weld the message of woman into modernity.

But about Jane Austen he has intuitions. Not only has he collected for quotation the most pertinent and spicy bits from her writings on the subject of her own art and that of other women of her craft, but he shows real imaginative insight in the analysis of that aloof and attractive personality, so little revealed in her six inimitable books—about whom all biographies and contemporary letters are so inadequate and unsatisfactory.

The Women Novelists. By R. Brimley Johnson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

AN OPPORTUNE BOOK

By Maurice Francis Egan

IN giving us this volume Dr. James Brown Scott and his publishers have evidently intended to help us to read it easily—and have succeeded in their intention. A volume of this kind is as a rule supposed to lose something of its dignity if any concession is made to the weakness of the flesh of the jaded reader who likes comfortably wide margins, clear print, and the other additions that make improving reading possible without tears. The arrangement of the contents by the author is so admirably clear as to be almost perfect, and there can be no question as to the opportuneness of these "Notes".

Doctor Scott has put students of international law under many obligations. He has established his reputation for such effective synthesis that the lay reader never finds himself cut

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off from the past, but on the contrary is forced to consider the past in relation to the present. Says the author:

> For years past the writer of this little book has been of the opinion that the Federal Convention of the States which formed the Constitution of the United States was in fact as well as in form an international conference. For this reason he is firmly convinced that the proceedings of the Convention are therefore of interest in this day of international conferences, as showing the steps by which the thirteen States of the western world, claiming to be sovereign, free and independent, were able to form the one large, successful and enduring union of States to be found in the annals of history.

Doctor Scott suggests that if the Society of Nations—or the League of Nations—care to form a greater union in which each state will recognize its interdependence on other states as well as their independence, the "Notes" made by James Madison in the Federal Convention of 1787 would be for us a valuable study. The Federal Convention—now called the Constitutional Convention, since the result of its labors was the formation of our Constitution—lasted in the City of Philadelphia from May 25, 1787, to September 17 in the same year. It was a conference of representatives of twelve of the thirteen sovereign states of America, who had well defined delegated powers from these independent states. Up to this time the union of the twelve states had been loose under the Articles of Confederation drafted, during our Revolution, in the Continental Congress, and ratified by the legislatures of these states. The final ratification by the last of the thirteen had occurred on March 1, 1781.

These delegates, meeting in Carpenter's Hall, the seat of a much respected guild in Philadelphia, had before them a *tabula rasa*. Apparently they had no lessons in the art of construction to learn from the old world. All the republics known to history had been founded on a conception of life and a philosophy of life abhorrent to these patriots, who had fought and sacrificed to be rid of the oligarchic tendencies which had destroyed not only the republic of Rome, but the splendid republics of Italy. They were determined to leave no loophole for such crimes as forced Savonarola to refuse absolution to the dying Lorenzo de Medici; but they had to avoid difficulties of their own making,—they were forced, in spite of their burning love for freedom, in spite of their ardent desire for the utmost liberty, to consider and to study carefully methods of compromise. The venerable Doctor Franklin said, with the calmness of a philosopher, "We had many interests to reconcile". The Commonwealth of Rhode Island and Providence Plantation had not sent a delegate, but even these small beginnings of future states had susceptibilities which must be considered. How difficult the task of reconciling local differences might be, was shown by the precedent at the signing of the Constitution, when Mason and Randolph of Virginia and Gerry of Massachusetts declined to add their names to that memorable document.

Doctor Scott tells us that, as the meeting at Carpenter's Hall was an "international conference", it would naturally be opened by the president of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Benjamin Franklin. But, although Longfellow tells us that all the air of Philadelphia "is balm and the peach is the emblem of beauty", Doctor Franklin was unable to leave his house because of the state of the weather and of his health. All who know the winter conditions brought about in the City of Brotherly Love by the winter winds, which seem to blow at once

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from both the Schuylkill and the Delaware, can understand the hesitation of the venerated statesman. It was reserved for the elder Robert Morris to make the motion which placed General Washington in the chair. This motion was seconded by John Rutledge of South Carolina.

Measures were taken so that no committee meeting should be held while the convention was in progress. Nothing was to be spoken of outside or printed in any way without the leave of the conference. Nominations were to be made and decided by ballot, and resolutions or projects were to be adopted by a majority instead of a unanimous vote. As this, Doctor Scott says, is the only international conference whose labors have not been scattered to the winds or nullified, its example in arranging methods might well be followed by the international conferences of the future.

To make the union of the states effective, methods of revenue must be found for carrying on the general government; laws to regulate navigation and commerce; means of dealing, within the limits of the society, with legal processes which involved men subject not only to the states but to the central government: in a word, the federal government must have sufficient power not to coerce but to appeal to the powers delegated to it, and at the same time it must scrupulously guard against infringing on the sovereignty of the states. If this were not done, war would abrogate the agreement. A most delicate question for the embryo states was the renunciation of certain powers to the federal government, which might be construed by the sensitive as showing a tendency toward undue centralization. There was yet a more difficult question,—the struggle already begun in Congress between the great and the little states, each claiming perfect equality; and, then, there was that great local question of slavery.

On May 31 the delegates cut a Gordian knot by resolving "that a national government ought to be established, consisting of a supreme legislative, executive and judiciary". Subsequently, the word *national* was struck out of the phrase *national government*, and the words *a government of the United States* substituted. This was an audacious move, since the delegates had been instructed to revise, not to supplant, the former Articles of Confederation; but according to the president of the conference, George Washington, it was not a question of pleasing the people, but of doing the work which the conference could afterward defend adequately. It was a most difficult task; it seemed as hard to this assembly—made up of the "demigods" of their day—as the League of Nations is to those great personages who have had it under consideration; but most of the members of this conference knew that habit must be considered when it is a question of progress.

The two questions which deeply concerned the international conference in France the other day required the most anxious consideration from this international conference in Philadelphia. These were the giving up of certain attributes of sovereignty and the reconciling of the claims of the small states with those of the large. Mr. Madison, the careful and indefatigable reporter of the proceedings of the conference, believed in the beginning that the small states had no right whatever, under the new Constitution, to the equality which they insisted on enjoying. The Virginians "apparently possessed the hope that intimate as-

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sociation with the delegates of the larger states would impress the other delegates with their superior wisdom and reasonableness!" It soon became evident that the small states were not so impressed and, though they were willing to yield something for the general good, they would yield nothing for the advantage of a group. They insisted on an equality of representation; but here was Virginia "which was sixteen times as large as Delaware with an equal vote only!"

The conference felt that the eyes of the world were on it, and that the future fate of the states was hanging in the balance. Some compromise must be found; and the collective wisdom of the conference found a way out. There were to be two Houses of Congress, the upper and the lower. The small states accepted representation in the lower house according to their population, with the understanding that the states should each be represented in the Senate by two members. The interest of the smaller states was further guarded by the proviso that any bill, to become a law, must pass both houses; and Gouverneur Morris moved "that no state without its consent shall be deprived of equal suffrage in the Senate". Thus the murmuring of the small states, jealous of yielding any of their sovereign rights, was made to cease.

But an even more important question, fraught with terrible dangers for the future, had to be taken up. James Madison and George Mason and George Washington and Thomas Jefferson were strongly against the extension of the slave trade, or the continuation of slavery after a certain period. The members of the conference from North and South Carolina and Georgia opposed the liberal views of the Virginians. The northern states, even at this period, were against slavery, but not violently so. Hitherto it had been understood that the slave trade was to be allowed until the year 1808; the three southern states would have no gainsaying their wish to gather as many slaves as possible within their borders before the year 1808—and they carried their point. The eastern states were determined that Congress should, by a majority of votes, pass laws affecting navigation and commerce; the southern farming states were equally determined to have a majority of two-thirds in determining treaties and regulations of navigation and commerce. To secure a majority vote in Congress influencing their business interests, the northern and middle states agreed that the slave trade might go on for twenty years.

The representatives of the eastern states declared that their only motive in joining the Union was a commercial one; on August 22 the president of the Continental Congress, Mr. Gorham of Massachusetts, frankly announced that they did not need the aid of the southern states, for they could protect themselves from foreign interference,—to which General Pinckney of South Carolina replied firmly: "South Carolina and Georgia cannot do without slaves! The more slaves, the more produce to employ the carrying trade; the more consumption also, and the more of this, the more of revenue for the common treasury." Although Mr. Gorham voted for the pro-slavery measure, he said personally: "Twenty years will produce all the mischief that can be apprehended from the liberty to import slaves." New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and the three southern states voted in favor of this shocking compromise; New York was not repre-

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sented. New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Virginia voted against it. This has not always been remembered to the credit of Virginia.

In approving officially of this merely commercial arrangement, Mr. Gorham did not pretend that he was an idealist, or that there were any idealists in the good state of Massachusetts. The people of the United States had not yet learned, through terrible tribulation, that unselfishness in the present is the best guarantee of peace for the future. The seeds of the Civil War were dropped by the men who, on the ground of commercial expediency, permitted the iniquitous slave trade to become a blot on the first nation of the earth that had really put into practice the doctrines of civil liberty. Each separate "nation", or sovereign state, surrendered something in order to form that Union, whose principles and methods may form a precedent for the making of a League of Nations.

Those, however, who would imitate the international conference of Philadelphia in 1787 must remember that the one great deviation from moral principles—the principles of Washington and Jefferson—later drenched the United States in that precious blood, sacrificed to wipe out a crime of compromise. It is hard to estimate the great value of Doctor Scott's "Notes" at this moment. They deserve immediate reading and consideration. It was a fortunate inspiration that induced the author to interpret these "Notes" at this particular time.

James Madison's Notes of Debates in the Federal Convention of 1787 and Their Relation to a More Perfect Society of Nations. By James Brown Scott, technical delegate of the United States to the Second Hague Peace Conference; member of the Institute of International Law; President of the American Institute of International Law. Oxford University Press.

BISHOP (DON) MARQUIS

By Christopher Morley

DON MARQUIS has had to contend with a handicap which afflicts writers in this country more commonly than is generally realized—the handicap of overpraise by his inmates. But those who persistently link his name with that of Mark Twain are in many respects on the right track. There is a quality in Don Marquis's nimble satire and roving chaff that is essentially Clemensian—a quality that is hard to define, but which one recognizes at once as distinctly native. It has a shrewdly American savor—sagacious, informal, nonchalantly uttered with an agreeable slackness of language; crisp, ironic, and absurd. In its highest reaches it has that particular virtue that makes the reader watch a little uneasily over the shoulder of the friend to whom he has given it to read. One is a little afraid that no one but one's self will completely and utterly appreciate the genial twist of the thought. Don has not taken over the genius of Mark Twain; but he may be said to have an equity in it.

Like all men who are subject to continual interruption—and it is doubtful if any other man has done such good work under continual invasion—Marquis has cultivated an admirable genius of concentration. When he focuses on one of his whimsical ideas he brings it to our vision as does a field-glass lens—with prismatic fringes round its edges. He leads us gravely toward some startling absurdity, which has all the superb value of a recognized absurdity: it lends keener enchantment to the truth. No man who has not smiled at the giraffe can appreciate the perfect beauty of the horse. A saunter among these

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"Prefaces" is as mentally refreshing as an afternoon at the zoo. This parallel is not so wild as you might think, for our author has taken pains to warn us that in his hands a Moral Purpose is apt to turn into a Moral Porpoise.

But there is a moral purpose in "Prefaces". Don Marquis (if I may be candid) is my own conception of an ideal bishop. As a humorist he is a stunning preacher; and as a preacher, a magnificent wag. His "Preface to the Works of Billy Sunday", and the "Preface to a Check Book", are as stout and stinging sermons as have been preached in many a cathedral.

As the author says in one of these "Prefaces", patrons will always confer a favor by reporting any inattention on the part of the audience. There should be no inattention on the part of the audience that cares for genuine humor and nipping satire whenever Don rises to publish a book. His own method of fishing, he admits (in the "Preface to a Book of Fish-hooks"), is to put all the exertion up to the fish. His book is the right kind of book: it puts some of the exertion up to the reader. There are many of his apparently artless ejaculations that will eddy gently down to a permanent resting-place among the bottom pebbles of the mind. Parents of young children will find themselves remembering the baby of whom he says, "No child would cry like that unless his parents deliberately tortured him throughout the night".

The most pleasantly unique feature of this book of drolleries is that it is so happily blended of gravity and mirth. No one but Don Marquis could have devised such an enchanting list of imaginary works to write prefaces for. And no one knows, in beginning each skit, whether it will prove to be gay or solemn. Probably the author himself didn't know, and it depended on the number of times he was interrupted while writing. (I emphasize this matter of interruptions, for I happen to know something of the conditions under which newspaper "colyums" are written.) It is delightful to watch the sleight-of-mind of his rapidly touring intelligence. When Don steps on his accelerator, a lot of the Grub Street traffic drops behind. And as long as his wise and witty hand is dipping ink, many of us will find, in reading him, what he has cheerfully dubbed The Almost Perfect State.

Prefaces. By Don Marquis. D. Appleton and Co.

CECIL CHESTERTON'S "HISTORY"

By Thomas Walsh

AT last we have a "History of the United States"—sparkling, informed, and interesting in its sincere and charming individuality. We have had enough, and plenty, of detailed, dry-as-dust historical efforts that have pretended to be fair and scholarly but have, one and all, revealed more or less of the preconceptions of their authors. For let it be said at once and for all, that there is no such thing as a purely scientific and impartial history, any more than there is in existence any purely scientific criticism. What you and I like we approve of, even if our own pretentiousness or perversity may cause us to consider our judgments unbiased.

It seems strange, therefore, that a literary editor (as some have done) should consign an individualist work like Mr. Chesterton's into the hands of a reviewer, a professor of history whose eye has been on the lookout for

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misstatements of fact and faults in detail, rather than fixed upon the gallantry of the performance, the freshness of spirit, and the challenge to prejudices displayed in the work.

For a fact, Cecil Chesterton did not write his history for the use of professors and their classrooms. He was filled with a great glow of enthusiasm for our people and desired that his own countrymen, his own kind of Englishman—and there are, we are glad to say, many of them,—should see our institutions in the light under which his visit here and his studies had revealed them. Even in the crush of the war, even at the front, or in the hospitals at the rear, up to the last days of his life, he labored under great difficulties in producing this work—foreseeing, prophetically it would seem, the need of the American and English people to know each other more intimately, now in the crisis of our treaty affair, in face of the question of the Monroe Doctrine and the Irish claims for independence, with which we are confronted. He says in his preface:

> If I am asked why I think it desirable at this moment to attempt, however inadequately, a history of our latest Ally, I answer that at this moment the whole future of our civilization may depend upon a thoroughly good understanding between those nations which are now joined in battle for its defense and that ignorance of each other's history is perhaps the greatest menace to such an understanding.

It is perfectly true that in Mr. Chesterton's work there are many misstatements and misinterpretations, in spite of an unusual clarity of vision and extraordinary capacity for demonstration. It would indeed have been well if there had been added to the volume certain annotations, without disturbing the flow of the narrative in any way. If Mr. Chesterton were living today he would certainly not object to such a treatment of his work; in fact he seems to foresee such an eventuality when he writes:

> I believe that with all my limitations I can tell my fellow countrymen things about the history of America which they do not know. It would be absurd effrontery to pretend that I can tell Americans what they do not know. For them, whatever interest this book may possess must depend upon the value of a foreigner's interpretation of the facts.

When all is said and done, Mr. Chesterton's "History of the United States" is a work of history with obvious defects, yet with still more obvious virtues. It is readable, inspired, youthful, interesting, and appreciative of our national achievements. It is just the sort of book they have been clamoring for in South America during our recent war crisis, and we hope that very soon there will appear a Spanish version, to answer this demand, a version fortified with the proper notes and explanations.

A History of the United States. By Cecil Chesterton. George H. Doran Company.

A LAST LINK WITH THE EIGHTEEN-NINETIES

By Herbert S. Gorman

THE difficulty of saying anything new about Shakespeare's plays has been obviated in some measure by Arthur Symons because of the attitude he has adopted toward the ten plays considered in his latest book. It is essentially a personal attitude, a somewhat impressionistic exposition of how those plays reacted on his mind. The idea of discovering any new beauties, of baring any fruitful results of excessive antiquarian research or shedding light on certain perplexing problems in regard to the composition of the dramas, is almost wholly ignored. The poet and critic rather attempts to afford the reader the photographic plate of his mind

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after the play has made its impression there.

It is true that certain time-worth topics of discussion—John Fletcher's share in "Henry VIII", how much of "Titus Adronicus" is Shakespeare, for instance — are dilated upon with that easy persuasiveness that is so much a part of Arthur Symons's style. But the reader feels that these subjects are of lesser importance than what Cleopatra's subtle nature means to the critic or how the divine springtime of love is rendered for all time in "Romeo and Juliet". The critical facilities of Arthur Symons are essentially nervous. The tentacles of his mind reach out, often blindly, never fruitlessly, and what is finest and clearest in impressionistic literature is seized upon. Often the excellence he finds is made a foundation wherefrom he may build his own airy castles of curious dreaming and sophisticated conclusion. Such a writer is often bound to find material in his reading that the author never intended to put there.

The critical attitude of Arthur Symons is almost always Gallic. Beneath the musical texture of his prose, which owes so much to Walter Pater, runs that intensive, speculative curiosity of the French man of letters. It is the attitude of 1890, a gesture in which sex and sense combine. Such an attitude is bound to find its outlet in a careful study of the women of Shakespeare. Although this study be more a matter of the senses than of cerebral conclusions, its authentic value cannot remain in doubt. So few writers approach Shakespeare with this attitude that those who do, find a heightened value attached to their probings.

"Studies in the Elizabethan Drama" contains articles on "Antony and Cleopatra", "Macbeth", "Twelfth Night", "Measure for Measure", "The Winter's Tale", "Titus Andronicus" and the Tragedy of Blood, The Question of "Henry VIII", "Romeo and Juliet", "Cymbeline", "Troilus and Cressida", and three studies of lesser Elizabethan dramatists—Philip Massinger, John Day, and Middleton and Rowley. The omission of "Hamlet" is not so strange —no woman is paramount in that tremendous tragedy. The agonist is a man; about him circles all the action. Ophelia must be considered an episode.

It is such figures as Cleopatra, Cressida, Lady Macbeth, that spring most fatefully to Arthur Symons's mind. They suffer with that modern malady of the soul that means so much to the French writer. The abnormality of their nature is such that they transcend the action through which they move. Arthur Symons always has been an extreme individualist in letters. His poetry is the most intensely personal being written today, and his critical faculties always start from the personal attitude. Naturally those creatures of Shakespeare's mind that rise above the other figures through their uncompromising individuality must attract Symons closest.

The Shakespearean essays in the book, for the most part, retell the story with a careful perception of the psychology that underlies the action. The conclusions drawn are mainly obvious. Rarely does the critic attempt any excessive postulations that might be at divergence with those greater Shakespearean critics who have gone before. It is the personal appeal of the plays that is best expressed. Such an attitude cannot fail to draw the reader. The impressionistic reasonings of Arthur Symons rarely go far astray; often they suddenly flash forth a new comprehension

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of Shakespeare, a realization that this oldest of playwrights is also, in some aspects, the most modern of writers.

Those essays not treating Shakespeare display more research. The plays of Massinger, Day, Middleton and Rowley are carefully listed and an estimation of their worth presented. Undoubtedly written to order (the Massinger essay, for instance, originally appeared as an introduction to that playwright's selected plays in the Mermaid Series years ago), they are more informative than critical.

This volume is the fourth collection of Arthur Symons's work issued within a year, although one of the books, "The Symbolist Movement in Literature", was a revised reprint. Apparently all the fugitive pieces of the poet and critic are being gathered together in definite form. This would be dangerous in the case of many writers, a distinct drawback to any general conclusions that might be drawn from the body of their work. In the case of Symons it is different. He has shown a marvelous evenness in his prose composition, as his style of thirty years ago has hardly changed throughout that period. If there is any change his style has grown a bit more mellow; time has brought him wisdom but it has not changed his attitude toward life. To use one of his own phrases, he rejoices still in that "passion of meditation". His first loves have proved to be his last. Pater is still a god; the French writers of the 'eighties and 'nineties still bear their dominant message. The studies in this latest volume are scattered over a period of years from 1887 to 1907. It is interesting to observe how little time has changed the writer's technique or his method of observing the varicolored world about him. He remains as ever one of the last links with the 1890's, with that curious, introspective, sometimes decadent but never uninteresting group of writers who found the time-spirit blowing through their feverish souls from France—the France of Mallarmé, Baudelaire, Verlaine.

Studies in the Elizabethan Drama. By Arthur Symons. E. P. Dutton and Co.

A PERVERSE FIGURE LATELY TO THE FORE

By Stanley M. Rinehart, Jr.

TOGETHER with an old army sergeant I was standing at the door of the conscientious objectors' mess hall at Camp Sherman. The first draft had just come in and a dozen Mennonites were doing half-hearted justice to their first army meal. Long haired, with young and flourishing half-moon beards, shapeless smock coats held together with hooks and eyes—they don't use buttons—, they were pathetically out of place in that military atmosphere. My friend, the O. A. S., looked long and hard. "By God!" he declared at last, "if it don't look like that picture, 'The Last Supper'!"

That was by way of being my introduction and farewell to the army objector until Major Walter Kellogg's book "The Conscientious Objector" was published. To him is due credit for bringing some much needed light to a subject that is still to most of us far from clear. It is probably not overstating the case to say that while the first draftees were beginning to take their examinations, the United States at large was unaware of the existence of the many religious sects within the country whose basic doctrine was and is non-resistance. Of course the Friends or Quakers, whom

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Major Kellogg places far, far above the other sects, were well known; but who had ever heard of Russellites, Mennonites, Dunkards, Molokans, Church of Daniel's Band, or any of the score of others? Says Major Kellogg:

> So much has been heard from him and of him (the objector) since, and only since, the beginning of the war, that the casual reader is apt to regard his problem as something distinctly novel. Indeed, the impression is current that the objector sprang into being with the Great War. He runs, however, far back into the history of the ages, and his problem, so far from being a new one, has occupied the minds of many of the rulers of antiquity.

In all the wars of history from the beginning of recorded time, men have objected from religious scruples. In the wars to come it is safe to say that many more will continue to do so,—a recurring and ever difficult problem. When the draft law went into effect the all-but-forgotten conscientious objector sprang into national prominence. Old and new statutes were put into effect without successfully deciding the question of the objector's liability to service. Finally the Secretary of War appointed a Board of Inquiry on Conscientious Objectors, with power to determine the sincerity and consequent disposition of all cases. As Chairman of the Board, Major Kellogg came into personal touch with the different types representing the many sects: southern negroes, northern college graduates, middle-western farmers—all kinds and conditions of men went to make up the list. It was under this personal observation that the major made his most important and most interesting discoveries, namely, that the well educated objector was in the minority and that—excluding the Quakers—the objectors were in the great majority of cases far below the average standard of intelligence.

> The problem of the conscientious objector is particularly and forcefully one of education, no more in the rudiments of schooling than in the inculcating of the social and national spirit. Something, moreover, should be done to make definite and certain the standing of such men if ever again the Government should call upon the manhood of the states.

Major Kellogg, through his book, will probably do as much as any other agency in this country to assure some such fixed policy in our next war.

The Conscientious Objector. By Major Walter Guest Kellogg. Boni and Liveright.

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WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE

NEW YORK, *September*, 1919.

THERE is no figure in the human scene which makes so unctuous an appeal to our relish of humanity as the landlady. When the landlady comes upon the stage at the theatre, we all awaken to an expectation of delight in the characteristic manifestations of her nature, and seldom are disappointed. The genius of the greatest of authors always unfolds with particular warmth in the presence of their landladies. A moment's reflection will recall a procession of immortal landladies. Whether it is that the colorful calling of landlady cultivates in one a peculiar richness of human nature, or whether landladies are born and not made—those with characters of especial tang and savor instinctively adopting this occupation,—I cannot say, but the fact is indisputable that landladies are not as other persons are. No one ever saw a humdrum landlady. A commonplace person as a landlady is unthinkable.

Now I think I may say that all my life, or nearly all, I have been an eager and earnest student of landladies. I am, indeed, much more familiar with the genus landlady than with courts and kings, or with eminent personages generally such as supply the material for most of those who write their recollections. Thus I am competent, I think, to speak on a subject curiously neglected by the memoirist.

One who makes a culture of landladies comes in time to have a flair for these racy beings, and is drawn by a happy intuition to the habitats of those most resplendent in the qualities of their kind. Of course, one never can tell what life will bring forth, but it seems to me that my present landlady marks the top of my career as a connoisseur, an amateur, of landladies. She is strikingly reminiscent of an English landlady. And England, particularly London, is, as all the world knows, to the devotee of landladies what Africa is to the big game sportsman—his paradise. There the species comes to luxuriant flower, so that to possess with the mind one or two well-developed London landladies is never to be without food for entertainment. My present landlady, to return, is of course a widow. While it may be, for aught I know, that all widows are not landladies, with very few exceptions all landladies worthy of the name are widows. Those who are not widows outright are, as you might say, widows in a sense. That is, while their husbands may accurately be spoken of as living, and indeed are visible, they do not exist in the normal rôle of husband. The commercial impulses of the bona-fide husband have died in them, generally through their attachment to alcoholic liquor, and they become satellites, hewers of wood and drawers of water, to the genius awakened by circumstances in their wives.

I one time had a landlady of this origin in Norwalk, Connecticut. She was a woman of angular frame, with a face of flint, a tongue of vinegar, and a heart of gold. This, I have found in my travels, is the type of the

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semiwidowed landlady. I had another such an identical one in Topeka, Kansas. The asperity, doubtless, is occasioned by biting disillusionment in the romance of long ago, but it is external; frost on the window; at the heart's core wells the sense of universe-embracing maternity which makes the character of the landlady by vocation sublime. All semiwidowed landladies have (it is their divine inspiration) large families of half-grown sons. My landlady of Norwalk grumbled continually; she could be heard out in the kitchen complaining in a shrill, querulous tone that, with things as high as they were, people would be crazy to expect meat twice a day. Yet she had at her board the meanest, most low-down, ornery, contemptible, despicable cuss in human form I ever knew, and the only fault I ever heard her find with him was that he didn't eat enough.

The erudite in landladies have, of course, cognizance of a class which are in no degree widows. Those of this department of the race, however, frequently are not landladies in fibre, but merely incidentally. They are young wives who for a transient period seek to help out in the domestic economy by taking a few lodgers who come with unexceptionable references. As wives doubtless they are meritorious; but no monument need be erected to them as landladies. Though I should like to see in the principal public square of every town and city a monument designed by an artist of ability placed to the enduring glory of the landladies of that place. For are not landladies ancient institutions fostering the public weal, and in their field not a whit less deserving of homage than governors and soldiers? I would say to a nation, show me your landladies and I will tell you your destiny. I should be remiss, however, in my chronicle did I not note that among these partial and ephemeral landladies occasionally are to be found pronounced landlady potentialities. I recall a landlady I had on Montague Street, Brooklyn Heights, whose passion for cleaning amounted to a mania. This young person's housewifery frenzy always put me in mind of another soul who could not rest—Hokusai, who at about a hundred and four was spoken of as the old man mad about painting.

Hovering about, tortured by a desire to begin, when I left for my breakfast, she was still at it upon my return from my morning stroll, my door barricaded by articles of dismembered furniture; still at it when I came back a bit impatiently from a second walk; still at it while I read the paper in her dining-room. And so without surcease throughout the march of days and seasons. She unscrewed the knobs of the bed to polish the threads thereof; she removed penpoints from penholders and made them to shine like burnished gold. I had another landlady moved by the same springs of feeling, on Spruce Street, Philadelphia. Later, I heard, her husband died, and she espoused her latent career.

There is in the galaxy of landladies quite another type, an exotic plant in the wondrously competent sisterhood, specimens of which may be found blooming here and there like some rare orchid. I mean the fragile, lady landlady, the clinging vine bereft of the supporting husband oak. Such was Mrs. Knoll, of Central Avenue, Indianapolis, a little, plump, rounded body, exceedingly bright, pleasant, intelligent, amiable, and helpless; all of which qualities shone from her

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very agreeable face and person. In her youth no doubt she was a type of beauty, and she remained very well preserved. "Life and vanity and disappointment had slipped away" from Dr. Knoll some years before; and his widow and only child, Miss Knoll, were left in possession of the old family home, and nothing more. They could not bear to leave it, that would "break their hearts", said good, ineffectual Mrs. Knoll; so it was viewed by them, unfortunately somewhat fallaciously, in the light of a possible support. The Doctor evidently was a man of books, and his widow had sought, more and more, companionship in reading. Life—the actual world about her, that is—, and vanity, but not disappointment, had, in a manner of speaking, slipped from her, too. And she had turned to that great world of shadows. "In books", she said, "I can choose my own company." She had plighted her troth in youth to Dickens and to Thackeray, and to these she had remained ever faithful. In a world of false books and unsafe friends she knew that she had by the hand two true spirits. Jane Austen she loaned me with tremulous pleasure. And she was very fond of Mr. Howells, with whom, she said, she lived a great deal; and the Kentons, the Laphams, and the Marches, were characters better known to her "than her next door neighbors". But it must be confessed that the tender perfume of Mrs. Knoll was not altogether an equivalent in the sphere of her passive efforts to the homely vegetable odor of the authentic landlady.

In great cities, amid the sheen of civilization, is to be found just adjacent to smart quarters of the town the tulip in the variegated garden of landladies — the finished, polished stone gathered from the mine, the bird of plumage of the species; I mean, of course, the landlady *du beau monde*, the modish landlady, or perhaps I should say, the professional hostess, as it were. For it seems rather vulgar, a thing repellent to the finer sensibilities, to touch this distinguished figure of immaculate artificiality with the plebeian term of "landlady". The personages of this type are, so to say, of the peerage of their order. Such a Lady Drew it was whose guest I became for a time on Madison Avenue, New York. With silvered hair like a powdered coiffure; softly tinted with the delicate enamel of cosmetic; rich and stately of corsage—this expensive and highly sophisticated presence presided, in the subdued tone of the best society, over the nicely adjusted machinery of her smart establishment by the authority of a consciousness of highly cultivated efficiency and an aroma of unexceptionable standards. This consummate hostess type of landlady is, of course, one which the passionate collector will preserve in the cabinet of his mind with tremulous happiness in the sheer preciosity of it. I cannot but feel, however, myself that this type fails of complete perfection as a work of art in this: that in every work of the first genius, it cannot be denied, there is always a strain of coarseness. And perhaps I should confess that my own taste in landladies, though I hope it is not undiscriminating, leans a bit toward the popular taste, the relish of the Rabelaisian.

Stevenson has observed that most men of high destinies have even high-sounding names. And anyone who has reflected at all upon the phenomenon of landladies must have been struck by the singularly idiosyn-

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cratic character of their names. Indeed, an infallible way to pick out a competent landlady from an advertisement is by her name. Is it a happy name for a landlady? Go there! As her name is, so is her nature. I one time had a landlady on Broome Street, New York, whom the gods named Mrs. Brew. I one time had a landlady (in Milligan Place, Manhattan) of the name of Mrs. Boggs. One time I had a landlady just off the East India Dock Road, London, whose name was Wigger. I shall always cherish the memory of the landlady I had down in Surrey, Mrs. Cheeseman. One and all, these ladies, as landladies, were without strain.

Regarded as a bibelot, Mrs. Wigger was, I think, of the first perfection. In her own genre, so to say, she was as finished, as impossible of improvement, as an Elgin marble, a Grecian urn, a bit of Chinese blue and white, a fan of old Japan, a Vermeer, a Whistler symphony, a caricature by Max Beerbohm. She was of massive mould and very individually shapen. Her face was very large and very red and heavily pock-marked. In her bizarre garments, in some indefinable way she imparted to the character of the born slattern something of the Grand Style. Her utterance was quavered in a weird, cracked voice, which had somewhat an effect as of the wind crying high aloft in a ship's rigging. She slip-slod about, always a bit unsteadily. Her movements and her manner generally, I felt, made it not unreasonable to suppose that she had in secret certain habits no longer widely approved by society. The apple of her eye was an unkempt parrot which spent its days in vainly attempting to ascend the embracing sides of a tin bathtub.

Landladies, beyond all other persons, have the esoteric power of becoming for one the geniuses of places. It would, for instance, be quite impossible for anyone to visualize my Mrs. Cheeseman torn from, as you might say, her context. If you were asked to describe Mrs. Cheeseman you would naturally do it in this way: you would say, "Well, I wonder what has become of the sweetest, quaintest, fairest old inn in all England!" And into your mind would come a rapid cinematograph picture:

A highway winding out of Dorking, stretching its way between hills to the sea. You round a turn and see before you long, low, glistening white stables—the stables, evidently, of a coaching inn. And presently you come into view of an ancient, white, stone building with a "Sussex roof". From a tall post before the door swings the board of the "King's Head". White ducks ride in a pond at the roadside there. Round this inn which you are approaching is the greenest, handsomest hedge ever seen. And along the road beyond you perceive the cottages of a wee village.

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." The romance of destiny which in its inscrutable way has been leading you all your long life long to the bosom, if I may so put it, of Mrs. Cheeseman, reveals its beneficence now by carefully graduated steps. At the other side of the main bulk of the "King's Head", which it was given you first to see, you come upon a delicious little flagged yard leading to another arm of the house, older still, very venerable, with a high roof low descending, a roof which tucks under its projecting wing many oddly placed little latticed windows gayly sporting

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innumerable tiny panes. Like a miniature cathedral spire, a tall, quaint chimney stands sentinel at one corner, and several chimney-pots peep over the roof's dark crown. Up this little yard, bounded on one side by a multicolored flower garden whose fragrance bathes you in a softening vapor of perfume, you enter, by a door which requires you to stoop, the wee taproom. Here: a cavernous fireplace, settles are within against its sides, a gigantic blackened crane swung across its middle, and a cubby-hole of a window at its back. Above it is swung an ancient fowling-piece. The stone floor of the room, like the ancient flags without, is worn into dips and hollows. Along the window-sill of an oblong window measuring one wall is a bright parade of potted plants.

It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that there is something psychic about landladies. As you look about you at the environment in which you find yourself, you experience a premonition that you are nearing an affinity in the landlady world. It is strange, too, that there are places where you have never been before (in the life which you consciously remember) that give you at once completely the feeling of your having arrived at the home familiar to your spirit. And there presently transpires here an event in your career predetermined (I doubt not) æons and æons ago. A buxom body with the most glorious complexion (you ween) in all England—which is to say in the world—enters the ancient room: a lass whose rosy, honest, pedestrian face and bursting figure are to become forever more for you the connotation of the name "Maggie". The daugher, this, (you later learn) of your Mrs. Cheeseman.

Soon it is all arranged, and you are having your tea—a "meat tea"—in the sitting-room of the "King's Head", your sitting-room now. A bucolic slavey—a person whose cheerful simpleness is like to that of the little creatures of the field—attends you. In this commodious apartment of yours is a great scintillation of chintz; flowers, in pots and vases, everywhere caress the eye; and the fancy is kindled by the spectacle of many stuffed birds in glass cases. On the heavily flowered wall hangs a handsome specimen of the "glass" (invariably found in England) for forecasting the weather; a "pianoforte", as piquantly old-fashioned as a cocked hat, crosses one end wall; and venerable paintings (which time has mellowed to the richness and the general color effect of an old plug of tobacco), bright sporting prints, and antique oddities of furniture to an extent that it would require a catalogue to name, all combine to give an air of true sitting-room opulence to the chamber.

But of landladies, and the connotations of landladies, one could write a book of several volumes; and it being a very fair day, and a Sunday, and the first cool breath after a very hot summer, I do not think I shall write those volumes this afternoon; I shall go out for a bit of air and a look at the world.

MURRAY HILL

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SOME RECENT BOOKS OF VERSE

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

I

THE best part of this volume of translations of "Les Fleurs du Mal" by Baudelaire is the preface, which is as fine a masterpiece in the art of interpretation—notwithstanding some repetitions—as the "Notice" by Théophile Gautier of the edition of 1868. The translator has succeeded better with the "Petits Poèmes en Prose" than with the poems proper. Gautier compares "Petits Poèmes en Prose" to the music of Weber; he hears the horn of Oberon and sees Titania:

Quand on écoute la musique de Weber, on éprouve d'abord une sensation de sommeil magnétique, une sorte d'apaisement qui vous sépare sans secousse de la vie réelle, puis dans le lointain résonne une note étrange qui vous fait dresser l'oreille avec inquiétude. * * * Cette note est comme un soupir du monde surnaturel, comme la voix des esprits invisibles qui s'appellent. Obéron vient d'emboucher son cor et la forêt magique s'ouvre, allongeant à l'infini des allées bleuâtres, se peuplant de tous les êtres fantastiques décrits par Shakespeare dans "le songe d'une nuit d'été" et Titania elle-même apparaît dans sa transparente robe de gaze d'argent.

All students of French literature know of the psychological relations between Poe and Baudelaire; if one could judge only by these translations, Poe as a poet has undoubtedly the greater talent. Read "To Helen" after having tried to read aloud this translator's rendering of "Le Balcon".

Mère des souvenirs, maîtresse des maîtresses,
O toi, tous mes plaisirs! o toi, tous mes devoirs!
Tu te rappelleras la beauté des caresses,
La douceur du foyer et le charme des soirs,
Mère des souvenirs, maîtresse des maîtresses!

Mother of memories, mistress of mistresses,
O thou, my pleasure, thou, all my desire,
Thou shalt recall the beauty of caresses,
The charm of evenings by the gentle fire,
Mother of memories, mistress of mistresses!

As another example, take the "Madrigal Triste", which the translator calls the "Madrigal of Sorrow",—

Que n'importe que tu sois sage?
Sois belle! et sois triste! Les pleurs
Ajoutent un charme au visage,
Comme le fleuve au paysage;
L'orage rajeunit les fleurs.

Je t'aime surtout quand la joie
S'enfuit de ton front terassé;
Quand ton coeur dans l'horreur se noie;
Quand sur ton présent se déploie
Le nuage affreux du passé.

The translator, it must be admitted, is faithful unto death when he writes:

What do I care though you be wise?
Be sad, be beautiful; your tears
But add one more charm to your eyes,
As streams to valleys where they rise;
And fairer every flower appears.

After the storm, I love you most
When joy has fled your brow downcast;
When your heart is in horror lost,
And o'er your present like a ghost
Floats the dark shadow of the past.

And later, "Hotter than blood from your large eye . . . " is correct, of course, but regrettable. The first stanza of "Bénédiction" is hardly so correct,—which leads us to ask the question, Are Baudelaire's poems translatable at all?

The prose poems, however, could not be better done, except by Huneker himself, who goes somewhat too far, however, when he says that Baudelaire's motto might have been,—

The devil is in heaven,
All's wrong with the world.

Without God, in whom Baudelaire believed, in his heaven, he would have

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had no artistic background both for his sincerity and his affectations. And this is true of the whole Satanic school.

Iris Tree's "Poems" have some of the imagination, some of the futile fancy, and more than the affectations of Baudelaire. She has a gift for music and for brilliant words. When she suddenly says,—

> You shall have a bath of amber,
> A Venetian looking-glass,
> And a crimson-chested parrot,
> On a lawn of terraced grass.
> Then a small Tanagra statue,
> Found anew in ruins old,
> Or an azure plate from Persia . . .

you feel that her intentions are strictly honorable; but you may reasonably be frightened by what follows,—

> Or my hair in plaits of gold;
> Or my scalp that, like an Indian,
> You shall carry for a purse—
> Or my spilt blood in a goblet—
> Or a volume of my verse . . .

But, after all, you are relieved to find that she could not have meant *you;* and, *pour vous consoler,* you may look at the "Head of Iris Tree" by Jacob Epstein, which is, to say the least, unusual. Miss Tree is intense; she is passionate; in fact, she seems to be the slave of passion and of death:

> What have I to do with them,
> The red athletes in their snow-white clothes?
> They are sun lovers and moon haters,
> Toiling or playing in the fields,
> Whereon no shadows lie,
> Pensively whispering together—
> They are space lovers and haters of the stars,
> Soundly they sleep by night nor ever see
> The tiaraed brows of darkness.
>
> Let us run through pools of wine,
> And be splashed with purple.
> Let us, being sick, make merry,
> And rejoice when we are weary.
> Let us sit by our grave as at a banquet,
> Drinking to Death.

Her—

> Old woman forever sitting
> Alone in the large hotel under the fans . . .

is certainly an echo of Baudelaire's "Les Petites Vieilles".

Some of her titles may give an idea of the frightful mental pangs she endures. For instance—"Mouth of the Dust I Kiss, Corruption Absolute", "Now Is the Evening Dipped Knee-Deep in Blood", "Blow Upon Blow They Bruise the Daylight Wan", "A Ragged Drummer Rides Along the Street". She is, however, very sincere at times, and in spite of her tensities she has the poetic gift. The verses "To My Father", beginning,—

> I cannot think that you have gone away,
> You loved the earth . . .

would alone prove this, even if one did not find so many examples of really splendid diction and stimulating—if somewhat perverted—imagination in these "Poems".

II

It seems to be the fashion for a poet to have a herald who precedes him from paradise into the cold, cold world. Or, perhaps, the poet is such a sensitive creature that he must induce some kind friend to try the temperature of the water first. The skilful, experienced, and sympathetic William Marion Reedy does this for Witter Bynner's "The Beloved Stranger". Mr. Bynner is a mystic, a very modern mystic. Neither St. John of the Cross nor St. Teresa nor Crashaw nor the Eastern Lovers of the Intense Etherial have much in common with the author of "The Beloved Stranger". The imagery of the East he has made his own—as Mr. Reedy points out—but with the secrets of the East he has no acquaintance; and this is perhaps fortunate, for even the most sympathetic and delicate western souls can only misunderstand them. It is as if one were attempting to photograph a cloud of thistledown in a

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glamour of starlight, to comment on the content of this fragile book of little dreams. Mr. Bynner is an adept in the use of the "vers libre", as the vulgar name it—because nothing could be more absurd than this phrase applied to a medium of expression which, to be perfect, requires a knowledge of the art of Campion and the science of Coventry Patmore.

"The Beloved Stranger" is full of little melodies and vaguely expressed harmonies. These poems should be read aloud only to the music of the zither,—they are little preludes, little intermezzos which would be spoiled by rhyme. Let us take "The Voice" for example:

When the dream of your voice draws
near,
O my stranger,
I am birds, you the wind,
I clouds, you the sun,
I the bell, you the tongue.

At the sound of your voice
There is neither dawn nor night,
Weeping nor peace of death,
But only your voice
And I replying
And you not answering,
A part of my soul passing and I not
finding it—
Though I open the door and stare out
When the dream of your voice draws
near,
O my stranger!

The most elusive and extraordinary are the verses in the part of the book called "Divertisement"—for instance, "I Change":

I wonder how it happens
I was made
A foe of agate
And a friend of jade.

Yet have become,
Unwisely, I'm afraid,
The friend of agate
And the foe of jade—

So that I wish, by dying,
To be made
Careless of agate,
Careless of jade.

The delicate sensuousness of "Dream" and the inexpressible beauty of "Crystal" atone for the green-grocery quality of "I Evade",—

The look in your eyes
Was as soft as the underside of
soap in a soap dish . . .
And I left before you could love me.

Pondering over the evanescent quality of these verses, one comes to believe that Mr. Reedy's Orphic utterance is the best description of them: "Their objectiveness becomes subjective in the reader who then recreates the subjective to a new objectivity".

III

Lieutenant John Crowe Ransom's "Poems About God" offer an interesting study of the mental and emotional condition of a man who seems to be groping for a new expression of the Infinite, having been forced by the process of reason and observation to discard the God of the Calvinist. There is a robust sincerity about him: he seems to walk deliberately into patches of bad taste, as in "Grace" for instance, but he evidently knows better. He has the good sense however not to attempt to shock his readers for the sake of shocking them,—though this would, after all, be rather a hard thing to do in these outspoken days. A "Noonday Grace", is an example of simplicity which savors somewhat of that of the Italian peasant, and is at the same time a very good symbol of the realism of the average simple mind:

My thanks for clean fresh napkin first,
With faint red stain where the fruit-jar
burst.

Thanks for a platter with kind blue roses,
For mother's centerpiece and posies,
A touch of art right under our noses.

Mother, I'll thank you for tumbler now
Of morning's milk from our Jersey cow.

And father, thanks for a generous yam,
And a helping of home-cured country ham,
(He knows how fond of it I am).

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For none can cure them as can he,
And he won't tell his recipe,
But God was behind it, it seems to me.

The boy's mind goes on, while he is eating and dealing with his idea of God:

Pearly corn still on the cob,
My teeth are aching for that job.

Tomatoes, one would fill a dish,
Potatoes, mealy as one could wish.

Cornfield beans and cucumbers,
And yellow yams for sweeteners.

Pickles between for stepping-stones,
And plenty of cornmeal bread in pones.

Sunday the preacher droned a lot
About a certain whether or not:
Is God the universal friend,
And if men pray can he attend
To each man's individual end?

* * * *

The greatest of all, his sympathy,
His kindness reaching down to me.

Like mother, he finds it his greatest joy
To have big dinners for his boy.

She understands him like a book,
In fact, he helps my mother cook,
And slips to the dining-room door to look!

And when we are at our noon-day meal,
He laughs to think how fine we feel.
An extra fork is by my plate,
I nearly noticed it too late!

Mother, you're keeping a secret back!
I see the pie-pan through the crack,
Incrusted thick in gold and black!

There's no telling what that secret pair
Have cooked for me in the kitchen there.

There's no telling what that pie can be,
But tell me that it's blackberry!

As long as I keep topside the sod,
I'll love you always, mother and God.

A "Christmas Colloquy" is about an unfortunate child, with a Puritan father who divides Santa Claus entirely from Christian tradition: he does not know that St. Nicholas is the real Santa Claus, and when he rewards good children and forgives even bad children he is performing the work of his Divine Master,—at least, this is the conception of his mission in all countries not tainted by the death-dealing poison of Calvinism. This is a very honest book; it has a really poetic and original charm of its own. The author sees life in his own way; one of the most appealing and haunting of his shorter poems is "The Four Roses".

IV

Some thoughtful person has recently demanded in one of the newspapers that reason should be given why the ordinary man ought to read poetry. Fifty years ago, I think, the ordinary man read more good poetry than he does today; the old-fashioned American carpenter quoted Byron, and I recall a little tailor in a back street in Philadelphia who knew by heart Tom Moore's "Loves of the Angels". Perhaps the average American has grown less romantic; he has evidently changed in many respects, but it is certain that he would still read poetry if he could find the poetry that appeals to him. Indications show that Charles Hanson Towne is really reaching the intelligent men of the hoe and the subway. One reason for this is that he is never self-conscious, that his simplicity is direct and dignified, that he never stoops to his audience, and that he sees life clearly and wholly through trained and sympathetic eyes, directed by a heart which is really in love with life; he has that good breeding, too, which keeps him from slapping our prejudices and principles on the back,—and he is never sentimental. "A World of Windows" is a small book, but it is a very rich book, and it gives indications of untold riches in the splendid chamber to which it is only a portal. Listen to this "On Some Recent Allied Victory":

Be humble, O my country! In this hour,
Remember there are fiery paths to cross,
Undreamed-of anguish and unreckoned loss

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To face with courage, ere the perfect flower
Of Peace shall blossom after hell's red shower.
Be confident; be brave; yet also be
Like the great Christ in His humility;
Be mindful of the purpose of your power.
It is not gain you seek. It is not praise.
Therefore let pride be buried in the dust.
Fight on, forgetful of this flaming dower
Of sudden victory. There shall be days
Of darkness when your bright steel seems like rust . . .
Be humble, O my country, in this hour!

This is Mr. Towne in his highest mood; he does not fall below it in the sestette of,—

How will it seem when peace comes back once more . . .
Oh days to be! O honeyed nights of sleep,
When the white moon shall mount the quiet sky!
Shall we be wholly happy when buds creep,
Remembering those who dared to bleed and die?
Can we be glad again? Nay, we shall weep
For those who told this sad, glad world good-bye.

His "free verse", like that "On Seeing a Nun in a Taxi-cab", or "The Usher", is just right; he does not pretend that it is poetry, but he does make it what the recitativo was in the opera of the "bel canto". He uses the vers libre for subjects to which it is suited, and he manages it very skilfully. For him it is like the passages of rhythmic prose among Shakespeare's intensest expressions of high emotion.

Let us take "Young Rupert", "Jim Smith", "Jack Le Mar"—it would have been a great pity to deprive these musical pictures of their rhyme, and he has had the good sense not to do it. It is a distinct relief to find a poet who is so sane, so sympathetic, so reasonably tolerant, and who does not feel that, in order to be unusual, he must smear every flower and every ordinary thing with the slime of an affected knowledge of evil. Any urchin in a city street can utter more defiling words in an hour than your realistic verse-maker can invent in a month; therefore, to say the best of the paroxysms of "the professional shocker", it is really not worth while.

I cannot forbear to quote "Of One Self-slain",—

When he went blundering back to God
His songs half written, his work half done,
Who knows what paths his bruised feet trod,
What hills of peace or pain he won?

I hope God smiled, and took his hand,
And said, "Poor truant, passionate fool!
Life's book is hard to understand;
Why couldst thou not remain at school?"

The "Sonnets of Herbert Scholfield" are autobiography. They form the story of a life which must be led in exile from the busy ways in which youth and hope and courage long to have a part. It is evident that Scholfield's malady—that of phthisis, for which he seems to have been able to find no cure—saddens his mind, while it does not wither his heart or embitter his conscience. This sonnet, smooth, graceful, and sincere, gives the key to the volume:

O stricken brother with the clanging bell,
Out of whose road the little children flee,
I know thy sorrows for I, too, must dwell
O'ershadowed by a like adversity.
Yet amid buried joys to make my home
And choose for herald and companion, Fear,
Whose frown forbids that any child should come
To take my hand or fondly linger near,
E'en this, the leper's lot, is better far
Than that with blinded eyes and treacherous mask
I knock at Pleasure's gate and he unbar
And 'mid his troupe I take the place I ask,
While Pain and Death should entrance make with me,
And stern Remorse, my torturer to be.

V

Walter Adolphe Roberts loves France, but he does not seem to understand the soul of that wonderful nation as a poet should. He writes with ease and grace, and he has evidently made the best use of some very excellent French literary ex-

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amples. He is a little out of date perhaps without knowing it, and one of the ancestresses of his very charming muse must have been the Lady Echo. His translations, or rather interpretations, are as true as they are technically a d m i r a b l e. "Pierrot Wounded", the opening poem interpreted from the French Alberty, is worth careful study, and the strophes from Gabriele D'Annunzio keep all their fire and force. It was hardly worth while for Mr. Roberts to translate the "Dialogue At Sunset" from the French of Pierre Louys—Theocritus has done this dialogue much better, and the French version has really no reason to exist separately.

What do we care for doubtful heaven or hell,
For praise or blame? Ah, Sweet, would we
not sell
Our souls thrice over for this hour to live,
For this free hour of all that love can give?

The poet *minimus* seems to have acquired the unhappy habit of kissing and telling; but one cannot imagine Paolo, if he had escaped scot free after that memorable episode with Francesca, dashing off a few lines called "In Flagrante Delicto". "For Priests and Tyrants" is a very poor echo of Swinburne. If Mr. Roberts knew intimately a few priests and tyrants, he might have been more tolerant or more terrible. As it is, he is innocuously vindictive. His poems are clever; they do not lack self-confidence, and his faculty of imitation seems to come from that very promising quality of youth—the gift of admiration.

"Types of Pan" by Keith Preston is just what some of us have been looking for. We do not demand an American Austin Dobson or a Calverley or a Gilbert; but many of us have been thirsting for some poetic waters with a sparkle in them, and here comes Keith Preston with his new translations from Horatius Flaccus, his "Tanglewood Tale", "In Flapper Time", and the "Heroes of Fiction", which begins:

Our "Jack and Jill", that simple tale,
How Mother Goose did slight it!
Ah, how her careless lines would pale
If H. G. Wells should write it!

First take the hour when Jack was born,
How anxious papa waited;
Describe that age with bitter scorn;
Tell how Jack's parents mated.

Then analyse Jack's infant bean,
Recount his careful schooling;
Sketch Jill's arrival on the scene,
And paint their childish fooling.

State how the buckets were procured:
(Describe a bucket shop)
See how the ill-starred pair were lured
To tempt the fatal drop.

Give all the croakings ere the spill;
The words of faithful granny,
Depict the aspect of that hill
With every coign and cranny.

Tell how they clambered up the slope,
Observing all the strata,
And canvassed England's future hope,
With economic data.

Say how the first misstep was Jill's
Poor Jack fell down like Adam;
They hit the road beneath the hill—
(The pavement was macadam).

This after all is by no means the best thing in the book. I offer this merely as a light appetizer. There is a chuckle for the elect on every page; let us hope that Mr. Preston will continue to make them chuckle!

VI

The great mass of democrats, the large mob of howlers who would reduce everything to the terms of the most ordinary life, will not like John Jay Chapman's "Songs And Poems". He is not only a very gentlemanly poet, but he offends the Prohibitionists in a most shocking and rollicking and delightfully merry song called "The Christening". This lyric sings itself, as does "Old Farmer Oats and his Son Ned". There are poets

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whose poetry one reads and enjoys greatly, whom one would never want to meet, much less to ask to dinner; one would suspect that they might have not only the inspiration of the Sibyl but her epileptic fits; however, Mr. Chapman gives a very different impression. He restores that calmness of mood, that pleasant outlook on the world which preserves beauty in the heart and mind, and points it out in the hurry and scurry of everyday life. He does more than this. His "Lines on the Death of Bismarck", written in 1898, is a fine piece of blank verse; it had the force of a prophecy at a time when we were nearly all blind to the real meaning of German unity:

. . . Out of chaos, pretty courts,
Princelings and potentates—thrift, jealousy,
Weakness, distemper, cowardice, distrust,
To build a nation: the material—
The fibres to be twisted—human strands.
One race, one tongue, one instinct. Unify
By banking prejudice, and, gaining power,
Attract by vanity, compel by fear.
Arm to the teeth: your friends will love you more,
And we have much to do for Germany.
Organize hatred, that is unity.

And it ends, after some lines that are as splendid as they are forceful:

. . . And thy huge limbs
Cover nine kingdoms as thou liest asleep.

I cannot forbear quoting "1914",—

Alas, too much we loved the glittering wares
That art and education had devised
To charm the leisure of philosophers;
The thought, the passion have been undersized
In Europe's over-educated brain;
And while the savants attitudinized,
Excess of learning made their learning vain,
Till Fate broke all the toys and cried,
Begin again!

A poet who can so interpret Ronsard and at the same time write "October" and the noble ode "On the Sailing of our Troops for France", ought to give us something more than this small book. Mr. Chapman's love of music, which he makes so evident, is another charm in a little collection of poems which will be an agreeable companion on any journey for those who believe that art should be governed by fixed canons, as life should be governed by the rules of decorum and good breeding.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is the herald of May Doney's "The Way Of Wonder". Sir Arthur's admiration of Miss Doney's poetry has more reasons behind it than the principal one, which is that she comes from his part of England—the West Country. As Sir Arthur and Miss Doney are evidently Celts this is quite sufficient; another reason is that Miss Doney has a kinship with the seventeenth-century mystics, Crashaw, Vaughan, and Traherne. Still another reason is that a woman should be devoted to her husband and her children,—that in her husband, whom she loves of course, she should see an image of God himself. We can imagine Iris Tree's blushing at the terrible and crude immodesty of this statement,—

I would not have one thought that left
The children of my loins behind,
Nor be of one sweet task bereft
Leisure and ease to find.

Miss Doney is passionately fond of Devon; she prays best in Devon she says and,—

My little hills I carry in my heart
Put on a hundred rainbows every day;
Or if the colours from their cloaks depart,
Wear perfect pomps of grey.

Readers of verse who do not know Jean Ingelow, Christina Rossetti, and Adelaide Proctor will find in "The Way Of Wonder" the old charm and consolation of these writers, with a new and vivid gleam which shows vistas of strange beauty.

Alfred Noyes has won his spurs—and veritable golden spurs they are.

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At one time he was undoubtedly the very first of twentieth-century poets; but rivals have crowded about him, each rival heralded by a band of silver trumpeters. No little versifier can appear in England without his *claque*. Alfred Noyes, probably because he is too really a poet to make gymnastics in order to attract attention, and too sincere to write merely political poetry or to reflect the vagaries of a group, has had fewer *claqueurs* than the rest; nevertheless he has arrived. He has written the two greatest war poems of the wartime, "The Avenue Of the Allies" and "Victory". His is a book to be taken seriously. It is not a mere leaf, light and beautiful to float before our eyes for a moment, and then to be faintly remembered. These poems are as musical as Kipling's, though without that strongly accented beat which makes Kipling's verbality as popular as the nuptial march in "Lohengrin". Americans cannot help being delighted by his "Ghosts of the New World" nor by his "Princeton". These poems come at a time when we all need them. To many minds the eternal verities, which the English intellectuals had begun to shatter before the war frightened them into an interval of sanity, had become dim and confused. These poems are a restatement in terms of clarity and beauty. If there were more Alfred Noyeses in England, the danger of misunderstanding between the first of our allies and ourselves would soon fade away. When he is satirical, he is sometimes effective, but not always. Just a touch of satire suits him well, and a good example of this is "The Old Gentleman with the Amber Snuff-Box". When he feels strongly, and expresses his passion for righteousness and his desire to make beauty visible, he carries us above ourselves and we find his real power. "It is", says Professor Canby, "in such vigorous sentiment, rising to the heights of romance, and casting a glamour over the deeds and thoughts of men, that Noyes is most impressive." But the charm of his verse lies in the fact that he is always the poet of the sunrise:

Why do we make our music?
Oh, blind, dark strings reply:
Because we dwell in a strange land
And remember a lost sky.
We ask no leaf of the laurel,
We know what fame is worth;
But our songs break out of our winter
As the flowers break out of the earth.

But to know the most poetically appealing of Noyes's poems, we must look backward,—to "Silk o' the Kine", for instance.

The Poems and Prose Poems of Charles Baudelaire. With an Introductory Preface by James Huneker. Brentano's.

Poems. By Iris Tree. John Lane Co.

The Beloved Stranger. By Witter Bynner. Alfred A. Knopf.

Poems About God. By Lieutenant John Crowe Ransom. Henry Holt and Co.

A World of Windows. By Charles Hanson Towne. George H. Doran Company.

Sonnets of Herbert Scholfield. Alfred A. Knopf.

Pierrot Wounded, and Other Poems. By Walter Adolphe Roberts. Britton Publishing Co.

Types of Pan. By Keith Preston. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Songs and Poems. By John Jay Chapman. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Way of Wonder. By May Doney. With an introduction by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. George H. Doran Company.

The New Morning. By Alfred Noyes. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

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LOOKING FORWARD

BY WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

IT is now a little more than thirty years since there appeared that extraordinary romance of socialism, Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward", which so fascinated its generation that the copy which lies before me proclaims that it belongs to the eighty-seventh thousand—and there were doubtless thousands more. It was, as this mere circumstance of numbers indicates, a remarkable *tour de force*, but it was more than that—it was at once a portent and a prophecy. For if we but look about us we may perceive that the ideals voiced by the Massachusetts romancer - reformer are those of no small part of mankind today. In his twentieth century Utopia the basic fact was universal compulsory industrial service, organized on a military basis, with the heads of the guilds or labor unions as generals, and the President of the United States as commander-in-chief. There was absolute equality of reward for all classes of work and all classes of men—for class was done away with. Every agency of production and distribution, even the publication of books and newspapers, was in the hands of government, competition and capital being thus automatically eliminated. There were no domestic servants, properly so-called; no housekeeping responsibilities for married women; for there were public kitchens, dining-rooms, laundries, and places of amusement. (And, it may be noted in passing, a certain part of our urban population has already attained that ideal without the intervention of the state.) There were no jails, only hospitals to treat criminals, for the crime which remained after the abolition of the chief source of crime—private property—was recognized as merely pathological. There was an international council regulating the affairs of a world league of nations, and charged, among other things, with mandates for the care of the more backward peoples of the earth.

Such was the communistic world-Utopia which emerged from the imagination of the Chicopee Falls idealist—and, viewing the world today, it gives cause for thought. But there is one thing about his book which is still more striking even than his vision of a social and political millennium. This great change took place, according to the evidence of his principal characters, as the result of the incessant strikes which produced intolerable conditions of society and paralyzed industry. In reply to the critics who objected to the short term assigned by him for the accomplishment of such a revolution, he hinted that thirty years would in all probability be enough. Mr. Bellamy was nothing if not a prophet. The thirty years are up, and we turn to literature of Bolshevism—to Mr. Spargo's illuminating pages, to Mr. Russell's popular and interesting volume, to Mr. Ackerman's correspondence from the Siberian front, to the columns of our daily papers, to the news from Washington—, and it requires no very profound acquaintance with the facts made manifest on every hand to per-

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ceive that, whether as the result of Mr. Bellamy's vision or of the forces which he represented, his dream was not all dream. If his sleeper had wakened now instead of in the year 2000 he might have found some things not different from that more distant Atlantis.

Laying aside the League of Nations and the relations of the administration with the heads of the railroad brotherhoods, let us regard the Bolshevist and his habitat, Russia, where he is for the moment supreme, and which he has recreated in his own image. Here is an amazing parallel, on the surface, to the dream of Mr. Bellamy. If we confine ourselves to abstract principles and even to general policy, we find it everywhere. In real life as in romance we have the extinction of private capital, every agency of production and distribution, even the newspapers, in the hands of government; we have universal labor ordered if not compelled, the distribution of credit cards for labor used as currency; we have the abolition of class distinctions, no domestic servants —no exploited class at all; government organized on the basis of guilds as well as, or in the place of, areas and population; free bread and circuses. And if we find no cessation of housekeeping responsibilities for married women, if there seems to be a lack of public dining-rooms, kitchens, and especially laundries, if there are no hospitals to treat "atavistic" criminals, these conditions are due to circumstances beyond the purview of romance. For the reality so far surpasses the imagination of the novelist that, as usual, fiction must hide its greatly diminished head before the ultimate reality of fact.

Yet, whether we consider the rise and progress of the Bolshevist idea with Mr. Spargo, or trail the Bolsheviks from within the lines of their encircling enemies with Mr. Ackerman, or view them at first-hand through the eyes of Mr. Russell and the cloud of witnesses he summons to describe their various activities, it seems evident that there is something wrong. The dream somehow fails to square itself with the reality. In Mr. Bellamy's volume there is no record of confiscation and of massacre; no elimination of capitalists and intellectuals along with their capital and intellect; no inconceivable corruption and indescribable cruelty; no suppression of free speech and all popular share in government; no "dictatorship of the proletariat", tempered by assassination; no "Red Guard" favored by the state at the expense of the nation; no murder and violation, starvation, pestilence; no breakdown of every agency of civilization; no collapse of a society. In his pages are to be found neither a Trotzky nor a Lenine, no militaristic autocracy such as these authors describe in every page.

And there is obviously something wrong—but what it is, is not so obvious. It is the rank distortion of the facts by capitalistic writers, say the Bolshevists—but surely Mr. Spargo and Mr. Russell cannot be called capitalistic writers! It is Russia, say the idealists; it would not be the same in the United States, with its superior intelligence—but if we overturn society and bring the bottom to the top, are we so sure of that? It is human nature, say the champions of the existing order, the true realists,—but that is no ultimate answer. The fact is that we are now compelled to choose between two evils, the one which we endure from those who now enjoy the name and perquisites of profiteers, and that to which the Russian Bolshe-

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vists have flown. And if we follow Mr. Spargo and Mr. Russell, we shall choose neither. We seek the middle path, with what faltering steps, and with what small success as yet, the daily press reveals. For we are entering on a new age of equality, with much distress to our true middle class, with searchings of spirit, much friction, and no great amount of light or leading—with still less of faith perhaps. But we seek no such goal as Bolshevikia; and if we are longer in finding our Utopia than the meno'-dreams of Mr. Bellamy, we are bound in that direction. For it is evident that many in high places among us have been affected by this same vision. But do you suppose that Lenine read Bellamy?

Bolshevism. By John Spargo. Harper and Bros.

Bolshevism and the United States. By Charles Edward Russell. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Trailing the Bolsheviki. By Carl W. Ackerman. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE STUDY OF THE CLASSICS IN TRANSLATION: AN ONTARIO ATTEMPT

BY W. L. GRANT
Upper Canada College, Toronto

IN his delightful "Defence of Classical Education", R. W. Livingstone supports by a wealth of cogent argument and apt quotation the thesis that without a knowledge of Latin and Greek history and literature, we remain in ignorance of some of the most important spiritual forces which have shaped, and are still shaping, our race; and that if we adopt Matthew Arnold's classification of those forces as Hebraism and Hellenism, we can gain a knowledge of Hellenism only, or at least mainly, through the study of Hellenic literature. Granting this fully, may we not agree with President Neilson of Smith College in his Inaugural Address of June 13, 1918, that,—

> The barrier which has shut off generations of students from a knowledge of classical civilization has been the classical teacher's infatuation for the subjunctive. The deadly enemy of the classics is not science or mathematics or modern literature, or vocational utilitarianism; it is linguistic fanaticism, the insistence that no one shall enter those fair domains save through the one door of language.

After all, most of us are content to get our knowledge of the equally important and varied contributions of the Hebrews to modern life from a translation of selected portions of their literature. The student of Russian life and literature is usually fain to employ an English or French version of Tolstoi or Turgenev or Dostoyevsky. Good judges have held that Coleridge's translations of the Wallenstein trilogy are equal even to the magnificent original of Schiller. But though for over three centuries many of the best minds in Great Britain have busied themselves with the production of classical translations, to speak of the possibility of their use is almost invariably to provoke the sniff of superiority.

Yet a proper appreciation of the right use of translations might even bring together in amity the cham-

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pions of compulsory classics and of compulsory science. In that quarrel both sides, but especially the classicists, have too much disregarded Aristotle's advice on the all-importance of the when, the where, and the how. That Charles James Fox and Mr. Gladstone and the best products of the English public schools of their day were educated men, and that their early training was largely based on the linguistic study of Latin and Greek, is no more an argument for the present place of the study of Latin in the Canadian province of Ontario than is the superiority of Lord North as a classic over George Washington. The question for us to settle is whether, granting Mr. Livingstone's thesis, the best way is being taken to obtain the desired result.

It is interesting to note that in Mr. Livingstone's own book nearly all his arguments apply equally well to the study either of the original or of the translation; that almost all the numerous quotations from Latin and Greek authors by which his arguments are supported are given not in the original, but in English; and that he admits the adequacy of Jowett's English version of Thucydides and Plato and the superiority of North's Plutarch and Philemon Holland's "Cyropædeia". For the reading of the poets in the original he makes a plea. That Mr. Livingstone gets more from the Greek of Homer than from Butcher and Lang; and more from Euripides than even from such a work of genius as Professor Gilbert Murray's translation, is highly probable. But will the Canadian or American boy get more by turning with the aid of a Kelly's Key, a few chapters on the "Bellum Gallicum" or a few hundred lines of "The Æneid" into his own rather imperfectly understood mother-tongue, than he will had he put the same amount of time on Butcher and Lang, or on Murray? That is a very different question.

Et ego in Arcadia vixi. In years gone by I obtained a First Class at Oxford in Litteræ Humaniores; but I now turn not to Euripides but to Gilbert Murray; and in despite of Matthew Arnold and of Bentley, I still maintain that Pope and Chapman will give the average Canadian more idea of the width and wealth of Homer than he will get by construing a few hundred lines of Cæsar.

At present the living knowledge of the classics is dying out in Canada, save perhaps among those trained in the seminaries of Quebec, wherein the old traditions of scholarship still linger. In Ontario the condition of classical studies in our secondary schools is peculiarly hopeless, for the very large amount of time absorbed is in inverse proportion to the interest aroused. Less than two per cent of the pupils in our secondary schools study Greek. Latin is taken by about seventy per cent, and on leaving the school the entrance examination to the Provincial University requires a knowledge of grammar and of prose composition, and acquaintance with rather less than one book of Cæsar's "Bellum Gallicum" and one of Vergil's "Æneid". A certain amount of Ancient History is also studied in a very dull text-book. How much Hellenism is to be found in this? The best proof of the faultiness of the pudding is that it is not eaten; *solvitur non ambulando.* Much time is spent on the study of the beggarly elements of Latin; but not one boy in a hundred is inspired with a desire to proceed further. The hungry sheep look up,

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and are mentally lean and gaunt. The classical allusions in Milton or Tennyson or even in Byron's "The Isles of Greece" are a sealed book to our Ontario boys. They cannot understand, as could their fathers, the passion which drove Byron to his death at Missolonghi. The class in Ancient History is so severed from its roots that the average boy leaves the Ontario high school with little more knowledge of the history and literature of Greece than of that of China.

In despair we have sometimes gone to the other extreme and appealed to the boy's love of a good story by using in the classes in English literature such books as Hawthorne's "Wonderbook" or Kingsley's "Heroes". But admirable as they are, something more is needed. Teaching is necessary as well as reading, mental discipline as well as a thrill.

The amount of time spent on the beggarly and often distasteful elements of which I speak is considerable. Everyone admits that in Ontario and apparently in all the other Canadian provinces or American states the chief vice of our instruction is that it leaves too many pupils with a mere uncoordinated smattering. The knowledge gained is both superficial and scrappy. Here there is at least one practical suggestion. Let us make the study of Latin optional for all who wish, and give the time now sorrowfully spent upon it to the study of great English translations of the classics, which are not "cribs", but in themselves substantial—and in some cases great—contributions to English literature.

In Upper Canada College, one of the few important schools of Ontario which is outside the somewhat rigid Provincial system, we have tried during the past fifteen months to establish a definite class for the study of classical literature in translation. The difficulties are many. The class does not lead to any external examination, and as an alternative to Latin is therefore taken only by those, usually the weaker brethren, who are not going up for matriculation. Yet even so, our new class shows an interest in literature which surprises its members. I recently found a young scapegrace who had consistently shirked through two years of school poring over the articles in Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography". We have animated discussions on the lack of sportsmanship of Achilles; we compare the habits of the Achæan warriors with those of the Iroquois chiefs; and even ascend to turning the prose of Lang, Leaf and Myers into the metre of the "Lays of Ancient Rome".

An almost equally great advantage of this change is that the class in Latin is freed from an incubus. Those who like, or at least feel the necessity of, the study of the original tongue, are now free to set their own pace. Were the present examination in Latin at matriculation made optional with one in ancient literature, it would be possible to give to the smaller and more enthusiastic classes in Latin a more intensive training, and to adopt some of the newer methods of teaching now becoming popular in Great Britain. We might even hope in time to produce a sprinkling of classical scholars, our scanty crop of whom is at present almost wholly imported. A comparison of the careers of these home-grown scholars with those of their schoolmates might eventually produce evidence of some educational value. Not only so, but the study of the translations may even lure some on to the originals. Al-

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ready I have one boy in the translation class who is now studying Latin out of school hours, and is talking of beginning Greek.

In the primary schools of Ontario boys receive no teaching of any language save English, and enter the secondary school at the age of fourteen or fifteen. In their first year after entrance such boys should certainly study Latin as a compulsory subject; but in addition a certain amount of time should be taken from their Latin or from their English to read the "Lays of Ancient Rome", and "The Iliad" and "The Odyssey" in the translations of Lang, Leaf and Myers, and of Butcher and Lang.

If the present compulsory examination in Latin at matriculation were made optional, in the second year of high-school work a division could be made between the two classes. The former should read in translation the whole of the authors whom they are studying in snippets in the original. If these are to be Cæsar and Vergil, then the "Bellum Gallicum" should be read in the admirable version of T. R. E. Holmes—though if the price of this is an obstacle, then the translation by W. A. McDevitte in Everyman's Library is accessible; Vergil in Mackail, unless for the sake of cheapness Dryden or Everyman's is employed. The alternative class in classical literature should read numerous lives from Plutarch, using North's translation (most easily accessible in the Temple Classics), which towers above all other versions in its racy, direct, concrete speech. They should also study some good text-book in Ancient History, a subject which is at present probably the dryest upon the curriculum, but which if read in connection with Plutarch would become a living reality.

In the third year the students of Latin should again read the whole of their authors in translation; or if they are still grinding away at Cæsar and Vergil, and are under the shadow of the examination, they should get a glimpse of Greek thought either in Plutarch, or in one or more of the authors read by their more fortunate brethren. For these a wealth of choice opens up. If they are poetical, a course in the dramatists, under the guidance of E. D. A. Morshead for Æschylus, and Gilbert Murray for Euripides. (Several plays of each of these great dramatists, translated by the authors named, are accessible in the Harvard Classics, Volume 8, which if reprinted separately would make an admirable text-book.)

Let us look for a minute at what we have to offer. Of all the Greek dramatists the most intensely modern is Euripides. That splendid pacifist taught his pacifism in the school of the Peloponnesian war, in which Greek civilization tore itself to pieces. Yet Euripides can give us not only pacifism, but also a glorious panegyric on the city or state which can risk all upon the hazard in defence of humanity. In one of his lesser-known plays, the "Supplices", the widows of the champions who have fallen in an unhallowed onset upon Thebes come to Theseus, King of Athens, to demand aid against the brutal Thebans, who deny sepulture to their dead, and so condemn them to misery in the afterworld. Theseus pleads that he has his responsibilities to his own people, and cannot go knight-erranting on behalf of every abstract idea. A woman cries out to him:

> What is this thing thou doest? Wilt despise
> All these, and cast us from thee beggar-wise,
> Grey women, with not one thing of all we crave?
> Nay, the wild beast for refuge hath his cave,

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The slave God's altar; surely in the deep
Of fortune City may call to City, and creep
A wounded thing to shelter.

Theseus is shaken, but still pleads that a ruler cannot be reckless with the lives of his subjects. His mother breaks in:

Thou shalt not suffer it, thou being my child!
Thou hast heard man scorn thy city, call her wild
Of counsel, mad; thou hast seen the fire of morn
Flash from her eyes in answer to their scorn!
Come toil on toil, 'tis this that makes her grand,
Peril on peril! And common States that stand
In caution, twilight cities, dimly wise—
Ye know them; for no light is in their eyes!
Go forth, my son, and help—my fear is fled
Now. Women in sorrow call thee, and men dead!

And so Theseus goes forth in defence of humanity. Is not this extract from Gilbert Murray's translation of a little-known play better fitted to give our boys a grasp of one of the essential Greek ideas than is the hard-won ability to translate into English *Omnis Gallia in tres partes divisa est?* Not only so, but we are brought closely into touch with one of the great masters of modern English rhythm. Gilbert Murray is steeped in Swinburne, like a garland redolent of wine, and we can lead our pupils on from Euripides to the singer of "Atalanta in Colydon" and of "Erectheus", and thrill them with the surge and thunder of,—

O that one would carry me
Forth of all these!
Heap sand and bury me
By the Chersonnese!
Where the thundering Bosphorus answers the thunder of Pontic seas!

But one volume of the dramatists need not occupy the pupil for a whole year. Plato should certainly be begun, and at least the "Crito", and the "Phædo" read. Of Thucydides at least the funeral oration and the seventh book are essential. What in all literature ancient and modern is more fitted to inspire a boy than to read either in Jowett's translation of the works of Thucydides, or better still in Zimmern's "Greek Commonwealth" the great sentences in which Pericles declared for all time the Athenian ideal, and then to compare it with that ideal for which in the great struggle now ended our British and Canadian and American lads laid down their lives?

Such were the men who lie here and such the city that inspired them. We survivors may pray to be spared their bitter hour, but must disdain to meet the foe with a spirit less triumphant. Let us draw strength, not merely from twice-told arguments—how fair and noble a thing it is to show courage in battle—but from the busy spectacle of our great city's life as we have it before us day by day, falling in love with her as we see her, and remembering that all this greatness she owes to men with the fighter's daring, the wise man's understanding of his duty, and the good man's self-discipline in its performance—to men who disdained to deprive the city of their services, but sacrificed their lives as the best offerings on her behalf. So they gave their bodies to the commonwealth and received, each for his own memory, praise that will never die, and with it the grandest of all sepulchres, not that in which their mortal bones are laid, but a home in the minds of men, where their glory remains fresh to stir to speech or action as the occasion comes by. For the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; and their story is not graven only on stone over their native earth, but lives on far away, without visible symbol, woven into the stuff of other men's lives. For you now it remains to rival what they have done and, knowing the secret of happiness to be freedom and the secret of freedom a brave heart, not idly to stand aside from the enemy's onset.

Which gives the better grasp of the Hellenic ideal? To study in a translation the speech from which the above lines are an extract, or to have the ability to translate into Latin with not more than two bad mistakes, "On the next day he attacked the camp at daybreak"?

Many things hamper us. The pres-

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ent examination system in Latin and Ancient History is abhorrent to every lover of the classics. A lesser but an annoying enemy is the high price of the good translations; low priced, well annotated editions of the classical authors in English are badly needed, and would repay the enterprising publisher.

The days of the classics are eternal, however little the faith of their votaries. Some of us will still kneel at the fountain itself, and as we drink catch exquisite glimpses of the muses and of Apollo; but such worshippers are all too few; and the God of Delphi will not disdain the larger throng who may hope to taste of the Castilian fount only when piped off into a translation.

BOOKS OF THE GOLDEN DAYS

BY WALTER A. DYER

WHEN you and I were boys, a quarter of a century ago, let us say, do you remember how we used to keep our library cards filled up with numbers representing the works of half a dozen favorite authors? Do you remember the smile of satisfaction with which we received one of the coveted volumes that were so much in demand? And do you remember the utter, time-effacing absorption with which we read those books? It is something that never comes to us in these staid days in so complete a measure. We were critics of a sort, too. On the fly-leaves, contrary to the rules of the library, we were wont to inscribe our reviews. They were terse and cocksure, and were usually confined to the words "good", "pretty good", or "rotten". But as a guide to good reading they sufficed. And do you recall the golden days and evenings that we lived in the pages of the "good" books—which were never by any chance "goody" books?

My own introduction to this wonder-world of adventure was by way of Oliver Optic. The first book, I think, was a sea story—"Afloat with the Flag". Then came J. T. Trowbridge with "The Pocket Rifle" and other jolly good stories of boy life. Then followed Harry Castlemon of blessed memory, with his heroes of field and forest and the Civil War; the historical romances of Fenn and Henty; the Indian tales of Edward S. Ellis; and the highly moral but nevertheless somehow "good" stories of Horatio Alger, Jr. Tucked in among them were "Toby Tyler", "Hans Brinker", and sundry others, and a thrilling periodical in a torn blue cover, not always approved of, called "Golden Days". From them I graduated to Cooper and Scott and Frank R. Stockton—and poetry. And so the golden days passed like a dream.

I wonder if the modern boy isn't being deprived of something through a too rigid censorship, or are the boys' books of today as good as those of yore? I wonder. I have had it in mind for a long time to get out old Castlemon and Henty and Ellis in order to see whether they have indeed lost their power over me—whether that power resided in the

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tales or whether youth alone was responsible for the sublime reaction. But I have not yet found the leisure. Perhaps I never shall. Perhaps I am really a bit afraid to put the matter to the test and prefer to retain the memory of old illusions.

But I am confident of one thing, and that is a definite tendency on the part of writers and publishers of modern books for boys to give them a useful, moral, educational tone. I doubt whether the youthful readers have been consulted in the matter, but that is the modern standard. The acceptable juvenile of today must pass muster as being safe and sane, respectable, uplifting, and instructive. The result may be didactic but it is undoubtedly wholesome. I wonder whether the modern boy sees through the deception. Whether he does or not, it is probably good for him, and no doubt the iniquitous tendencies of my own generation may be traced in part to the lack of this sort of moral and intellectual guidance.

For my own part, I am depraved enough to state that I am glad I lived in the days of Ned and Frank and Deerfoot. I remember that Frank at Don Carlo's rancho could run like a deer and that he was brave and quick-witted; I have forgotten what may or may not have been said about his thrift, industry, and general uprightness.

But realizing that I may be prejudiced by memories, I have endeavored to approach the subject of present-day books for boys with an open mind, and to read a dozen of them as though I had never been blinded by the glory and glamour of the past. I think a boy of fourteen should review these books, and mark them "good", "pretty good", or "rotten", but I will do my best.

To a certain extent they fall naturally into groups. Natural history forms the substance of two of them. "The Boy with the U. S. Naturalists" is one of a series in which Mr. Rolt-Wheeler has sought with some success to dramatize United States departmental activities—the Department of Agriculture's Division of Exploration, the Coast Guard, the Post-Office Department, the Weather Bureau, the Biological Survey, the Geological Survey, the Forestry Service, the Census Bureau, the Bureau of Fisheries, the Indian Commission, etc. Obviously, an artistic result is not always easy, but mothers and teachers will agree with me that the effort is commendable. And the author has done his job well—surprisingly well. His science—in this case chiefly ornithology—is authentic and interesting, and I am sure many boys will like it. As to the story, it is of secondary importance. There are adventures of various sorts, involving a poacher in North Carolina and plume hunters in the Hawaiian Islands, which are not without their thrills, and the whole is woven together in a workmanlike manner.

As to Dr. Murrill, he is a first-rate naturalist but scarcely a writer of fiction. He tells of the flora and fauna of the West Indies in a somewhat improbable story. Three children, thirteen and fourteen years of age, are wrecked on an island which a volcano has stripped of inhabitants. They accept the situation with extraordinary *sang-froid*. They discover a cabin, an orchard, and a pickaninny, and proceed to find the means of sustenance. A very intelligent monkey is introduced in the hope of adding a touch of comedy. They worry not at all over the situation, but quite without guidance learn all

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about the natural history of their island. A message sent by a catbird goes direct to mother, a yacht is sent, and the children are rescued just as they have completed their scientific investigations. Taking the gold they discovered on the island, the two boys go to college and become famous naturalists. Selah.

Of the books in hand, "The Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt" stands in a class by itself. It is pure biography, in which Roosevelt's life is traced through boyhood, in college, in the legislature, on a Dakota ranch, as Civil Service Commissioner, as an author, as a family man, as a hunter, explorer, and naturalist, as Police Commissioner, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as Colonel of the Rough Riders, as Governor of New York, and as Vice-President, President, and ex-President of the United States. That this particular life holds a strong appeal to American youth, stimulating youthful emulation, goes without saying. It is, of course, a eulogy, and very hero-worshipful. Incidentally, there are passages dealing with the Spanish War that leave little to be asked in the way of dramatic intensity.

War, indeed, has always supplied the subject-matter of a large proportion of boys' books, and this season's output is no exception. "Scouting for Sheridan" covers the history of the last two years of the Civil War. There is perhaps a trifle too much of it, but it is history that every American boy ought to know more about. It forms the background for the story of two young Union scouts whose exploits seem a bit too pretentious and unconvincing to the adult reader. Their bullets always hit, and they never fail to escape from the tightest places with ease. But perhaps boys will not object to this; there is plenty of red-blooded adventure in the book.

Mr. Tomlinson's book, "Fighters Young Americans Want to Know", is a collection of eighteen short stories based upon authentic episodes of the Revolution, the War of 1812, the Civil War, the Spanish War, and the Great War.

Mr. Sabin's story covers the history of Major-General George Crook's campaigns against the Apache Indians in Arizona between the years 1871 and 1886. The historical part is a bit voluminous, but it is good to know of those years of perplexity in Indian affairs. The author has made good on his background and his tale contains some good fighting and adventure. Jimmie Dunn, the boy hero, appears as an orphan taken captive by the Indians, as a member of General Crook's pack train, and as a telegraph linesman in hostile country.

"Joining the Colors" takes a boy from Dale Academy in New Jersey, enlists him in the Canadian Expeditionary Force in Toronto, carries him through an instructive period of training at Battlefield Camp, and at the end of the book gets him into the trenches in France. It is a war story, but for the real fighting adventures we are referred to a sequel now in preparation. In many ways the best part of the story is the prep-school stuff in the first half of it. It is all a bit mature.

In every season's list of juveniles there is always a schoolboy group. "Fighting for Fairview" is a high-school baseball story in which the hero's loyalty to his school overcomes his desire for personal success, with the laurels falling happily on his brow in the end. Its moral purpose is a shade too pronounced, perhaps, but there is something genuine and human

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about it that enlists the sympathy even of the skeptical. And probably boy readers will not object to the description in detail of one baseball game after another. It is a good story that will at once interest the boy and quite satisfy his elders.

"The Boy Hikers" is another baseball story. The high-school team undertakes a summer pilgrimage on foot, helping farmers in the forenoon, playing baseball in the afternoon, and camping at night, and incidentally earning several hundred dollars for the Red Cross. In the end they are the means of causing the arrest of a German spy with a wireless outfit.

The romance of business is a prominent element in modern American fiction that probably has a stronger appeal for most readers than it has for me. I cannot help regretting its invasion of the juvenile field in "Mark Tidd, Manufacturer". In this story, which, it must be admitted, is well told, a phenomenal fat boy with brains and a stammer takes over an old, bankrupt mill and puts it on its feet, outwits his rivals, and displays an extraordinary knowledge of costs, sales, shipping, and overhead. The tale is told in a humorous vein which boys will laugh over. It's a good yarn in spite of its theme.

"Sea King of Barnegat", I think, crept into this selection of books by mistake, for it is an adventure story evidently intended for grown-ups. Yet I am not so sure that it isn't a boys' book after all. It is a well woven tale of smugglers and government detectives, with plenty of midnight adventure and salt spray. It's a readable yarn, with the love element subdued sufficiently for youthful tastes.

"The Venture Boys in Camp" is a real story. There is some geology in it, but it is to be read for the story's sake. Three boys help to discover mica in a hill in the Onondaga Valley and so retrieve an uncle's fortunes. There is camping and woodcraft in the tale, a murderous half-breed Indian who shoots incendiary arrows, and one boy's adventure with a sprained ankle in a hidden cave.

On the whole, I am inclined to think that the average of excellence is reasonably high in these books. Most of them will receive parental indorsement. "The Venture Boys in Camp", "Fighting for Fairview", "Mark Tidd", and doubtless others will be generally labeled "good" by their youthful readers.

But there is one that I have absolutely no doubt about, if the boys can once get hold of it. I suspect that "Double-Eagles" will fail to pass muster with the more conservative parents, teachers, and reading-circle authorities. But then, would "Treasure Island"? Mr. Gross—or Father Gross or Brother Gross—neither is squeamish nor does he display any noticeable didactic motive. His purpose seems to have been to spin a yarn of the sort that delighted him when he was a lad.

The Boy with the U. S. Naturalists. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co.

Three Young Crusoes. By William Alphonso Murrill, Ph.D. Published by the author.

The Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt. By Hermann Hagedorn. Harper and Bros.

Scouting for Sheridan. By Byron A. Dunn. A. C. McClurg and Co.

Fighters Young Americans Want to Know. By Everett T. Tomlinson. D. Appleton and Co.

General Crook and the Fighting Apaches. By Edwin L. Sabin. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Joining the Colors. By Captain Charles A. Botsford, C.E.F. Penn Publishing Co.

Fighting for Fairview. By William Heyliger. D. Appleton and Co.

The Boy Hikers. By Chelsea Curtis Fraser. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

Mark Tidd, Manufacturer. By Clarence Budington Kelland. Harper and Bros.

Sea King of Barnegat. By Russell D. Smith. Duffield and Co.

The Venture Boys in Camp. By Howard R. Garis. Harper and Bros.

Double-Eagles. By Mark S. Gross, S.J. The Stratford Co.

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And he has done it. Oh, boy! he has done it! It is a tale that teems with adventure in the wilderness, hairbreadth escapes, catamounts and rattlesnakes, floods and desperadoes, blood and murder, pursuit and struggle, and buried treasure. Each moment of thrilling suspense is followed by an entirely satisfying episode, and incidentally there is a literary quality in the descriptive style that does not miss its effect. It is such a tale as might have graced the pages of "Golden Days". Improbable?

Forget it!

I thank you, Brother Gross, for a revival of the old-time thrill. Here's to you, whatever the censors may say, and may your pen never grow rusty!

COLLECTORS AND DEALERS

BY GEORGE H. SARGENT

ONCE upon a time a book dealer in the West wrote to an eastern friend asking for information about a book entitled "How to Buy at Auctions". The recipient of the query was puzzled and consulted the book lists and read publishers' catalogues in search of this "ghost book". The querist wanted the book very much. So did the person to whom he applied. The title was alluring. But it instantly aroused a doubt. If anybody knew how to buy at auction, why should he impart his knowledge through a book which would place other buyers on the plane with himself? Why not make practical use of his knowledge for his own advantage? Certainly it seemed as though anybody who knew exactly how to be a successful buyer in the auction room ought to make more by using his knowledge than by communicating it.

Finally the mystery was solved. The book wanted was not the one wanted at all, to use a Hibernicism. It turned out to be a little work, doubtless very valuable in its way to card players, but not to habitués of the book-auction room, entitled: "How to Bid at Auction"—auction bridge, of course.

If somebody would write such a book as the western book dealer was seeking, it would be sure of a ready sale. Most book collectors have confronted the question of how to bid at auctions. One may go into the book-auction room with the best of intentions and a hard and fast limit fixed in his own mind of the price he will pay for a certain book. Then, when the book is offered for sale, he forgets all about his good resolutions, and proceeds to compete with some neighbor who probably is in the same frame of mind. "If the book is worth that to him", he thinks, "it is worth that to me"; and he straightway pays considerably more than he intended to, pocketing his new treasure with the comforting reflection that such a rare book is likely to increase in value anyway, and that it might be a long time before he would have a chance to buy another one.

Disillusionment comes when he has leisure to peruse dealers' catalogues which have been lying on his desk while he was poring over the auction catalogue and fixing his mental limit

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of the price he would pay at the sale. Here is another copy, apparently, from the description, as good as his own, which the dealer has offered him at a price comfortably within his original limit. If he only had read "How to Buy at Auctions" this never would have happened.

Unfortunately, however, the book is still to be written. Probably there are a dozen rare-book dealers in this country who feel quite competent to write such a book, and whose experience in the auction room would lead others to accept the same view; but they are keeping their information to themselves or putting it into practice. "George D. Smith knows nothing about books," grumbles the dissatisfied competitor after "G. D. S." has left the auction room the purchaser of half the books in the sale. Yet the prowess of this rare-book dealer in the auction room shows that he knows something about stalking the big game. "No chance for a librarian against the rich collector," says the disappointed librarian, as he folds up his catalogue, with its rings around half a dozen numbers where he had crosses against a hundred items. And so the wail of the disappointed passes along down the line. Yet somehow when the next sale comes, there is the feeling, common alike to poor and rich collector, to librarian and dealer, that in *this* sale one might get the books he wants at the prices he is willing to pay. When the dealers' catalogues have been sought in vain, there remains the zest of the chase in the auction room, with the additional joy that comes from the acquisition of a desired volume at one's own price. To the beginner the game has all the excitement of a gamble. To the seasoned dealer it is often a bore.

Only a small percentage of the rare books sold in this country, however, goes through the auction room. For the great majority of collectors, the formation of their libraries depends to a large extent upon the dealers. Now the dealers in rare books are many kinds of men, and in some cases many kinds of a man are found in one rare-book dealer. ("Amenities of Book-Collecting", Newton, 1918, p. 37 *q. v.*) There is the hole-in-the-wall dealer who acts as a "scout" for public institutions and his larger brethren; and there is the magnificent dealer of the Smith-Quaritch type; and between these every grade of dealer from the books-as-merchandise to the books-as-literature type; even the haunted bookshop, like that of Roger Mifflin, which is, or ought to be, filled with "ghost books" like E. Hows's "On the Circumference of the Earth, 16mo. pp. 26. London, 1632", described in Sabin, but for which the collector may seek in vain. To the tender mercies of one or many of these, the collector must sooner or later surrender himself, and he confronts the question of how to deal with dealers.

Few book collectors start as did William S. Lloyd of Germantown, who, when a boy, told his mother that his ambition was to own the largest number of editions of "Robinson Crusoe" that could possibly be collected. His realized ambition is the result of persistency and serious effort. Many collectors reach middle life before they have the means or the leisure to take up book collecting in earnest. To many of these the game is one of which they know at most only the cardinal rules. Many of them have difficulty in deciding what they wish to collect. In this dilemma they naturally consult those among their friends who happen to be book collec-

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tors, usually with much profit, for the high sign of a true book collector is his willingness to help others. Little help or guidance can be obtained from public libraries, except in the use of reference books and bibliographies, for the private library is essentially different from that of a public institution. The owner of a private library wishes it to have distinction. It should, like the owner's bookplate, reflect something of himself. No two libraries of Americana will be exactly alike, for some one of the tributaries which run into the main stream will be enlarged in each case while others are allowed to follow their natural course. When some favorite author is selected, the differences between private libraries will be largely one of content, but even here the collector must forego the pleasure of owning certain items in order to be able to secure others, unless his purse has no limit.

After the collector has decided what he wants, or has selected some favorite author or historical character as the keystone of his collection, he begins to seek for the author's works, or those relating to his chosen subject. He studies catalogues and forms the habit of dropping into some convenient bookstore on the way home from his office to "browse around". He is constantly buoyed up by the illusive hope that he may run across some gem like the first edition of "Fanshawe" in the ten-cent case outside the store. Such things have happened—why not again? Ella Wheeler Wilcox broke into "The North American Review" with a poem, for the first time since that magazine published Bryant's "Thanatopsis". But it does not take the new collector very long to find out that the dealer is generally an astute individual, who though regarding books as merchandise knows much about them and is likely to appraise his stock at pretty nearly its market value.

But needles are sometimes found in haystacks, and occasionally something is picked up by the keen collector after some book dealer has overlooked it. I recall the experience of William Beer, of the Howard Memorial Library in New Orleans, who visited a "hole-in-the-wall" bookstall in Paris years ago, and observed a bound volume holding up one of the improvised shelves. It looked like an English book, and after many visits he succeeded in opening it far enough to satisfy himself as to its identity. He bought the book and carried off an uncut copy of the Kilmarnock Burns in original binding, for the small sum of four francs. He sold the copy for fifty pounds, and today it would bring more than ten times that price. Mr. Beer was a collector, but his experience shows that he was not a book dealer. More modern instances might be cited, but they are only numerous enough to keep the beginner in collecting spending a lot of valuable time which might generally be better employed otherwise.

"Browsing around" is a pleasant exercise in a bookshop, but a great deal more may be accomplished by the man who goes directly at his object. P. K. Foley of Boston, who probably knows more about American first editions than any other living man, was accustomed to carry about a little memorandum book, which, with the dates stored in his wonderful memory, afforded him an almost infallible guide to the first editions of American authors. Nowadays there are so many bibliographers that the ardent collector is not likely to find anything by chance about which something has not

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been written. Yet it is manifestly impossible to make a traveling library part of one's equipment when visiting a bookstore, and the collector is thus thrown largely on his own resources.

It is practically impossible for anyone but a superman to form a well-balanced and distinctive private library without assistance and guidance. In this commercial age, the collector likes to think that what he is getting not only is a desirable addition to his library as a unit in a complete whole, but that it is a good investment. Too often he falls into the hands of a certain class of dealers who profit by his ignorance and arouse his cupidity by the assertion that the wares which they are peddling are both beautiful and valuable, when as a matter of fact the books which they sell him are neither. The auction rooms and the courts of justice afford ample evidence that such dealers are to be avoided. Men whose daily business brings them in constant contact with the value of securities have been found ready buyers of a class of books which, if they were stocks, would not be given a moment's consideration. The rule that an expert's advice should be secured before buying goods about which one knows little, applies with peculiar force to the buying of books.

Enter now the dealer. If the collector is the right man, the dealer will be guide, counselor, and friend and his guidance, counsel, and friendship will be invaluable. In the whole history of bookselling there stand out names in all periods of men who have made their living—and sometimes more—by selling books, but who have been scholars and students, often to the permanent enrichment of bibliography. One need not mention the names; they will come to the mind of every collector. The dealer in rare books is generally a patient man, regardful of his clientele, and often, in course of time, becoming as much interested in the rounding out of a private library as is the owner himself. The splendid Widener Memorial Library at Harvard is not only a memorial to that prince of book collectors, Harry Elkins Widener, but to the late lamented Luther S. Livingston, who shared in the making of it and was its first official custodian.

In the "Recollections of James Lenox and the Formation of His Library", Henry Stevens of Vermont, among whose manifold distinctions as stated on the title-page was that of "Black Balled Athenæum Club of London", wrote a book which affords valuable hints to book collectors. Unfortunate is he who believes himself and his purse—particularly the latter—superior to the bookseller and his knowledge—also particularly the latter. He is riding to a fall, and a connection formed on such a basis is not likely to continue long. Mr. Stevens says:

> Mr. Lenox and I stood on a level, as far as I could see, he a buyer and I a seller; he collecting to shelve, I collecting to disperse—one's calling necessary to the other's. If there were any real difference of rank, it is not likely either of us ever saw or thought of it.

Book collecting is a game—the finest of all games—and I have a great regard for golf. But one might as well think of beating the expert professional as of trying to beat the experienced dealer. It is best not to attempt it. The collector who frankly confesses his limitations at the start, of knowledge and if need be of purse, and shows a disposition to accept aid from the rare-book dealer, is very likely to obtain it, and at no cost. The bookseller does not ask you for a re-

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tainer before he places his bibliographical knowledge at your disposal, but it were best not to abuse his generosity. Very often he will tell the collector that he may wait a long time before another copy of a certain book in his possession will be purchasable, and the very next auction catalogue may contain the item; but this is not the dealer's fault. The buyer may well console himself with the reflection that even if his book is not as rare as he supposed, it probably is worth what he paid for it, and the coming auction obtains an additional interest in showing what he might have had to pay for the second copy.

When the dealer and his client have established a relation of mutual respect and good-will, the rest is easy. The collector will find that the dealer is willing to point out to him reasons why he does not want a certain copy of a book as well as why he ought to have another copy—not always at a higher price, either, although the dealer is likely to favor the one which is in his mind the superior, and therefore the higher-priced copy. Very soon the collector is guided unconsciously into the right channels by a wise and discriminating dealer. I doubt that William Green Shillaber would ever have accumulated his fine collection of Bibles and liturgical works had it not been for the late George E. Littlefield, and it was perhaps Mr. Littlefield's bias rather than Mr. Shillaber's that led to the securing of some very choice early American items which fit into this same collection.

While a bookseller is one who sells books, this is far from being his sole function. Go into any leading bookseller's shop and talk to the dealer in rare books, and you find yourself engaged in a delightful converse with one who knows books from cover to cover, editions, "points", and who is seemingly anxious to impart his bibliographical knowledge for your benefit. Soon he evokes in you a desire to own that copy of "Gray's Elegy" which you have admired together, and you leave with the volume under your arm, thinking not only what a precious possession you have secured, but what a delightful companion that dealer is. He shows you the books for sale as a friend would show you the favorite volumes in his private library, and you discuss authors and editions and libraries and other collectors, and realize that the joys of book collecting are not solely the joys of possession. Show the dealer a book, and he will tell you all he knows about it, and try to find out something more from the readily accessible reference books and bibliographies. He seems to share the possession of your private library, and you, in turn, regard yourself, for the time being, joint owner in the rare volumes arrayed temptingly on his shelves.

In this cooperation between the wise dealer and his customer is to be found one of the great aids in the advancement of bibliography. Dealers have written bibliographies, and many more have had a part in the compilation of these useful works, for which they have sometimes never received credit. The "notes" in booksellers' catalogues sometimes represent days and weeks of research. The house of the rare-book dealer frequently becomes a sort of club, where three or four meet and discuss their chosen hobbies. Literature and friendship are served on the same platter.

The reputable and trustworthy book dealer, therefore, is to be cultivated as the collector's best friend. To the tyro in collecting he is a crutch; later

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he becomes a cane, and sometimes the collector and dealer walk along together, side by side, each supporting the other. Happy is the collector who finds himself so firmly entrenched in the affections of the dealer in rare books that he is offered "first chance" to secure some newly-discovered and possibly unique item.

After all, the dealer is only a means to an end. There is no substitute for exact bibliographical knowledge in acquiring a private library. But knowledge is a plant of slow growth. There is no royal road to it, and he who relies upon his own knowledge and judgment in starting to form a library is likely to find the path besprinkled with pitfalls if he does not take advantage of the opportunities which the rare-book dealer so generously offers to him.

RESPONSE

BY RUTH LAMBERT JONES

FROM distant hill a single light
Calls to me across the night.
In answer I will blaze a trail
Through every intervening vale,
On, on into the very flame.
Though ere I can achieve my aim
Some thrifty housewife I've no doubt
Will snuff the friendly beacon out.

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FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in August in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Tin Soldier	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
2. Dangerous Days	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	DORAN
3. The Undying Fire	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
4. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
5. The Secret City	*Hugh Walpole*	DORAN
6. Patricia Brent, Spinster	*Anonymous*	DORAN

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Magnificent Ambersons	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
2. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
3. The Tin Soldier	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
4. Saint's Progress	*John Galsworthy*	SCRIBNER
5. Dangerous Days	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	DORAN
6. Blue Grass and Broadway	*Maria Thompson Daviess*	CENTURY

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2. Saint's Progress	*John Galsworthy*	SCRIBNER
3. Christopher and Columbus	*Anonymous*	DOUBLEDAY
4. The Arrow of Gold	*Joseph Conrad*	DOUBLEDAY
5. Dangerous Days	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	DORAN
6. A Daughter of the Land	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2. Saint's Progress	*John Galsworthy*	SCRIBNER
3. The Tin Soldier	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
4. The Magnificent Ambersons	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
5. Dangerous Days	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	DORAN
6. The City of Comrades	*Basil King*	HARPER

WESTERN STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2. The Arrow of Gold	*Joseph Conrad*	DOUBLEDAY
3. The Desert of Wheat	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4. Joan and Peter	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
5. The Secret City	*Hugh Walpole*	DORAN
6. The Sky Pilot in No Man's Land	*Ralph Connor*	DORAN

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2. Saint's Progress	*John Galsworthy*	SCRIBNER
3. Dangerous Days	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	DORAN
4. The Arrow of Gold	*Joseph Conrad*	DOUBLEDAY
5. The Tin Soldier	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
6. Christopher and Columbus	*Anonymous*	DOUBLEDAY

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GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1.	Belgium	*Brand Whitlock*	APPLETON
2.	The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
3.	The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER
4.	The War Romance of the Salvation Army	*Evangeline Booth and Grace Livingston Hill*	LIPPINCOTT
5.	Ten Years Near the German Frontier	*Maurice Francis Egan*	DORAN
6.	1914	*Viscount French*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1.	The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2.	The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER
3.	Belgium	*Brand Whitlock*	APPLETON
4.	The New Revelation	*A. Conan Doyle*	DORAN
5.	The Last Million	*Ian Hay*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
6.	Analyzing Character	*K. M. Blackford*	ALDEN

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2.	Belgium	*Brand Whitlock*	APPLETON
3.	The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER
4.	Heroes of Aviation	*Laurence Driggs*	LITTLE, BROWN
5.	Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters	*Robert Cortes Holliday*	DORAN
6.	Fighting the Flying Circus	*Edward V. Rickenbacker*	STOKES

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2.	The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER
3.	Belgium	*Brand Whitlock*	APPLETON
4.	Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
5.	The New Revelation	*A. Conan Doyle*	DORAN
6.	Bolshevism	*John Spargo*	HARPER

WESTERN STATES

1.	The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2.	The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER
3.	Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
4.	Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters	*Robert Cortes Holliday*	DORAN
5.	The Worlds and I	*Ella Wheeler Wilcox*	DORAN
6.	In Flanders Fields	*Lieut.-Col. John McCrae*	PUTNAM

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1.	The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2.	The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER
3.	Belgium	*Brand Whitlock*	APPLETON
4.	Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
5.	Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters	*Robert Cortes Holliday*	DORAN
6.	Fighting the Flying Circus	*Edward V. Rickenbacker*	STOKES

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S Letters to His Children", published September 12, are full of revealing sidelights on Colonel Roosevelt's literary interests. On board the battleship "Louisiana" en route for Panama he writes Kermit:

"I feel a little bored, as I always do on shipboard, but I have brought on a great variety of books and am at this moment reading Milton's prose works, 'Tacitus', and a German novel called 'Jorn Uhl'."

Particularly interesting are his estimates of Dickens in various letters to Kermit:

Of course I entirely agree with you about "Martin Chuzzlewit". But the point seems to me that the preposterous perversion of truth and the ill-nature and malice of the book, are of consequence chiefly as indicating Dickens's own character, about which I care not a rap; whereas, the characters in American shortcomings and vices and follies, as typified, are immortal and can be studied with profit by all of us today. Dickens was an ill-natured, selfish cad and boor, who had no understanding of what the word *gentleman* meant and no appreciation of hospitality or good treatment. . . I sympathize with every word you say in your letter about "Nicholas Nickleby" and about novels generally. Normally, I only care for a novel if the ending is good, and I quite agree with you that if the hero has to die he ought to die worthily and nobly, so that our sorrow at the tragedy shall be tempered with the joy and pride one always feels when a man does his duty well and bravely. There is quite enough sorrow and shame and suffering and baseness in real life, and there is no need for meeting it unnecessarily in fiction. As Police Commissioner it was my duty to deal with all kinds of squalid misery and hideous and unspeakable infamy, and I should have been worse than a coward if I had shrunk from doing what was necessary but there would have been no use whatever in my reading novels detailing all this misery and squalor and crime, or at least in reading them as a steady thing. Now and then there is a powerful but sad story which really is interesting and which really does good, but normally the books which do good and the books which healthy people find interesting are those which are not in the least of the sugar-candy variety, but which, while portraying foulness and suffering when they must be portrayed, yet have a joyous as well as a noble side.

"You stirred the souls of others because your own soul was so deeply stirred." So wrote Theodore Roosevelt to a writer of war verse, the spirit of whose work pleased him. Roosevelt was a keen critic, but he always considered the spirit first and the letter afterward—not, however, ignoring the letter when the thing was to be taken from an artistic standpoint.

Some time ago a paragraph was published in a newspaper, which classified "T. R." pretty well as to his many-sidedness. It was, in substance, as follows: "In ages to come, students reading of Roosevelt will think that he was not a man at all, but some sort of syndicate". Perhaps in time to come people will have learned so to cultivate their natural gifts that they will all be versatile, and strong in many directions; but in our day it is something of a phenomenon, and marks the superman far more than genius in any one direction.

A writer who was only that and nothing more once said: "I find that there is but one way to succeed in writing; it is to do something else unusually well, and then tell the world how you did it". The statement is too broad, but given the great capacity for many things, the clear expression of it may become a supreme achieve-

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ment. If Colonel Roosevelt had always been delicate and retiring, as in childhood and early youth, he might still have been successful in literature; as it was, his supremacy in other things supplied him with vivid themes, and intensified his power of expression. In any case, he must have been a writer and a critic. He had little, however, of the strictly analytic mind; he took a bird's-eye view in criticism, and saw things in their larger relations. His ideas were never confused; the salient points were always in clear relief against the shadows. Imagination he had in plenty, but common sense stood hand in hand with it.

A writer in "The Yale Review" says that "Roosevelt was too strenuous for humor, which implies a certain relaxation of mind; and ability to look disinterestedly on both the upper and under side of a thing; and in the peculiarly American form of it, a humility which inclines one to laugh at himself". How one of his contemporaries could so mistake him is as comical as it is surprising. It can only be explained on the ground that the writer held the view that Roosevelt was an egotist; but he was in fact far less of an egotist than the average successful man. He had the salt of humor in abundance, both in the sheer enjoyment of a joke—including a joke on himself—and the sensitive perception of the subtler flavors of life. His relish of a humorous situation is conspicuous in all his writings, and was still more so in his conversation. An article could be written exclusively on Roosevelt as a humorist. He saw beyond even his own far-reaching achievement; and from every side he accepted suggestions and criticism. It was more than mere courtesy that prompted him to say, "I'm proud that you read it and liked it", to one who expressed approval of an article of his which included some clear-sighted comment on Robert Browning. The egotists, one recollects, have not been quick to leave the topic of their own doings to dwell appreciatively upon the doings of others; they are restless and their eyes look far away until they get back to what they have personally done and said. Roosevelt commented upon the work of others with the keen interest of an ardent admirer of the good, and an ardent hater of the bad—especially of the false and the unclean.

It is not necessary, in the course of these random remarks, to speak of Roosevelt's books individually. He was an immensely prolific writer, in the midst of all his other activities; and judgment varies as to the respective merit of his works. Some say that such books as "The Winning of the West" and his tales of many adventures, will live when the long succession of volumes of speeches and essays will die with the national and political situations that brought them forth. Such volumes, however, as "The Foes of Our Own Household" and "Fear God and Take Your Own Part", are so deeply vitalized with the eternal moral and spiritual verities that new times will perhaps only give them new significance.

His style, though always lucid and forcible, was variable. He had certain faults—he was often redundant; at times he used too many words, and repeated himself too often. But oddly enough, his redundancy rarely interfered with clearness, as it did not put things out of proportion, nor change the relative importance of his topics; and his repetitions had the effect of overemphasis rather than of paucity of thought.

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The word *soul* suggests another line of thought. It is a word that we do not analyze. We speak of a man's heart or of his mind, and we know precisely what we mean; we speak of his soul, and with an equally clear conviction, we cannot describe the quality. Our understanding of it is intuitive. We know, too, that it is the core of any appraisal of Theodore Roosevelt that any of us can make. No allusion to his keenness and versatility of mind, or to his greatness and tenderness of heart can completely classify the man. It was the soul of him that spoke to the world as clearly as to the little children of his own family; that gave power to his acts and vitality to his writings.

His letters were markedly characteristic; his personality breathed in the briefest of his dictated notes. Even when he used stock phrases he used them with a difference. If he said, "Your letter touched me", you believed that he was genuinely moved. For his master quality was sincerity. You could only doubt him by muffling your mind with sheer prejudice. With an open mind and heart you couldn't question the truth that was in him. Speaking now of his writings only,—from the briefest letter in which his kindness and courtesy made themselves felt, to the most elaborately written of his books and essays (political, historical, scientific, and what not),—the keynote is sincerity. The soul of the man was always there, looking you straight in the eye; and there it always will be, a vital sustaining influence, while his memory lives on the earth. And to keep that memory alive is to keep before the mind of the coming generations the highest ideals and the noblest incentives to action.

A London booklover writes to the Gossip Shop:

"A book called 'Development' seems likely to make quite a stir both in England and America. It is in the nature of a journal of childhood and adolescence by a writer calling herself W. Bryher. Mr. Clement Shorter, doubtless the highest living authority on the Brontës, and a judge if ever there was one of the kind of work this is said to be, has read the manuscript and considers it the most remarkable volume of the kind written since 'Marie Bashkirtseff'.

"A novel, which has aroused a very great deal of interested attention among those British critics who are always on the look-out for something new and strange, has been described as the English 'Marie Claire'. It is called 'Margaret Protests', and is in very truth written by a London workingwoman. It is far more piteous and terrible than 'Marie Claire', partly perhaps because the life of the woman worker in the dreary outskirts of this great city is far more joyless and sordid than that of her Paris sister. As a leading critic has pointed out, the story is not the work of a genius, but it possesses a value which every sincere record of an unusual human experience always gives to a book, and it may be doubted if anything quite so grim has been written, at any rate in our time, in the English language.

"I saw Mr. Drinkwater recently. He is much looking forward to his American trip, though I fancy rather nervous, which is but natural, with regard to the production in America of his 'Abraham Lincoln'. The play —if it can be called a play; it is far more a poetic and dramatic sequence of scenes, linked together by the utter-

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ance of a chorus—has created a regular furore among every class of Londoner. The present writer, while yielding to none in admiration of theme and treatment, yet considers that the success of Mr. Drinkwater's play is certainly owing in a measure to the fact that President Wilson and the Peace Conference loomed very large both in the imagination and in the press of the British people this last winter. The fact that your President was in Europe helping to settle the fate of the future world seemed to make the play topical to thousands of people to whom Lincoln was little more than a vaguely honored name.

"Five years have gone by since Bernard Shaw last published a play. His new volume has a curiously cumbersome title; it is called 'Heartbreak House, Great Catherine and Playlets of the War'. I think I am right in saying that the most curious of these war plays, 'The Inca of Perusalem', was written either just before the war or during its very early days. It is described by its whimsical author as 'an almost historical comedietta'. It brings the Kaiser on to the stage. I once heard an amusing account of the reading of this play at the author's flat, at which more than one noted statesman was present. Yet another of these playlets of the war is called 'O'Flaherty, V. C.' Mr. Shaw is said to have seriously submitted it as a model recruiting pamphlet to the Irish military authorities! But they would have none of it.

"In spite of the fact that British publishers are imploring their authors to get well away from the war (indeed some of these gentleman seem surprised and pained that there has been a war at all), Anthony Hope is calling his new story 'Beaumuroy Home from the Wars'. For my part I have always wondered how any postwar novelist would be able to avoid any mention of the great convulsion for at least twenty years to come. Every intelligent reader of a modern novel, if he is in the least interested in the hero of the story he is reading, will instinctively want to know what the young man did in the Great War. Did he stop at home in some snug berth, or did he share in the bloody and glorious horrors of the trenches? If that question is not answered by the novelist, then the reader will have a sort of hungry and unsatisfied feeling, and wonder why the novel strikes him as so unreal.

"I have heard a curious rumor. That is that a number of extraordinarily interesting letters written by George Moore to a charming and brilliant American lady, married to an Englishman, are shortly to be published. It rarely happens that the letters of a living man are published in his own lifetime. Meanwhile Mr. Moore has gone off to Brittany where he is seeking for material in connection with his 'Abelard and Heloise'.

"Immediately after the foundation of the Hawthornden Prize comes the announcement that Messrs. Hachette, the big Paris publishers, are offering an annual prize of 1,000 francs, with the object of making English literature better known in France. The prize will be awarded to the best work of imagination in prose or verse published each twelve months. A strong and distinguished committee of Englishwomen will decide on the book in question. This committee includes Miss Beatrice Harraden, Miss Rebecca West, Lady Fisher Dilke, Mrs. John Lane, and Mrs. Belloc Lowndes."

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With the passing of Charles E. Van Loan America lost one of its foremost sporting writers. His stories, ever friendly and kindly, interpret the manly sports in genial humor and accurate terms.

His long illness, involving great expense in efforts to recuperate, and his consequent inability to prosecute his work with his accustomed vigor, greatly depleted his resources. Many of Van Loan's friends have expressed a desire to possess representative examples of his written work. To accomplish this and at the same time to supplement the small estate, a committee composed of Irvin S. Cobb, Grantland Rice, Robert H. Davis, and Bayard Veiller have undertaken the production of a five-volume set of Van Loan's books, one on each particular subject in which he starred. The publishers are supplying the books to the committee at actual cost of production. All income derived from the sale of this special edition will be paid to Mrs. Van Loan.

The memorial edition will be strictly limited to two thousand sets. The price is fixed at twenty-five dollars for the set, and it is hoped that a fund of not less than thirty thousand dollars will be realized for the widow and children of the author. The volumes are octavo, library style, contain a photogravure portrait of Charles E. Van Loan, and are sold by subscription only. As a labor of love five of Van Loan's friends, all prominent in American letters, contribute introductions to the books. This set of the representative work of Van Loan consists of: "Taking the Count", prize-ring stories, with introduction by Irvin S. Cobb; "Score by Innings", baseball stories, with introduction by Grantland Rice, sporting editor, New York "Tribune"; "Fore!" golf stories, with introduction by Robert H. Davis, editor, Frank A. Munsey Company; "Old Man Curry", race-track stories, with introduction by L. B. Yates; and "Buck Parvin and the Movies", stories of the motion-picture game, with introduction by George H. Lorimer, editor, "The Saturday Evening Post".

Mr. Cobb in his introduction to "Taking the Count" gives the following sketch of his friend:

> His full name was Charles Emmet Van Loan, a name to make a mouthful. He signed himself in his private correspondence C. E. Van Loan and in his published writings, Chas. E. Van Loan. But I never knew anybody who knew him but called him "Charley" or more often still, "Van"; and I imagine that to those of his readers who did not know him except as they felt his personality showing through the printed page he was "Charley" Van Loan, nearly always. We employ those shortenings of the proper name only for those we like and for those we love, or for those we feel we would love did we come to know them; they are the slangy diminutives of universal regard; because no man ever gained an affectionate abbreviation of his baptismal title and kept it who in the estimation of his contemporaries had not earned it by right of friendly conquest. We nickname our geysers, but not our glaciers; the one typifies that which flows, which bubbles, which has motion and sparkle and quickness; the other typifies that which is frozen and slow and hard. What is true of nature's wonders is true of nature's human products. And so Van had to be Van and it is as Van that I love now to think of him. He was Van here; I'm sure he is Van over there on the other side where he is gone to be one of the blest brotherhood of those who in life loved their fellowmen and made their fellows happier because they had lived.
>
> He was so much a man and yet so much a boy. Nor do I appraise this estimate as having a paradoxical sound. He was all the more the man for being so entirely the boy.
>
> Being so essentially a red-blooded man, it was natural that he wrote more often of the doings and the sayings of the red-blooded folk, their sports, their pastimes and their pleasures. And how well he did it,—with such a whimsical insight into their pretensions, with such a keen perception of their virtues; with such a marvelous reportorial ability to make you see his creations not as figments of fiction, but as flesh and blood realities, true to type and truly typed, to make you feel that when he put words into the mouth of one of his characters of prize-

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ring, or race-track, or ball field, or "movie" studio, the words were just exactly the words which that particular character would inevitably speak at this particular time and place. His gift for dialogue has been praised as masterly, and so it was; but to my way of thinking his highest power lay in the art he had of presenting a complete likeness of an individual in a single stroke. Plenty of men can write the Lord's Prayer on a postage stamp. Van Loan had a craftier knack than that—he could paint a portrait in a paragraph.

But he did not unduly burden his tales with character sketches nor yet make them staccato with dialogue. For descriptions of scenes of action he had a talent which was more than a talent; it was a genius. Read here any one of his accounts of ring battles and you are bound to tingle to the vividness of the bold, accurate drawing of the account, even as, subconsciously, you marvel at the versatility of the narrator.

Van Loan's stories will live among those who speak our tongue and appreciate our sporting institutions.

Perhaps among the numerous bequests made in the will of Andrew Carnegie it was not generally noted that Mr. Carnegie sought to further stimulate literary effort by adding $200,000 to the relief fund of the Authors Club. This club, organized February 18, 1887, has its quarters in the Carnegie Building, Seventh Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street, New York City. The organizers were: Noah Brooks, Edward Eggleston, Richard Watson Gilder, Laurence Hutton, Charles de Kay, Brander Matthews, and Edmund Clarence Stedman. In the latest Manual of the Club, under the head of Members and Works, is the following entry:

Andrew Carnegie.
Author of—An American Four-in-Hand in Britain (1883); Round the World (1884); Triumphant Democracy (1886); The Gospel of Wealth (1900); The Empire of Business (1902); Life of James Watt (1905); Problems of Today (1908).

Simon Pure, in his "Londoner" in this issue of THE BOOKMAN, says: "I was very surprised to notice, by the way, that Max's great volume of parodies called 'A Christmas Garland', has only recently been published in the United States, whereas it has for some years been a favorite with English readers". Mr. Pure has been misled by the announcements of the recently published American reprint of Max's "Garland". The book was originally published here "some years ago". Since that time it has been a favorite with more than a few American readers, who rejoice that the new edition may extend its popularity, and that it, as Mr. Pure says, may become "known throughout America as it deserves to be".

Some time following the publication in THE BOOKMAN of Richard Le Gallienne's two papers each entitled "Books I Have Loved and Lost"—the first of which was in the September number and the second of which is in this issue of the magazine,—will appear a long poem by Mr. Le Gallienne called "On Re-Reading 'Le Morte d'Arthur'."

Mr. Le Gallienne, one of the last links with that picturesque group of the eighteen-nineties—himself a considerable figure of that period—has much pleasant gossip of that bygone day. The Gossip Shop, lunching with him recently, was told of a gathering one evening at some literary house in London, probably the Meynells. In the background of the scene Mr. Le Gallienne observed a very youthful figure, a lad (such he was in effect) so boyish, so (apparently) shy and diffident amid the talkative company that Mr. Le Gallienne supposed that he was not a guest but probably a son of the house. After much had been said and debated, suddenly this child began to speak—spoke with such authority, such immense authority, and such erudition, that none had words to answer him. "And this was", remarked Mr.

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Le Gallienne, "the first time I saw Lionel Johnson."

The advance in the price of German novels from two and three marks to ten marks has prompted the following comments in the Berlin "Tageblatt":

Under these conditions, one must not look for new editions of our classics. But does an interest in the classics still prevail in a realistic epoch such as ours? Besides, all the available paper has been bought by persons who are writing their memoirs . . . "Revelations" are the order of the day: "Love Affairs of Princess A——; Notes of an Eye-Witness". Or else "Who Began the World War? In the Light of New Documents found at Honolulu". Or again: "The Strategic Errors of Hindenburg: A Detailed Analysis", by former porter Muller of the military staff. . . . We shall soon, perhaps, have the announcement on the exchange of the formation of a stock company for the publication of "Struwelpeter". Next New Year's we may read in the papers notices of this character: "I am seeking a partner for the purchase of 'Little Red Riding Hood', intended for my son Max, age five years".

To which the "Mercure de France" makes rejoinder:

The Berlin "Tageblatt" is poking fun. Would it be indiscreet to ask it who is responsible for this situation?

A friend of the editor of that column in the New York "Evening Sun", "The Sun Dial", writes the Gossip Shop: "Tell Marquis (Don), if you see him, that I say, 'Loosen up'. He's got a book of his which is mine, and I want it."

A romance between the pages of several publishers' catalogues culminated in the marriage of Margaret Widdemer to Robert Haven Schauffler. The wedding had been arranged for September ninth, but a Schauffler family reunion at Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire, was the occasion of an earlier ceremony at which the Reverend Harry Park Schauffler officiated. Mrs. Schauffler, whose novels "A Rose-Garden Husband", "The Wishing Ring Man", etc., have attained the best-seller lists, will keep her maiden name for her literary work. Her new novel "The Boardwalk" is about to appear. Her publishers also have in press "The Haunted Hour", the first anthology of ghost poems, compiled by Miss Widdemer. Last June the Columbia University poetry prize of $500 for the best volume of poetry published in 1918 was divided between Miss Widdemer's "The Old Road to Paradise" and Carl Sandburg's "Cornhuskers".

Mr. Schauffler was graduated from Princeton in 1902. He has lived much abroad; was decorated by the Queen of Italy in 1906 for winning the national tennis championship; during the war he was an instructor at the Officers' Training School, Camp Meade. He is well known as a musician, and as an author of books on music and of travel.

After a honeymoon in Maine and a few months at Larchmont, New York, Mr. and Mrs. Schauffler expect to spend the winter in London and Paris.

That Lord Bacon was not the creator of Mr. Salteena, and that the Great War about this matter is over, is the upshot of an interview recently published in "The New York Times Review of Books". The interview was with Miss Isabel F. Furbank, lately arrived from England. Miss Furbank declares that she has known since childhood Daisy Ashford, whose name appears as that of the author on the title-page of "The Young Visiters", and that she is familiar with all the circumstances connected with the publication of the book in England.

"I just missed seeing Daisy Ashford before I sailed for America," Miss Furbank said, "but I did see several of our mutual friends. Miss Ashford is a real-grown-up lady today, known in London society, and is still called

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Miss Daisy Ashford. We were friends at school together at Bexhill-on-Sea and I have seen her many times since. The author and I were staying with friends in a country cottage at Rye, when the exciting news was phoned from London that Barrie had consented, with delight, to write the preface to 'The Young Visiters'. She had just returned from Switzerland, where she had been doing war work as secretary in the British Legation. Miss Daisy says she cannot write nowadays and that she won't write. It is possible, of course, that others of the books written when she was a child may be printed, now that 'The Young Visiters' has caused such a stir. She herself liked another story named 'Mr. Anstruthers' Relations', also written in her childhood, much better than the book that Barrie chose. Miss Ashford is now about thirty years old. She lives in London, but spends much of her time at Rye with her literary friends."

Dr. Isaac Goldberg recently heard a young man boastfully say that only amateurs brought out one book at a time. Now he (this young man) was going to publish two books this fall. Dr. Goldberg might have replied that he had four books scheduled for early appearance this autumn (one original work and three translations) and about four more volumes in the offing.

The publishers of the books of Booth Tarkington recently announced that to date they had sold 1,324,943 copies of Mr. Tarkington's volumes. Of "Penrod", 234,531 copies have been sold. The advance sale of "Ramsey Milholland" was much larger than that of "Penrod".

A friend of the Gossip Shop recently received a letter from a gentleman resident in Abiko, Chibaken, Japan, in which, after a couple of paragraphs beginning "Dear Honorable Sir", he wrote: "Perhaps you will be surprised if you understand that William Blake, who has been neglected so long by his countrymen, is now one of the most favorite artists in our young public here in Japan."

An order from Bombay, India, was received the other day in New York for all the books by the late Joyce Kilmer and for the recently published volume of verse by Aline Kilmer (Mrs. Joyce Kilmer) "Candles That Burn".

From "The Moon and Sixpence", by W. Somerset Maugham:

Only the poet or the saint can water an asphalt pavement in the confident anticipation that lilies will reward his labour.

No one runs so hurriedly to the cover of respectability as the unconventional woman who has exposed herself to the slings and arrows of outraged propriety.

There is no cruelty greater than a woman's to a man who loves her and whom she does not love; she has no kindness then, no tolerance even, she has only an insane irritation.

Unconsciously, perhaps, we treasure the power we have over people by their regard for our opinion of them, and we hate those upon whom we have no such influence.

The rogue, like the artist and perhaps the gentleman, belongs to no class. He is not embarrassed by the *sans gêne* of the hobo, nor put out of countenance by the etiquette of the prince.

There are men whom a merciful Providence has undoubtedly ordained to a single life, but who from wilfulness or through circumstances they could not cope with have flown in the face of its decrees. There is no object more deserving of pity than the married bachelor.

They say a woman always remembers her first lover with affection; but perhaps she does not always remember him.

The Gossip Shop knows a man who has a very interesting ambition. This ambition he acquired during a period of employment on the New York "Tribune" several years ago. The inspiration for the ambition was Henry Edward Krehbiel, dean of American musical critics. Mr. Krehbiel, this man reports, used to appear periodically garbed in a high hat and a Prince Albert coat, in which costume he would seat himself at a desk in the city room and read his proofs. The man we know longed (and for aught

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we know still longs) to attain to that high dignity of position when he could appear at his office and read his proofs in a high hat and a Prince Albert coat. Mr. Krehbiel, by the way, was reading the proofs of his "More Chapters of Opera" in Maine, when he got the news of Oscar Hammerstein's death, and was able to enter it and some few facts about his early career in his book, in the ninth chapter of which he had already paid eloquent tribute to Hammerstein's influence on the Metropolitan Opera House, even after he had been driven from the field. Mr. Krehbiel tells us that being asked what he intended to open his London Opera House with, Mr. Hammerstein answered: "With debts. I always open a house with debts". "More Chapters of Opera" is announced for October publication.

A writer in "John O' London's Weekly" who uses the signature "Ecrivaine" (but who, we suspect, is Mrs. Belloc Lowndes) has a paper in a recent number of this paper on "Thomas Hardy, O. M., Man and Writer", in which is told of the finding of Tess. The contributor to "John O' London's" says:

> How far does Thomas Hardy use real life and real character in his books? If some of his older friends and Dorset neighbours are to be believed, to a far greater degree than most people would suppose. The writer has heard it stated that "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" owed her stormy, unhappy, tragic existence to the accident of a talk Mr. Hardy once had with an old verger of the church at Bere Regis (the King's Bere of the story). While going over the church, he noticed how many and how curious were the tombs of the Durbeyfield family. The verger was garrulous, and had a turn for picturesque narrative; he told his visitor of a romantic episode in the family of one of these Durbeyfields, and out of the telling of that episode Tess emerged.

The American publishers of Thomas Hardy's novels report a rising demand for them large enough to make necessary new editions of several. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles", they say, now as always takes the lead, while others much in request are "The Woodlanders", "Wessex Tales", and "A Laodicean".

The fiftieth birthday of Edwin Arlington Robinson occurs in December, and a number of his friends plan to celebrate the occasion by publishing articles they have written about him in the Christmas issue of various magazines. Mr. Robinson, still not by a long shot as well known as he ought to be, was a number of years ago practically unheard of. Living on Seventh Avenue, New York City, during a period of bitter poverty and arduous struggle, he met a Jewish vagabond who became the Captain Craig of his book of that name. Luckily Theodore Roosevelt read the book and in his blunt way told the American public that he had discovered a real poet. And the name of Edwin Arlington Robinson emerged into light.

A Gossip Shop note in the August issue of THE BOOKMAN stated that there had been no civilian war diary of the Great War of the kind which former wars, and especially the French Revolution, produced. There has apparently been published recently in London such a volume. This is a book entitled "Paris Sees It Through: 1914-1919", by Mrs. Adam, who was the Paris correspondent of the "Westminster Gazette" during the war. Sir William Robertson Nicoll drew special attention to her writing in "The British Weekly" some time ago. The book is said to be vivid, humorous, and personal, and of a type that will make a special appeal in America. An

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American edition of the work will probably appear before long.

The balloting on the best poems read before the Poetry Society of America during the season of 1918-19, as canvassed by the tellers, Sara Teasdale Filsinger and Edward J. Wheeler, results as follows:

Wooden Ships, by David Morton	40
The Runner, by Phoebe Hoffman	20
Ships in Harbor, by David Morton	16
Adventurers, by David Morton	18
The Scarlet Thread, by Daniel Henderson	14
The Grave-Stone of Ta-Bek-en-Khonsu, by Leonora Speyer	8
One In the Crowd, by David Morton	10
Brest Left Behind, by John Chipman Farrar	9
The Four Horsemen, by Marya Zaturensky	19
Old Ships, by David Morton	16
Sonnets of Seven Cities, by Berton Braley	21
Bluestone, by Marguerite Wilkinson	34

The National Arts Club prize of $250.00, therefore, according to the arrangement adopted at the beginning of the year, is divided equally between "Wooden Ships" and "Bluestone". "Wooden Ships" was published in the April number of THE BOOKMAN.

Another O. Henry prize in short-story writing has been announced by De Pauw University, Greencastle, Indiana. The prize is to be awarded annually, decision as to the winning manuscript being made by a committee of judges selected by the rhetoric department of De Pauw but themselves unconnected with the university. A leather-bound set of the complete works of O. Henry is to be presented to the prize winner by the publishers of O. Henry.

The writer of a letter to the publishers of "The Haunted Bookshop" suggests that, since J. M. Barrie first appeared in the field of letters, no writer has introduced smoking into his pages with quite the same gusto as has Christopher Morley in this latest book. This correspondent has figured out that there is a smoke to every six pages of the two hundred and eighty-eight-page volume.

"The Bodleian", that "journal of books" published at The Bodley Head, London, says: "In the early days of the war an entire edition of 'Ruggles of Red Gap' by Harry Leon Wilson was sold out here almost on publication, while in America Mr. Wilson is a close rival in popularity to O. Henry." A London publisher has arranged for an English edition of this author's books. The first volumes to be published will be "Somewhere in Red Gap", "Ma Pettingill", and "Bunker Bean".

Most of us have heard ourselves referred to in England as "subjects" of the United States. Clement K. Shorter, now in this country sending home his impressions of America, speaks of the United States, in one of his recent "letters" to "The Sphere", as "this vast empire".

Heywood Broun's literary page of the New York "Tribune" is being syndicated in newspapers in various parts of the country. The Gossip Shop is a decidedly appreciative reader of Mr. Broun's stuff, still we cannot but reflect that the "Tribune's" literary page will never again be what it was between St. Patrick's Day, 1913, and St. Patrick's Day, 1914. During that period the Gossip Shop (who was not then the Gossip Shop) wrote it.

The twenty-seventh edition of the "Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke" recently went to press, and (apropos of this) the twenty-fourth edition of Laurence Hope's "India's Love Lyrics".

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